



I'M REALLY A SUPERSTAR

BOOK 07

Chang Yu

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

I'm Really A Superstar

(我真是大明星)

by

Chang Yu

(尝谕)

Synopsis

Zhang Ye was originally a mundane college graduate with aspiring dreams to become a star, but unfortunately has below average looks and height. However one day, he woke up and suddenly found himself in a parallel world!

It's like the same world, but wait a minute...many brands, celebrities and even famous works from his world changed and are gone in this new world!

Armed with the profound literary knowledge of his previous world and a heaven-defying Game Ring that gives him magical items, stats and skills, Zhang Ye embarks on a journey to pursue his life-long dream of becoming famous!

Follow Zhang Ye as he takes the new world by storm, one plagiarized piece at a time, to hilarious reactions!

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English Translation by Legge & CKtalon @ [Wuxiaworld](#)

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Chapter 501: A Traveler's Necessity Novel

"Legend Of Wukong"!

Afternoon, a little past 5PM.

At the Wu residence.

Zhang Ye had driven up to the villa's doorway and gave a honk from his car before looking over at the direction of the villa. A moment later, the garage door was remotely opened by someone in the villa and he drove in to park the car. As Wu Zeqing's white BMW was already inside, there wasn't much space left to maneuver and Zhang Ye took the entire day to get his car parked properly. He was mainly concerned about not scratching Old Wu's car since his own car was a bullet-proofed X5, which he didn't need to worry about. Even if someone tried to scratch it, they probably wouldn't leave much of a mark on it.

He stepped out of his car and went into the house.

The door was left open.

"Sis Wu." Zhang Ye greeted as soon as he stepped in.

A graceful figure standing in the open concept kitchen looked up. Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "You're here? Come in and take a seat but help me close the door behind you."

"Sure." Zhang Ye closed the door and removed his shoes, "Do you have any slippers?"

Wu Zeqing wiped her hands and went over to him, "There's a pair that you used the previous time. I will go look for them."

Zhang Ye quickly tried to stop her, "Don't bother, I will look for it myself."

"It's fine. You take a seat." Wu Zeqing squatted in front of the shoe rack and opened it up to look for the slippers.

He hadn't seen Sis Wu in a while and Zhang Ye rather missed her already. Today, Wu Zeqing was dressed in a brown knitted sweater that seemed to be quite loose fitting and graceful at the same time.

"I found it." Wu Zeqing took the slippers out.

Zhang Ye was about to change into it, "Thanks a lot."

Wu Zeqing held up his legs and put the slippers on him before going to wash her hands and to prepare a pot of tea for Zhang Ye. She placed a platter of fruits and sunflower seeds in front of him before returning to the kitchen to continue preparing dinner. She did not resemble a high ranking authority figure at all, but simply felt like a homemaker.

A while later.

The dishes were prepared and dinner was ready.

Wu Zeqing sat opposite of him, smiling and saying, "Try it."

Zhang Ye picked up his chopsticks and said a little embarrassingly, "Sis Wu, you're being too kind to me. You're like this every time I visit, refusing to let me pour my own tea or help with preparing meals. I can't even help you with menial tasks like those and I feel quite bad about it. I can't always be freeloading off you this way." He had rushed over, so he did not have time to stop by somewhere to get a little gift for the visit. The Brain Gold products in his car were clearly unsuitable since that product was from the company of Wu Zeqing's nephew, Wu Mo. If Sis Wu wanted any of that, all she had to do was to say so. Zhang Ye couldn't possibly present to Buddha with some borrowed flowers, so he came empty handed.

There were no wrinkles on Wu Zeqing's graceful looking face, none that could be seen anyway, "I'm not fussy about such things. If there's someone to join me and accompany me for meals, I could eat a little more that way. Here, try this."

"Hmm, it's really good!"

"Then have more."

"Sure, I won't hold back."

After the meal, Zhang Ye did not hesitate and insisted on washing the dishes by taking them to the basin.

But as he was running the water, he got stopped by Wu Zeqing who was walking slowly over from behind. She gently pulled Zhang Ye away from the washing area, "Don't make Big Sis angry. Go out and watch TV."

Zhang Ye said, "I will wash the dishes, I will wash them."

Wu Zeqing would not have any of his excuses and lightly pulled him aside, "Step aside."

Old Wu's arm was squeezing against Zhang Ye's chest and that made his heart skip faster. He did not dare to move a muscle against Old Wu, so he stepped back unwillingly and just looked on as Old Wu washed the dishes. He did not move anywhere and just stood at that spot to chat with her, "I saw some luggage in the living room? Are you going somewhere or did you just return home?"

Wu Zeqing replied softly, "I just got home. I had wanted to plan a trip somewhere during the new year, but not long ago, I received a notification to attend training at a Party training institution."

Zhang Ye asked, "Are you going to get promoted soon?"

She replied, "It's just a switch of roles and can't be considered as a promotion."

Zhang Ye said, "That's still some sort of a promotion, congratulations. Where will you be posted?"

"I still do not know the details, but for now, I am still considered to be a part of Peking University." Wu Zeqing put down a place, "If nothing goes wrong, I should be transferred to the South, to the Publicity department."

Zhang Ye blinked, "So far away?"

Wu Zeqing nodded, "It's not near."

"Why didn't they transfer you to another university?" Zhang Ye asked.

Wu Zeqing smiled, "Big Sis was only at Peking University temporarily. As I did not start off in an academic role, I can't possibly be transferring around school postings. I've got experience in education, publicity work, and overseen city investor programs. After all these years, I've dabbled in all sorts of work before and do not mind being transferred to any kind of work. I will do whatever the organization arranges for me, but since the order has not yet been passed, I might not necessarily be posted to the South."

Zhang Ye felt a little unwilling to see her go, "When will you be leaving?"

"It should be soon, but I will need to wait for the news." When she had spoken up till here, she turned around to look at Zhang Ye, "That's why I asked you to come over today, so that I could tell you about this. I know that your ban was not warranted, but as my position in Peking University has already been handed over, it wasn't convenient for me to represent Peking University to speak for you. That might create more trouble for you instead of helping you since I am no longer in that position."

Zhang Ye said, "I understand, it's fine."

Wu Zeqing said, "When some time has passed and I have settled down in my new post, I will see if I can help you in some way, but don't carry too much hopes about that because I can only try my best to think of a way for you."

Zhang Ye understood and accepted her kind intentions, "That's all I need from you, it's fine. Don't bother yourself with this problem of mine anymore. It's too troublesome."

"It's not easy to handle, that's true." Wu Zeqing finished washing the dishes, "What are your plans?"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "I don't have any plans nor can I plan for it. The road ahead has already been blocked, so anything I do is of no use. I suppose I will just stay at home."

She asked, "And do nothing?"

Zhang Ye said, "What else can I do?"

She raised her chin and gestured, "Come on, let's go to the second floor and have some tea."

The both of them headed upstairs. They went into the room and sat down crossed legged around a small table after taking off their slippers.

Wu Zeqing started to make some tea, brewing as she said, "That wasn't something that would come from your mouth. The Little Zhang that I knew was not like this." In the past, when Zhang Ye was lecturing on 'Dream of the Red Chamber', everyone else had objected and raised doubts against him except for Wu Zeqing, who had supported him. When Zhang Ye related to others what his goal was, they would all take him to be a joke except for Wu Zeqing, who believed that he could really achieve his goal. She had given him a lot of encouragement and suggestions.

But today, Wu Zeqing's tone had felt like it carried a hint of criticism for the first time, "Banned from TV and the news and your published books were taken down as well. The ban issued by the SARFT against the entertainment industry this time was really strict, but just because you have been banned, you would rather choose to do nothing?"

Zhang Ye was speechless.

She continued, "Where is the Zhang Ye that said something like 'Debasement is the password of the base' during a live broadcasted

news conference after being banned? Where did that Zhang Ye, who still wanted to create trouble at the crosstalk competition after being banned, disappear to? You have the talent and a mind full of knowledge, so you cannot be beaten down just like that. Don't just give up because you can't get on TV or publish any material. If that's how you are going to be, then you've really disappointed Big Sis. Who was the one who told me that he wanted to be the top star of the world that night? Is your determination just words hanging out from your mouth?"

Zhang Ye continued to stay silent.

Wu Zeqing looked at him softly, "Don't let down the fans who like you so much. Don't be blinded because of fame. It will still be the same with or without promotions and it won't matter even if you don't get to appear on TV. I believe that even if you are banned, there would still be many fans waiting for your works. Show them something, create something for your fans to see and show your opposers what you're capable of. Show it to everyone and tell them that even if you are banned, even if all the television stations, media outlets, and publishers refuse to let you through their doors, that you will remain standing. You still have your mouth and you can still speak. You still have your hands and you can still write, so why would you choose to remain at home and doing nothing?"

Old Wu's criticism had beaten some sense into him at the right time and had allowed Zhang Ye to realize a lot as well. He was too focused on popularity and fame. The ban would not be able to shut his mouth or tie his hands, and he could still do whatever he wanted to do, same as before. The things that he had wanted to show to the people should not be stopped just because no one was

willing to broadcast it out for him. Since it had already come to such a situation, since there was no way the ban would be lifted at the moment, then shouldn't he just not care about all of that and just do whatever he wanted? So what if there was less popularity to be gained from this? At least it would be better than doing nothing. Besides, with the exposure from the crosstalk competition, he could create something and there shouldn't be a lack of popularity to be gained. It might even surpass his expectations!

Zhang Ye coughed, "You were right to say all of that. What do you think I should do next?"

What could he come up with?

He still didn't have an idea.

Wu Zeqing calmly thought about it and said, "You could write a novel and post it online onto your blog."

In this world, blogs were still not falling behind with the times yet.

Zhang Ye asked, "Novels?"

She said, "I've read your 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' before and there haven't been any new works ever since. I've been rather looking forward to a new novel written by you for sometime now."

Hearing that, Zhang Ye agreed without even thinking, "Alright, I will write a novel!"

Wu Zeqing looked up at him, "Big Sis was just suggesting, but it still depends on your own interest and ideas. It's just something that I look forward to, but that doesn't mean the fans think the same way."

Zhang Ye slapped his hands on the table, "It's settled, I will write a novel!"

It didn't matter what work he came up with. As long as Old Wu liked it, Zhang Ye would write for her!

Wu Zeqing nodded, "In another two days, my posting would be settled. I guess I will be busy for sometime after that and would only have time to read after I've settled down into my new job a little."

Old Wu was really going?

And she would be leaving in just a few more days?

When he heard this, Zhang Ye felt a sudden desire to write his novel. He had a sip of tea before standing up and saying, "No need to wait for next time, I will allow you to read it today!"

She smiled and said, "What do you mean?"

Zhang Ye said, "I will write it right now!"

She said, "You seem really eager, but I only just suggested for you to write a novel and you already have an idea?"

Of course he did. When it came to writing novels, he definitely had an idea that did not need any conceptualization and planning, because it was a traveler's necessity novel!

"Legend of Wukong"!

Chapter 502: A New Work!

Old Wu's room.

Zhang Ye had just started doing what he said he would do.

Eh, this sounds like an euphemism for..... He started writing just like he had promised he would.

Zhang Ye looked around and asked, "You have a computer around here?"

"I have a few, but you can use the one in the study room since it's already been setup properly." Wu Zeqing gently put down her tea cup and pressed on the Chinese classical looking tea table to support herself in standing up, "Come, I'll bring you there."

Zhang Ye responded, "OK, sure."

She led the way and asked, "Are you really serious about writing it now?"

Zhang Ye asked her in response, "Do you want to read it now?"

"Like I said, I really enjoyed reading your novel. After finishing 'Ghost Blows Out the Light', I'd been waiting for your new work. If I get to read it today, that would be best." They reached the study room and Wu Zeqing gracefully pushed open the door and went

into the room, "But of course you must write it well enough and not just come up with something random. That would disappoint me and also disappoint your fans, so I'd suggest that you spend some time conceptualizing before you start writing. Even if I get posted in the South for work, I can still get to read it online."

But Zhang Ye did not listen, "If you wish to read it, I must definitely let you read it by today. I will get it done if I say so."

Hearing that, Wu Zeqing did not go on and just switched on the computer for him, "Alright then, I will wait for the good news."

Zhang Ye asked, "What genre do you like?"

"As long as it's written by you, I'm fine with whatever genre." Wu Zeqing smiled gently, "I believe in your abilities. Ever since I invited you to join Peking University, I've never doubted you."

Suddenly, Zhang Ye felt considerably pressured, "I won't have enough time to write a long one, how about a medium length one? I will spread it out over a few days and just do a portion of it today, posting as I finish."

She smiled and said, "That sounds good."

"I will start writing now then." Zhang Ye said.

Wu Zeqing nodded and left the room so that she would not disturb him, closing the door behind her.

Zhang Ye was now left alone in the study. He took a deep breath and opened up the game ring's interface to see his Reputation points. A few days ago, he had used up all of it for his lottery draws and couldn't even afford to purchase the lowest valued item of 10,000 reputation points. He had been crazy poor, but in a short time of 2-3 days, Zhang Ye's reputation points had soared again because of the three crosstalk performance. With that, he immediately opened up the merchant shop and bought some memory search capsules. He bought a total of three capsules as he was worried that one would not be enough, spending a total of 30,000 points.

Eat!

He retrieved them from his inventory and threw the capsules into his mouth.

1 capsule.

2 capsules.

3 capsules.

He ate three capsules at once and closed his eyes. Instantly, he was brought back to deep within his memory as he started wandering through all of those forgotten memories. Why did he choose "Legend of Wukong"? Firstly, because this novel was one of the most classic novels in his previous world. Secondly, because the chapter length was more suitable for him to write out in the

coming few days, not too long nor too short, so Wu Zeqing could finish reading it before she left for her new post. Thirdly and most importantly, in this novel was a point that Zhang Ye had wanted to express to everyone. It was a message that he wanted to let everyone know about after being banned and after taking part in the crosstalk competition, and so it had to be this novel — a necessary novel for a world-crossing traveler.

At 6PM sharp.

Zhang Ye opened his eyes and his hand reached for the mouse. He created a new document and his fingers started typing furiously at a high speed.

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"Legend of Wukong".

Title: Chapter 1.

The four of them had already come to this point, a dense forest ahead of them, with no signs of a path.

"Wukong, I'm hungry. Go and look for some food and bring it back here." said Monk Tang as he clambered onto a large rock and took a seat on it.

"I'm a little busy over here, why don't you go look for it yourself?It's not like you don't have legs." Sun Wukong said holding onto

his staff.

"You're busy? With what?"

"Don't you think that the sunset looks beautiful?" Sun Wukong said as his eyes looked towards the horizon, "Only looking at something so beautiful could make me determined enough to carry on westward."

"You could always look at that while searching for food. As long as you don't bump into a large tree, it will be fine."

"I refuse to do anything else when I'm enjoying the sunset!"

"Sun Wukong, you can't be this way. How can you bully baldy this way. If you let him starve to death, we won't be able to find our way to the Western Regions. If we don't find the Western Heavens, then the curses on our bodies will never be lifted." said Piggy.

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Being a modern person, Zhang Ye's typing speed wouldn't be that slow. Besides, the current activity he was doing was different from chatting or writing papers. He did not have to think about it, think of what to write next, or hesitate. The words were imprinted in his brain and whichever words appeared in his mind would immediately be transferred over to the document. It was even faster than copying directly from the original manuscript. It was

only natural that he could type like he was flying through the words.

Half an hour.

An hour.

From the study room, the continuous tapping sound of the keyboard could be heard. It wasn't just any sound, but a sound that would make the soul tremble. It was quick and light, but gave a sense of stability, Within that stability, it exuded a grand aura. The grand aura was mixed with a force not unlike a dragon leaping or a tiger jumping. It was quiet, but the movement was.....

OK, the descriptions should stop here.

In any case, it was the sound of typing on a keyboard very quickly.

Behind him, the door to the study room opened.

Zhang Ye, who was fully concentrated on the computer screen, didn't notice until a shadow of a figure appeared beside him. He saw Wu Zeqing standing behind him.

"Sis Wu." He stopped typing.

Wu Zeqing was holding a tray with a cup of coffee on it. She

placed it on the table and used a spoon to give it a few stirs. Smiling, she said, "Just continue doing what you were doing. If you get tired, have something to drink."

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Thank you."

Wu Zeqing's had a blanket over her left arm which she opened up and spreading it across Zhang Ye's legs, "It's a little cold in this house, so cover up to keep warm."

"Aiya, it's OK." Zhang Ye was spoiled by the attention.

Wu Zeqing gently said, "Cover up well. listen to Big Sis."

Zhang Ye could only say, "Thank you then. Don't busy yourself with me. If you are tired, go have a rest." Although she was no longer the president of Peking University, she was still a leader. Seeing how Old Wu was giving him so much attention, Zhang Ye felt rather bad about it.

"It's only a little past 7PM, and so it's still early." Wu Zeqing smiled, "I still need to wait to read your novel. If I don't get to read it today, I won't be able to sleep. Keep it up, I will close the door for you."

He said, "OK."

Old Wu left and closed the door.

Zhang Ye drank the coffee in large gulps and touched the blanket that was covering his legs. He suddenly felt a warmth, thinking how Old Wu was such a caring and thoughtful person.

For Old Wu!

Write! Write! Write!

Zhang Ye started to show his prowess as his typing speed became even faster!

After a short while, the first chapter was complete. This was a slightly longer chapter that contained a little over 6000 characters.

He did not say anything since he knew that Old Wu was waiting to read it. One of the reasons why he decided to write a novel today was not only because he had listened to Old Wu's criticisms, but a larger part of it was because he wanted Old Wu to be able to read his novel, and only then was Zhang Ye be able to write with such passion. He was always a guy who would find it hard to reject a girl. And so, Zhang Ye opened up the browser and speedily logged onto his Weibo, synchronized his account, and then activated his blog.

The development of Weibo and blogs in this world was a little different from his previous world. The blogging platform here had been the dominant one since its release and there weren't too many other competitors as Weibo was also developed from this blogging platform and forked out into a product of its own. As

such, the sign-in ID between these 2 platforms were shared since they were products of the same company anyway. Most of the information and functionalities were also cross functional and were synchronized to the account. It was extremely convenient as anything posted to the blog could be posted onto Weibo in a summarized version too.

Upload!

Post!

The controls were simple and the process of posting was completed very quickly!

Zhang Ye shouted towards the door of the room, "Sis Wu, I've written a little and posted up a chapter already."

A very gentle voice replied from outside, "On your blog?"

"Yes." Zhang Ye replied.

"OK, I will read it." and she didn't say a word after that.

Zhang Ye did not want to delay as he knew that even though this world had "Journey to the West", there wasn't a "Parody Journey to the West", which was the basis of characters for "Legend of Wukong". That might leave the readers a little confused at the beginning as these characters were a little obscure. He had to rush out the back chapters so that the readers would be able to

understand the initial few chapters of the novel.

The second chapter's wordcount was much lesser at 2000 to 3000 characters. Zhang Ye wanted to finish it in 30 minutes, so he concentrated hard and typed in furiously on the keyboard.

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On the web.

Everyone was chatting about news concerning their own interests.

"Have you all watched Old He's movie?"

"I did. It was so good!"

"Water Goddess has a new song out!"

"Damn, I'm so frustrated by her, she's too good at making the news!"

"But her popularity is sky high right now. Anything she posts on to Weibo are always reposted a few hundred thousand times and always has a few million comments. Everyone just likes her for doing all that nonsensical stuff."

"To be honest, I still prefer Zhang Ye. Although his popularity is not as high as those other people and his works are not as mainstream and well publicized as others, he has really good talent! If he were as handsome as the mainstream stars and his works were more publicized, his popularity would surely improve a lot and would overtake those stars who use publicity to pump up their popularity!"

"I agree with that. If Teacher Zhang were to carry on walking down this path, his popularity would definitely go against the heavens. He's not even debuted for a full year yet, at most it's been half a year and he's already sprinting towards the B-list celebrity rankings!"

"Haha, did all of you watch the crosstalk competition? I was so tickled by it! Zhang Ye was too funny! Those antics of his nearly made me die of laughter. How did he crush the whole crosstalk competition all by himself!? He's really too good at stirring up trouble! I really think that Zhang Ye would do well! As long as he can continue doing what he does and the entertainment industry gives him a chance, he would definitely become a dominant presence in this f**king entertainment business!"

"What a pity that he has been banned!"

"Sigh, don't talk about that anymore. I get angry whenever someone mentions it!"

"I wonder what Teacher Zhang is doing now."

"What else can he do? He's been totally banned. He won't even be able to take part in competitions now since who would dare to allow him join any at all. This is literally a death sentence and I'm afraid Teacher Zhang will not be able to get out of this now."

Suddenly, someone exclaimed!

"Zhang Ye started a blog!"

"F**k, what's the big deal about that? It's just a blog, isn't it?"

"What do you think! Go take a look quickly! There's a novel posted on the blog! It's something called 'Legend of Wukong'! I think it's Zhang Ye's new work!"

"What?"

"Are you serious?"

"Damn, it's for real!"

Chapter 503: "I Want For The Sky To Not Cover My Eyes!"

Online.

By now, people who followed Zhang Ye had discovered the groundbreaking news!

"Let me go take a look!"

"I'm really looking forward to this!"

"Did he really come up with a new piece of work? What kind of novel is it?"

"I think it's an adaptation of Journey to the West? Why isn't there a synopsis available?"

"There's only one chapter? I don't care anymore! A novel by Zhang Ye surely can't go wrong, I will read it even if there's only one chapter! Since 'Ghost Blows Out the Light' was released, I've hardly come across any novels that could be considered remotely good! I've been waiting for so long for Zhang Ye's new novel and it's finally here! It seems to me that Teacher Zhang Ye has no intentions of just disappearing like this! He has not given up! Can't get published? Then he will write and post it online. Surely they can't ban him if it's posted online? Giving support to Teacher Zhang!"

"I'm here to support too!"

""Wang Wu' from Zhang Ye's fan club has arrived!"

""Big Dumb Pot' from Zhang Ye's fan club reporting in!"

""Big Biscuit' from Zhang Ye's fan club has arrived. 'If you do not leave me, I will always be at your side until the end of life!' -- This was the motto of Zhang Ye's fan club on the Tieba forums.

"My large saber is again again again again again again again again again again again again again again unable to endure the thirst!"

"Haha, Big Saber Bro always has such a domineering entrance! It's just a novel, so surely you don't need to sharpen your saber for that?"

President Wu was right. There was definitely still some disadvantage in publishing it online. There was no way to publish and market it to attract more readers, but those who really liked Zhang Ye were still around. They had not given up on him and came rushing over almost immediately when the blog post was published.

Many people had already started reading!

Some of Zhang Ye's friends had also noticed that his blog had a newly published post and curiously went to check it out.

Like Zhang Ye's eldest younger sister.

Like Peking University's Teacher Su Na.

Like Yao Jiancai and his daughter, Yao Mi.

Everyone knew that Zhang Ye had talent. When his new novel was released, it was only natural that people would be enticed to check it out. Even some media agency staff and publishing agencies subconsciously checked out Zhang Ye's blog to read this novel. The media would not report on this, nor would the publishers publish this novel, but it did not mean that they were not curious about it. They all wanted to find out for themselves what Zhang Ye's new novel was about. Was it about the supernatural? Or was it other genres?

A thousand, five thousand, ten thousand.

The click rate did not rise too quickly, but it wasn't slow either.

Soon, everyone had gone to the the blog to read the novel. Some people were faster at reading, while others took their time to read. But without exception, after reading a little, everyone was a little stunned because this novel felt strangely familiar to them. It was familiar because it used "Journey to the West" as a backdrop with the same characters in it, but it was also unfamiliar to them since the characters had very different back stories and styles to them. Their language styles also left many people wondering how the characters were really like. Almost the entire chapter was

presented in a dialogue progression way to the readers!

It was very strange!

No one had ever read such a genre of novel before!

What was Zhang Ye writing about? What was he trying to present? At this point in time, many readers were still unclear of what this would all lead to. There had only been one chapter released so far and it was a little confusing.

Some comments were left on the post.

"Who can understand this?"

"I don't understand it. What is it about?"

"It's feels just so-so. A little obscure and doesn't feel like it will be as good as 'Ghost Blows Out the Light'."

"Yea, it doesn't feel like it's storytelling. It's not even at the standard of 'Journey to the West'."

"I find it OK. I will continue to read it since I feel this is written quite stylishly."

"The words and language are really good, but the story is still a

little confusing."

"This is only the first chapter, so I think it will be amazing! Hahaha, I like this 'Legend of Wukong'! The characters in the novel seem really interesting!"

"Yes, it's really interesting!"

There were both good reviews and bad reviews.

Because there were no promotions or media reports, the popularity was just so-so. The number of people commenting were mainly Zhang Ye's hardcore fans.

Soon after, Zhang Ye posted the second chapter!

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Chapter 2:

Monk Tang and his 2 other disciples were eating some fruits in front of the fire.

Sun Wukong emerged and walked over slowly from the woods.

Monk Tang raised his head up and said, "Hey, you've come over? Please take a seat."

Sun Wukong did not say a word and just sat down, staring at the fire.

"Hey, what's the matter with you today, Monkey?" Pigsy asked, "You look as though you've been beaten silly by someone. Hahaha--Ha--"

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"Another chapter's been posted!"

"There's a new chapter!"

"Why didn't he just post them together?"

"Teacher Zhang really knows how to make people wait! He's just posted another chapter just now!"

"Could it be that Zhang Ye is posting as soon as he completes writing each chapter?"

"Ah? Then that would mean Teacher Zhang is writing all of these so quickly? Using such dialogue and words! Doesn't he need time to think through and conceptualize? F**k, this might be true. Didn't Zhang Ye use to write poems or essays without needing to plan or think first? They were all composed spontaneously. Let's not even mention the other amazing things. Just this alone would

mean that Zhang Ye's really crazy good!"

"Let me read it first!"

"I'm already finished reading it."

"Ah, it's beginning to get interesting!"

"Yea, I can feel that it will be getting better and better as well! Looks like it will be a great novel!"

And then, the third chapter was posted, followed by the fourth chapter and then the fifth chapter.

After another two to three hours had passed, more and more people found out about Zhang Ye's new novel. They all began to gather at his blog to take a look. Although his popularity did not increase as much as his previous works, it was still slowly increasing and increasing. It kept increasing! A lot of people starting reading the novel seriously, even though the beginning seemed a little obscure in the story's development, but when they got to the newer chapters, their hearts would become heavy. They couldn't take their eyes off and had a strong desire to finish reading in one breath!

"Quickly post the next chapter!"

"Supporting Teacher Zhang!"

"This novel is too damn amazing!"

"I might not understand it, but I can feel that this novel can only get better and better!"

Within this short duration, some people even went back to the first chapter to re-read, while some even reread several times. They carefully savored the feeling of rereading and became more fascinating with each read!

Big Saber Bro shouted: "The sixth chapter is about to be posted!"

Big Saber Bro was the current leader of the fan club. With her lead, everyone kicked themselves into gear and contributed towards generating more buzz.

"The sixth chapter!"

"Come on, post it!"

"It's at the cliffhanger! Why did it end!?"

Finally, at 10:30PM, the sixth chapter was published!

With the new update, many readers couldn't be bothered to post comments and rushed to start reading the sixth chapter. It was getting more and more addictive!

But there were still some people who still couldn't understand the story.

TheWindIsHere: "Is it really that good?"

TheresAGhostBehindMyBack05: "I can only understand a little, but those deities seem to be quite evil. They just seem to be causing all sorts of trouble. I wonder what Zhang Ye is trying to say through this. I have to read further to find out."

Suddenly, a reader was stunned!

And then followed by the second person, the tenth person, the hundredth person.

.....

At the end of the chapter.

"Xuanzang (Monk Tang's name), you're an intelligent person. Stay by my side from now on to practice Buddhism. I will teach you all of my knowledge from my life of learning."

"Actually...I feel that it would be better if I stayed in the deacon like I did in the past. I can do some gardening when I'm free or watch the sky too. I don't think that I can memorize all those Buddhist scriptures."

"If you don't learn with dedication, how can you gain my mantle?"

"But you were not willing to teach to me the things that I wanted to learn."

"What did you wish to learn?"

.....

When they read up to the final lines of the sixth chapter, everyone's faces turned to dismay. Some people had goose bumps, while others experienced pupil dilation in their eyes. There were also those that who exclaimed loudly in front of their computers, or those whose hands were trembling from the excitement!

At this moment, they could only relate all of this to Zhang Ye. They remembered Zhang Ye being banned by Decree #43 and the past few days where he had been boycotted and denounced by the organizers of the crosstalk competition, as well as the members of the crosstalk and folk art worlds. They thought of Zhang Ye, who would rather be brought to the detention center for seeking justice for the commoner by beating up Lee Anson. They remembered that even when he was misunderstood by the world, he still had no regrets nor thought that he had done anything wrong!

What was Zhang Ye trying to express?

What message was "Legend of Wukong" trying to send?

At this moment, everyone's hearts were set aflutter by the text of the novel!

What was it that he wanted to learn?

"I want for the sky to not cover my eyes!"

"I want for this land to not bury my heart!"

"I want for all sentient beings to be able to understand my intentions!"

"I want for all those Buddhas to disappear from my life!!"

Chapter 504: Well Received Reactions!

It exploded!

Zhang Ye's blog exploded with views!

"Heavens!"

"This passage is godly!"

"It gave me goose bumps all over!"

"What a great 'I want for the sky to not cover my eyes'!"

"Teacher Zhang is still Teacher Zhang! He's still as good as ever! He just doesn't disappoint!"

"I was wrong! I doubted the quality of this novel when it was first released and even said that this was not up to Teacher Zhang Ye's usual standards, but I finally f**king understand this novel! This 'Legend of Wukong' is definitely a masterpiece! Teacher Zhang Ye is trying to send a message through his novel! He's writing from his experiences from the past few days and channeling in his anger and considerations of everything that has happened. He is letting everyone know by pouring all of the emotion from his heart into this novel for everyone to see!"

"This passage is a real classic!"

"'I want for all those Buddhas to disappear from my life'? Zhang Ye is really daring to write his heartfelt thoughts!"

"Teacher Zhang has always spoken through his work! This time is no exception either! The only difference is that he has always used poems to scold others, but this time he changed the medium to a novel?"

"Hahahaha! I dare not claim that Teacher Zhang Ye's literary level is the top in this country, but his face-smacking level has to be the top! He is f**king using the characters to represent the crosstalk world and related people and scolding them in it! I think this is too awesome! This style of writing is so godly!"

"Teacher Zhang is invincible!"

"It's so well written that it makes my blood boil!"

"Reading Zhang Ye's novel just makes me feel so fulfilled!"

"It's so good that I'm crying! This is what you call a f**king novel!"

"How I wish those crosstalk people can see this! @TangDazhang @XuWenxiang @CrosstalkAssociation @FolkArtsAssociation! You people are really good at accusing Zhang Ye for being vulgar and not understanding what art is, but now Teacher Zhang Ye has thrown out a new work and it's artistic levels are good enough to

fling you a hundred streets away! A person who is able to come up with such a good novel doesn't know what art is? Teacher Zhang does not perform crosstalk according to your rules because he doesn't want to associate with you lot! But you guys still call him out so much that makes it seem like you're addicted to calling him out just for the sole purpose of calling him out! You bunch of people are precisely the ugly and evil deities in 'Legend of Wukong'!"

"Muahaha! This novel is so well written to fit the occasion! It's completely portrays the current situation that Teacher Zhang is in now! 'Want for the sky to not cover my eyes'? Domination! Such domination!"

"Teacher Zhang! I do not know if the sentient beings understand you, but we do! We completely understand!"

"Why is this novel getting such low click rates? Such an awesome novel, why isn't anyone reading it?"

"It's because the media outlets aren't helping Teacher Zhang promote it! He's still banned, so most people do not know that Zhang Ye has a new work released!"

"Damn! How hateful!"

"After reading 'Legend of Wukong'! I find them even more hateful now! I did not know how much pressure Teacher Zhang Ye had to bear with in the past, but after reading this novel, I think I finally understand! I have nothing to say! Except that I am

supporting Zhang Ye unconditionally! They won't help to promote? They want to ban Teacher Zhang? Let's do it! We fans will help him promote instead!"

"Right!"

"Let's do it!"

"Well said! Count me in!"

There were already a lot of people who liked the 'Legend of Wukong' novel, but with this, they liked it even more now! The people who did not understand the meaning, or those who did not really like it at first, now changed their views about it and were fighting to give their reviews about it. Some people even started to help Zhang Ye promote the novel on Weibo and other forums to allow more exposure for Zhang Ye's new work!

On Weibo: "Zhang Ye released a new novel! Come and see!"

On Tieba: "Zhang Ye's new novel 'Legend of Wukong'. Link below!"

On a forum: "Extra, extra! Zhang Ye has written a new novel after half a year of hiatus from writing! The godlike Teacher Zhang Ye! And the godlike 'Legend of Wukong'! Everything can be seen on Zhang Ye's blog! Go and check it out! If you don't like it, feel free to beat me up!"

Everyone's promotion seemed to work as a large influx of new readers surged in. Of course, not all of the people who read the novel liked it. Some people felt it was a little too obscure, or that the genre did not fit their taste in novels, so they left after just reading a little, but a larger number of people stayed to finish reading all six chapters. They were all left amazed, like those before them, especially with their thoughts lingering about the final sentences. Many of them were left with their blood boiling!

The click rate was increasing!

100,000!

200,000!

300,000!

.....

At the Wu residence.

Upstairs in the villa, in the study room.

Zhang Ye had finished writing the sixth chapter and did not plan on writing anymore for today. Firstly, this was because he had written to the most suitable chapter of his intentions and it would be good to stop here. Secondly, he did not have the energy to continue writing any further. He had typed out too many characters in these past few hours and was totally drained. He felt

dizzy as the concentration sapped him more than anything physical would. This kind of tiredness did not affect him physically, but mentally, which made him feel much more uncomfortable.

He stretched his waist!

Gururu, a sound came from his stomach. He was hungry.

Zhang Ye touched his belly, knowing that he had really exhausted himself this time, but he was at Wu Zeqing's house now and it would be awkward for him to go downstairs to look for food. He did not know how to cook either and Old Wu's house probably did not have a large stockpile of instant noodles. If he were to go check the fridge, it would be as good as asking Old Wu to cook for him. It didn't feel right, so Zhang Ye decided to just deal with it. He just had a few more sips of water hoping that it would help alleviate his hunger.

Dong, dong, dong.

A knocking sound came from the door behind him, "I'm coming in, OK?"

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Please come in, please come in."

Old Wu was really respectful towards him. This was her house after all and she held a higher position than him at work, yet she still knocked on the door courteously before coming in. Sigh, how

good it would be to marry Old Wu!

When the door opened, a fragrant aroma of congee filled the room.

Wu Zeqing was holding a bowl of steaming hot congee and made her way slowly into the room, "Are you hungry?"

Zhang Ye was so touched that he immediately stood up to get it from her, "Aiyo, be careful. Don't scald yourself. I'll take it from here!"

"Sit down. Get something to put on the table so that I can place this down." Wu Zeqing did not allow him take the bowl, "It's very hot, don't take it."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "My skin is rough and thick, so I'm not afraid of being scalded, but your hands are more delicate!"

Wu Zeqing laughed a little and placed the bowl of porridge on the table. "Big Sis is not that fragile. This was just prepared a short while ago, so eat it while it's still hot."

Zhang'er did not know what to say, "How did you know I was hungry? My stomach growled a little just now, but I was a little embarrassed to go downstairs to look for food."

Wu Zeqing said, "You've written so much just now, so I guessed that you were probably getting hungry as well. I went to prepare

the congee a while ago, so eat it first. Is the taste good?"

"Good!" Zhang Ye did not say too much. He knew that Old Wu was good to him and he would remember this. Their relationship hadn't been too ordinary to begin with. Like Old Wu's nephew, Wu Mo had recieved Zhang Ye's help along with "Ode of Mulan", which Zhang Ye had written for her. There were also other incidents as well that Old Wu had helped him out with before. Not to mention the most note-worthy incident in which Zhang Ye helped her take photos and the case of sending the wrong message in the first place? You couldn't consider something like that a superior-subordinate relationship, can you? Of course not, but friends? It wasn't really so either, but looking back, their relationship wasn't that of strangers either.

He ate the congee.

The first mouthful of it was enough to make him want more, "Ah? Century egg and pork congee? Aiyo, this is too delicious! Preparing this congee must have been a very troublesome task!"

Wu Zeqing said, "Just eat."

Zhang Ye said while he ate, "My novel....did you read it already?"

"Yes." She sat beside him and nodded.

Zhang Ye asked in anticipation, "What do you think of it?" He was very conscious of what Old Wu thought of it since the novel

was mainly written because Old Wu said that she wanted to read a new novel of his. If Wu Zeqing did not like it, then his all of effort would have been in vain. This was why he really looked forward to hearing Old Wu's thoughts.

Wu Zeqing did not answer him, but just looked at him and asked, "This 'Legend of Wukong' was really written spontaneously?"

He said, "Yes."

Wu Zeqing said, "If I did not criticize you, then this novel would have never seen the light of day?"

Zhang Ye hesitated for a bit, thinking that it might have really been so, but coughed and said, "No, but it was thanks to you that my inspiration just came and I started writing without stopping like I was possessed." After a pause, "Oh yes, you have not told me what you think of it yet? Do you think it's a good read?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "It's more than that. Although this unconstrained style of writing is considered as online literature, the level it has reached already far exceeds traditional literature. Hur hur, looks like Big Sis has criticized you well and rightly. You are full of literary talent. If you don't show everyone what you've got, it would be such a pity. Do you know which line Big Sis liked the most?" She said, "'I want for all sentient beings to be able to understand my intentions.'"

When he heard that she liked it, he was naturally very happy, "It's good as long as you like it."

"There are many feelings in your heart." Wu Zeqing said, "If you just show everyone a little of it, the literary world will not be able to continue living in peace, even if it wanted to. Big Sis is looking forward to the development of the story in its later chapters."

Without another word, Zhang Ye said, "Then. I will continue writing through the night!"

She gave a wave of her hand, "That's enough. Enjoy your congee and get some rest for tomorrow."

Zhang Ye did not force it, "Sure, I will surely let you read it before you leave Beijing. I will definitely get it finished within three days!"

Wu Zeqing took the bowl of finished congee and held it in her hand, "OK, I will wait for it then." After saying that, she took the empty bowl and spoon and went downstairs with light footsteps.

He looked at his watch.

It was getting late.

Zhang Ye blinked and blinked, thinking that it should be time for him to go home. It was already past 11PM at night and it would be awkward for a man like him to stay over at a woman's place. but because Wu Zeqing did not say anything or made it seem like she wanted him to leave, Zhang Ye pretended he didn't notice and just

went along with it. He did not mentioned it and intended to stay over to see if anything would arise. If Old Wu asked him to leave just before she slept, then he would go. If Old Wu didn't say a word, then Zhang Ye would just stay over, but, hmm, he needed an excuse? He would just call it the fine-sounding reason of staying up all night to write his novel!

Suddenly, his cellphone rang!

Zhang Ye, who was having crooked thoughts, got a bit of a scare from this. A thief would always have a guilty conscience. He checked his cellphone to see who was calling and answered, "Old Yao, what's the matter?"

Yao Jiancai said, "Quickly publish the next chapter!"

"Ah? You're talking about 'Legend of Wukong'?" Zhang Ye was a little stunned, but he understood after a moment of thinking. He said happily, "Even you're reading my novel? This novel isn't meant for people your age."

Yao Jiancai said in a depressed voice, "I won't read that shitty novel of yours even if you gave it to me, but my MiMi likes it a lot and she's been begging me to ask you."

"My student wants to read it?" Zhang Ye said, "I was still thinking why someone like you, who has no class, would read it at all? Ha, but I can't publish anymore. I've stopped writing for the day."

"What about your stockpile!"

"There's isn't any. I published whatever I've written."

"Don't give me that bullshit. Quick!"

"Old Yao, I really don't have anymore written for now. Why would I lie to you!"

.....

Later, Zhang Ye's colleague also began calling him.

— Peking University's Chinese department Teacher Su Na.

"Teacher Su, you're still awake so late at night?"

"How could I sleep? Teacher Zhang, you're really great. I saw your blog posting just before I went to bed, so I curiously had a glance and that was the start of the rabbit hole. I've stayed up throughout the night and finally finished reading all six chapters and was left wanting more. Please let me read the stockpile!"

"..."

"Quickly!"

"I really don't have a stockpile, Teacher Su."

"I don't believe you. We're colleagues, so if you won't let me read the stockpile today, then let's not keep in touch anymore."

"Hai, don't mind me, but you'll have to wait for tomorrow. I will write more tomorrow. My hands are already breaking."

"At least tell me the plot."

"I can't reveal that."

"You....we're not friends anymore!"

"Heh, don't say that, don't say that!"

.....

A few other friends called him as well!

They mentioned words like 'a treat to a meal', 'smashing windows', and other threats or benefits which made Zhang Ye at a loss of whether to laugh or cry, but his mood was very good because of this as it meant that 'Legend of Wukong' was a success and popular with readers.

Chapter 505: Zhang Ye's Wondrous Way Of Cooking Up Publicity!

There was nothing going on outside the study room.

What was Old Wu doing now?

Zhang Ye decided to go online to check out the reviews for his novel. Some commented that it wasn't good, while others said it was just so-so, but most other reviews said that it was good and it seemed like the novel was also quite well received. The main reason for the negative reviews was that most of the readers could not understand it and thus did not want to continue reading on. Those that liked it could not wait for the next chapter to be released and even labeled it as a work of God!

The click rates for a single chapter was around 600,000. The click counter on the blog was a little inaccurate as the 600,000 didn't mean all 600,000 people had read it. It included repeated clicks and also those who clicked on it by accident. This result might seem like it was quite good for most other people, as it showed that a lot of people read it, but for a literary figure of high standing like Zhang Ye, this results was not considered good. It was at most an OK turnout. In the past, whenever he posted a poem, any poem, it would receive a few million views at the very least. The poem post would be forwarded countless times too, but this time, the reaction to the novel was rather flat. It did not cause any sensationalism and only a portion of his hardcore fans called it good. Many others probably did not know that he had published a new novel at all.

This was a consequence of being banned!

Zhang Ye had already anticipated this earlier!

What should he do? He had to think of an idea. Such an excellent piece of work definitely could not be ruined by his hands. It was fine even if he couldn't publish the novel or earn any money from it, but the amount of people who should be reading it mustn't be just a small handful like this. Since he had already published it online for free, he had to surely attempt at gaining as much reputation from it as possible. While being banned, any reputation earned would surely be considered as extremely precious. He definitely had to maximize his returns from it!

In the discussion area.

"I'm extremely disappointed!"

"What an insult to 'Journey to the West'!"

"I've read a few chapters already, but I have no idea what it's talking about!"

A few comments caught Zhang Ye's attention. Those were the comments from several people from the literary world who had irreconcilable differences with him, people like Big Thunder and the Beijing Writer's Association's Vice-President Meng Dongguo. Zhang Ye had gone from the crosstalk circle and jumped back into the literary world. Because of that, this bunch of people surfaced again!

When Zhang Ye saw their comments, he did not get angry. Instead, his eyes lit up as he thought of an idea!

These people could be considered his 'old friends'. Zhang Ye had battled with the literary world for so long that he had lost count of how many times they had battled. In the past, when this bunch of people appeared, they were always finding fault with him and attacking him, stepping on him only to be slapped back hard on their mouths by Zhang Ye, but Zhang Ye was not preparing to do so today, instead he had decided that he would make the first move!

He tapped on Meng Dongguo's Weibo and discovered that he had published a novel just last month. It was a fictional book called 'Wind in the Paddy Fields'. The sales seemed to have done quite well.

"It's quite flavorful to read."

"Teacher Meng's new book is really a good read!"

"Looking forward to Teacher Meng's new novel!"

Zhang Ye had not read this novel before and did not plan to, but he directly posted on Weibo, "@MengDongguo, 'Wind in the Paddy Fields'? Why don't you call it 'Oil in the Gutter' instead! What lousy novel is this!"

"Ah!"

"Zhang Ye posted on Weibo!"

"What? Oil in the Gutter?"

"Zhang Ye is attacking Meng Dongguo's new novel?"

Zhang Ye's fans were shocked for a moment.

Meng Dongguo and his fans would not have any of this. They angrily called out, rolled up their sleeves, and went straight for Zhang Ye's Weibo!

"Zhang Ye! Who are you to question Teacher Meng!"

"Have you even read 'Wind in the Paddy Fields'?!"

"Are you even qualified to criticize it!"

"Do you think that your novel is any good!"

"This is so numbing! You're the one who is gutter oil!"

Very quickly, Zhang Ye and Meng Dongguo's fans were crossing swords as well!

.....

However.

The accused, Zhang Ye did not stay around. He went over to Big Thunder's Weibo and found out that he had posted a poem a while ago named 'Are you doing well?'. And so, he posted his comment: "@BigThunder! What lousy poem is this!"

If it were anyone else who posted this, Big Thunder and his fans would not be angered. There were many people who liked to criticize others and not everyone could be forced to like something, but the person who was criticizing it was Zhang Ye, a celebrity. Thus, his fans immediately reacted!

"Zhang Ye!"

"You are going too far!"

"Why are you scolding others out of the blue!"

Yet another wave of fans of Big Thunder were stirred!

.....

Next, Zhang Ye went to famed fairy tale author, Little Red Mushroom's Weibo. He saw that she had just released a fairy tale

collection of stories earlier today and there were posts that were promoting it. Zhang Ye posted his comment: "What lousy book is this!"

Little Red Mushroom was stupefied. She had been promoting her new collection of stories online when she saw Zhang Ye's comment. Her first reaction was something along the lines of 'Damn it, Zhang Ye! I didn't step on your tail recently! It was all in the past, but now that you have nothing to do, you came to scold my new collection of fairy tales?' This was bullying!

Little Red Mushroom checked his Weibo and found out that he had written a new novel. After reading it a little, she angrily posted: "That 'Legend of Wukong' of yours is the ridiculous one! And you even dare to come to my Weibo to scold my new book? You're a public figure, so you should watch your words. Everyone can see what you've written! Don't make yourself appear so tasteless!"

Then, Zhang Ye replied with another, "What lousy book is this!"

Little Red Mushroom was so angered by this. He's such a big bully! What a big bully! She immediately gathered her fan club's members and went to Zhang Ye's Weibo for a scolding battle with them!

.....

Then, Zhang Ye had come to crosstalk actor Tang Dazhang's Weibo and found a post that he linked to a previous crosstalk

performance of his. He left a comment saying: "What lousy crosstalk is this!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"That Zhang Ye is here!"

"Damn! ****!"

"The crosstalk competition was cancelled because of him! I'm so angry! And he still dares to come here to cause trouble now!?"

Tang Dazhang only found out about this when he got a call from a friend. He woke up in anger and switched on his computer to post a reply to Zhang Ye on Weibo!

.....

After a minute.

Zhang Ye had arrived at Lee Anson's verified Weibo account. Seeing how he had cowardly been hiding back in Korea to prepare his new album, Zhang Ye posted: "What lousy song is this!"

Lee Anson's fans would have none of this nonsense!

"F**k! Zhang Ye is here!"

"Lousy song?"

"Your sister! Anson-oppa's new song hasn't even been released yet! How would you know if it is lousy or not!"

"He's definitely picking a fight! Sisters! We must not let this slide!"

"Let's go! We'll go to his Weibo to scold him!"

.....

Zhang Ye was looking for trouble everywhere.

The funniest incident was with Lee Parkwoo, who had an altercation with Zhang Ye before on Weibo. Seeing that he had been promoting his new movie, Zhang Ye gave a shoutout over there as well. As he had been scolding the crosstalk actors earlier, like Tang Dazhang, his disciples, and Xu Wenxiang as well as the other crosstalk artists who had abused and scolded him before, when it came to Lee Parkwoo's time to be scolded, Zhang Ye sent the wrong message.

Zhang Ye: "What lousy crosstalk is this!"

A lot of Zhang Ye's and Lee Parkwoo's fans were stunned.

Zhang Ye panicked a little, but did not feel embarrassed. He immediately changed his scolding and said, "What lousy movie is this!"

At this moment, many of Zhang Ye's fans burst into laughter, "Pfft!! Teacher Zhang Ye had been copy pasting all his scoldings! He even sent it wrongly! Are those the only scolding words that will be used?"

Of course Lee Parkwoo's fans did not agree with the scolding. Zhang Ye was a famous person. He was even a famous person amongst famous people. If any other person scolded Lee Parkwoo, they wouldn't have been stirred at all since, if they were bothered, it would mean they acknowledged that person. But for Zhang Ye to be scolding, they couldn't take it sitting down. If they didn't say a word, wouldn't that mean that they were afraid of him? Yes! Zhang Ye, you're great at scolding people, have wit, and can scold others in all kinds of ways, but you can't bully us! When did we do anything to deserve your scolding? Parkwoo-oppa only said some words about you some time ago, but that was because of an incident. But now? Your scolding came out of the blue! Did you come here just to scold!

"This is so maddening!"

"How dare you scold Parkwoo-oppa?"

"You've already been banned yet you still try to cause trouble!"

"Sisters! Let's get him! Scold him!"

.....

In a short 10 minutes or so.

Zhang Ye had scolded many of the crosstalk world and literary world members. He even scolded some of the celebrities who had altercations with him before. He scolded them using "What lousy 'XX' is this!" on their Weibos!

After that, Zhang Ye continued checking Weibo and found a few people that he had forgotten about. They were his old enemies that he had forgotten about and he did not let go of this chance to make up scoldings!

Zhang Ye: "@RenminUniversityProfessorMaHengyuan What lousy class is this!"

Zhang Ye: "@BeijingRadioStationDeputyStationHeadJia What lousy shirt is this!"

Deputy Station Head Jia, who had already left his post, had recently posted a photo of himself wearing a suit and this had led to Zhang Ye nonsensically scolding him!

Ma Hengyuan was so angry that his moustache was displaced a little!

Deputy Station Head Jia also nearly vomited blood!

Many of these people had already found out the hard way about Zhang Ye's vicious mouth and had not dared to provoke him anymore, but who would have expected him to come provoke them instead!

Suddenly, Weibo was full of activity!

Online, a mess ensued!

Hundreds of celebrities, along their fans came to find the person responsible! Some of them publicly scolded Zhang Ye, while others privately messaged him. There were also those who posted a lot of messages to harass and cause inconvenience for him. The scolding battle did not only happen on Weibo, but also on Zhang Ye's fan club in Tieba. It was flooded by countless angry celebrities who had come to return the favor!

The wrath of the celebrities!

The wrath of their fans!

Thousands and thousands of people had joined in to denounce Zhang Ye and he suddenly became the public enemy. Everyone was shouting to beat him up or to kill him!

"Zhang Ye, come out!"

"You're too wicked!"

"What gives you the right to scold our Anson-oppa?"

"How dare you scold Professor Ma? You're all teachers, so how can you act this way! Where is your bearing as a teacher!"

"I'm so mad!"

"This Zhang Ye is truly hateful! He lacks virtues!"

"This thing is really good at offending others! We need to get him off Weibo today!"

"Who'd even want to read that lousy 'Legend of Wukong' of yours! Who would read it!"

The sacking force kept increasing as many people only saw Zhang Ye's latest updates that contained the phrases "What lousy book is this", "What lousy movie is this", "What lousy crosstalk is this", etc, etc, etc. Many of these posts were repeated but posted to different people. It seemed like he was doing a carpet bombing on Weibo!

But no one had expected the reason why Zhang Ye was doing this!

Zhang Ye's fans and friends who saw him jumping up and about, causing trouble everywhere were at a loss of whether to laugh or

cry!

The smarter ones could see that Zhang Ye was just trying to hype up his new novel release and trying to pull in as much attention as he could!

But many people were only witnessing such a f**king wondrous way of publicity for the first time in their lives. This was an act that lacked all virtue!!

Chapter 506: The Year's Greatest Scolding War!

.....

"Hello, Master Xu, are you online?"

"I'm about to sleep. It's already this late at night, what's the matter?"

"Go and take a look quickly. Zhang Ye's gone mad. He's looking for trouble everywhere!"

"What matter of his would concern me?"

"He...he scolded you as well!"

"What!?"

.....

"Hello, Teacher Chen!"

"Who is this?"

"I am Little Wang from the publishing firm."

"Oh, oh, I know who you are."

"Your new book has been scolded by Zhang Ye on Weibo!"

"Ah? You son-of-a-gun Zhang! How dare you try to bully me!"

.....

The disturbance was large!

He had caused too much ire!

In the late hours of the night, countless celebrities who were turning in or had already gone to sleep were awoken by Zhang Ye's attacks. Many netizens also did not bother with sleeping anymore as the fans of those celebrities were making a fuss, as though they were on steroids! They rushed forward to curse at Zhang Ye, while those who were unaffected joined the war as bystanders, as it wasn't too much trouble since all they wanted was to observe what would ensue! Some of them even tried to muddy the waters and gave Zhang Ye's posts Likes!

"Zhang Ye! Come out!"

"Where is he? Is he running away after scolding others?"

"This idiot is such a coward! How maddening! I've never been

angered so much by a celebrity! Just how many Teachers have you scolded in such a short span of time? Let's see how you are going to end up today!"

"Haha, Teacher Zhang is being so cute today!"

"Supporting Teacher Zhang Ye! I wonder what you all will do!"

"Right! Supporting Zhang Ye! In the past, it was always Teacher Zhang who released a work before getting harassed by those bunch of people who seemed to have something against him. They would scold and doubt him before denouncing him. Not once, not twice, not even thrice, but now the tables seemed to have turned. Damn, based on what reason does it always have to be Teacher Zhang getting scolded by you guys? This time, it's our turn to challenge you all! It would be impolite to not reciprocate! Is there a rule saying that only you people can scold Teacher Zhang and he isn't allowed to do the same to you all!?"

"Right, well said! Like that Meng Dongguo, Deputy Station Head Jia, Tang Dazhang, Lee Anson, and those other literary and crosstalk world people who jumped at everything Teacher Zhang did and endlessly repeated it! Now it's our turn!"

"Everyone, let's do this! Support Zhang Ye!"

"Brothers, let's attack! Let's scold that wretched Zhang Ye!"

The netizens sparred and fought with their words and the mess

that followed was better left unsaid!

Actually, Zhang Ye's cellphone would have been exploding with calls if it were not for the fact that he had been expecting it to happen and turned it off before he started scolding people on Weibo. He was enjoying the peace and quiet right now as he watched these people, whom he was scolding, react to him. Zhang Ye suddenly felt very satisfied. Just like how his fan had described, he had always been reactive in the past and fought back with his face-smacking after being scolded, it has always been this way, but now that he had been banned and had gained almost no attention for his new novel's release, Zhang Ye even felt a little bit lonely. So this time, he decided that he would actively seek the wrath of his 'old friends'!

Many of the celebrities who were scolded, issued statements to accost Zhang Ye!

A lot of critics and other people published their thoughts through various channels to strongly denounce Zhang Ye's act of aggression in scolding so many people through Weibo!

The battle was increasingly getting out of hand and more and more people were gathered to witness this unprecedented Weibo war! The number of times Zhang Ye's Weibo post and comments were forwarded was exploding and headed straight for the top on Weibo's ranking page. Other forums and Tiebas were also full of criticism for Zhang Ye!

Zhang Ye's blog was naturally one of the battlegrounds in this war! It was at this time that the click rate for "Legend of Wukong"

began rising at an unbelievable speed. It rose so quickly that it would shock you just to see it! Every time the page was refreshed, the click rate for those six chapters would rise by a large number again!

1 million!

1.5 million!

2.3 million!

That rate of increase blinded the eyes of many observers!

"Ah, this novel's really good!"

"I accidentally clicked on it and read it but it's quite good!"

"I came to watch the scolding war wondering what was going on, but ended up seeing 'Legend of Wukong' and reading it. I couldn't even stop once I started! What a great 'I want for the sky to not cover my eyes'! Aside from Zhang Ye's character, which I do not want to comment on, his literary level really leaves people speechless! It can only be described as amazing!"

"Good read!"

"Stop scolding people and quickly update the novel instead!"

"Zhang Ye, stop scolding people. Come back and publish your next chapter! I want to read on to find out!"

Most of these people did not know about Zhang Ye's new novel until the scolding incident happened and caught their attention. The popularity of the novel suddenly surged!

3 million!

3.5 million!

It was still rising!

This scene had left many people dumbfounded. The novel had only just been published earlier that night and wasn't even completed. There were only six chapters and only how many hours had passed since then? The number of times it was read shocked many of them. Then some of them analyzed the numbers and felt that if Zhang Ye had not been banned previously, he would still have been unable to get so many views in such a short period of time, but now that he was banned, how the heck did he get this many views!? There were no reports of it on the news, no media promotions, and no direct promotions and it still managed to reach such heaven defying readership??

Quite a number of people from the other side of the war finally understood.

"Everyone, stop scolding already!"

"Don't go on to Zhang Ye's Weibo or blog!"

"Damn! Zhang Ye's making use of us to hype up his new novel! We've been tricked!"

"We must all ignore Zhang Ye! We are helping to raise his popularity right now!"

Suddenly, a lot of these detractors reacted and responded to the call and Zhang Ye's blog became quiet for a few seconds.

But the next moment, Zhang Ye had appeared again on the literary and crosstalk world members' Weibo and blog and repeated his previous scoldings!

Zhang Ye: "@MengDongguo What lousy book is this! What lousy book is this! What lousy book is this!"

Zhang Ye: "@TangDazhang What lousy crosstalk is this! What lousy crosstalk is this! What lousy crosstalk is this!"

It was still the same words, only repeated several times in each post. It had appeared on Meng Dongguo and the other people's Weibo!

These celebrities, who had been scolded, nearly vomited blood!

Holy sh*t!

Zhang Ye! I will fight it out with you!

Even though they knew that Zhang Ye was doing this on purpose, they still did not take it lying down. This was really too maddening! Ignore him? Don't respond to his provocations and leave him frustrated? But they couldn't! Zhang Ye was jumping around scolding them, if they chose not to respond, they would be overwhelmed by his aggression! They would be scolded to death by him! Then those netizens who did not know of Zhang Ye's intentions would think that they were afraid of Zhang Ye! Fight back! They had to fight back!

Right then, another wave of scolding battle began again!

"Zhang Ye!"

"You bastard!"

"How can you be so wicked!"

"This bastard is really annoying and making me clench my teeth!"

The fans of these celebrities could actually be considered as Zhang Ye's 'old friends' as well. Back when Zhang Ye had clashed with their idols, these fans often came along to join in the ensuing arguments as well. They already got to know each other rather well by now since it wasn't their first time crossing swords. The

only difference was that all of the different celebrities fans were now attacking Zhang Ye together at once!

It was a grand scene!

An overwhelming amount of netizens had now gathered at Zhang Ye's Weibo and Tieba and used it as the battlegrounds to begin the great war!

Zhang Ye's fans were also very supportive and they went for the Weibo accounts of Meng Dongguo, Tang Dazhang and the others and posted the same comments as Zhang Ye!

"What lousy book is this!"

"What lousy song is this!"

"What lousy crosstalk is this!"

The battle was fierce as the two forces clashed. Sometimes, it was even hard to tell who was on whose side!

The observers and neutral parties still numbered the most as they watched on during this earth shattering scolding war. With every scolding comment posted, they were overjoyed! If it were other celebrities who attacked others like this without reason, most people would definitely feel uncomfortable about it. But it was Zhang Ye who was doing the scolding now and he even recycled the scolding phrases on all of his victims. Somehow,

everyone did not have negative feelings about this but were instead tickled by what they were seeing! Zhang Ye has never been known to be a serious celebrity. He had hosted a talk show before and even performed crosstalk in the past few days. As he was a very funny crosstalk actor, everyone would change their mental image of him whenever they see him talking. They would not take the things he said as too serious!

"How funny!"

"Zhang Ye's really cute!"

"Hahaha, Teacher Zhang is such a tease!"

"Using such a way to gain popularity, I've never even heard that there was such a way to do this! Hahahaha!"

Some of Zhang Ye's friends also posted on Weibo.

Su Na: : "Pfft, Teacher Zhang. Don't make trouble anymore!"

Dong Shanshan: "@ZhangYe Old classmate, it's time for your medication."

Grandma Zhang Xia: "....."

Zhang Yuanqi's agent Fang Weihong: "Just passing by, it wouldn't affect me to just watch."

It was needless to say how busy the Heavenly Queen's manager was. The duties of the manager were probably more packed than the artist that she managed. But now, even the top manager Fang Weihong had appeared on Weibo, so that must say how much of a sensation this big encompassing scolding war had caused. Not only did it interest the netizens, even many of those industry insiders' attentions were captured! But thinking it through, whether it was Lee Anson, Lee Parkwoo, Tang Dazhang, Xu Wenxiang or any of the others, which one of them were not well known? Which one of them did not have a large number of fans defending them? When the old and new hatred combined together from Zhang Ye's scolding, it was as good as poking the hornet's nest!

Suddenly, a small situation happened.

On Central TV's sports channel, a live European football match was currently being broadcasted. When the pre-match was just beginning and the footballers were doing their warm-ups, countless football fans were watching the game. In the broadcast studio, the host was discussing about netizen comments with the in-studio pundits and commentators about which team had more support. But an unexpected situation occurred, possibly due to an operation error backstage. The website that was being shown on the live broadcast had displayed Zhang Ye's blog instead and "Legend of Wukong" was shown on screen. It was showing the comments section where the scolding battle was occurring and the feed lasted for about 6-7 seconds!

"Uh, our apologies to everyone."

"We had some technical difficulties just now."

The host and guests quickly switched topics and moved on.

But with that slight distraction, countless of others had taken note of "Legend of Wukong"!

"Shown the wrong feed?"

"Pfft! Central TV! It's Central TV again!"

"What kind of a relationship does Central TV have with Teacher Zhang! They're taking such good care of Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye only knew about this incident when he saw a screenshot of it posted by a netizen. He knew clearly that this was surely the effect of the 5 times reduced difficulty!

It was all thanks to the Difficulty Adjustment Die!

Whatever help he needed, it would come. It repeatedly committed meritorious deeds for him!

Chapter 507: Photographing Again

In the study room.

It was almost midnight.

Unlike the chaotic scene online, it was very quiet and peaceful in the room. Zhang Ye was smoking a cigarette while drinking his coffee, relaxingly copying and pasting the scolding text with his mouse and keyboard. He continued in his search for more targets. As long as it was someone who had ever stepped on him when he was down, he would target them and not leave a single one untouched.

A moment later.

Sorry, your posting rights have been revoked.

Sorry, your posting rights have been revoked.

Finally, Zhang Ye tried another two more times without success. When he checked out why this was happening, he found out that he had been reported by a total of 13,000 users. In a short 30 minutes, he had actually been reported by more than 10,000 people. He probably broke the record for receiving the most amount of complaints since the launch of Weibo. In the past, even for those extremely hated internet stars, celebrities, or businessmen, no one had ever concurrently received so many complaints against them before. The year's first large scale scolding war had precisely led to such a record being broken. It

was undoubtedly a rare moment!

"Are you crazy!"

"Did you have your medication?"

"How much did you eat?"

"How much did you have?"

"I will eat however much you have!"

"I have enough for however much you can eat!"

The scolding battle was still ongoing as the netizens came up with all sorts of ways to scold! Especially for Zhang Ye's fans, they've had much training, having been through so many battles with Zhang Ye in the past. With his influence, their scoldings were fanciful and not ambiguous at all. This left many people bursting with laughter!

"Aiyo, this is too funny!"

"This scolding battle is so enjoyable to watch!"

"Hahaha, Zhang Ye has already become public enemy #1. He creates trouble whenever he appears and it's no exception this

time!"

"This hyping up is too powerful!"

"This way of getting attention is really not something that just anyone can come up with. Even if they could, it would take more than an extraordinary person to carry it out! Only a wonder of the entertainment industry like Teacher Zhang Ye has the guts to do something like this. He even executed the whole plan perfectly! Pfft. I've just about fainted from laughing too much in front of my computer!"

"Honestly speaking, I am liking Zhang Ye more and more. Other people usually hype up their promotions discreetly by having rumors of relationships or claiming to have certain incidents happening to them. When they are called out for trying to do promotions with such news, they just deny it and appear to be righteous, but look at Teacher Zhang Ye! He's just doing all of it openly! He's basically telling everyone straight up: I am promoting my novel! I am creating all this trouble to do my promotions! Haha, he's totally different from your everyday celebrity! This is the first time I've witnessed hyping up a release in such an honest way! And those artists who have a grudge with Teacher Zhang can only take it quietly! It's really an extraordinary task that could be accomplished by an extraordinary person! In the 50 years of entertainment business, only Zhang Ye could have carried out an act that lacks as much virtue as this!"

"Zhang Ye has a very special kind of charm that just attracts you to him. That is what I like most about him— He is never pretentious! He's just says everything as it is!"

Everyone was going to sleep soon and so the scolding battle was also coming to a close. Many of the netizens were already posting their conclusions of the incident today. What was unexpected was that many of them actually had very positive opinions of Zhang Ye's troublemaking this time. This nearly made the celebrities who were scolded and their fans faint!

Zhang Ye was once again the talk of the town!

And the new novel "Legend of Wukong" had also gone viral!

.....

Past midnight.

As the people online starting to thin out, the scolding war also died together with it. The netizens who had to sleep had gone to sleep. This kind of meaningless war would usually come and go very quickly. The victors and losers were generally undecided and all that mattered was the process of scolding. It was just a way to get a kick from it and then....there's no and then.

A voice called out to him from outside the room.

"Little Zhang."

"Oh, Sis Wu."

"Are you busy? Come here for a while."

"OK, OK."

Zhang Ye did not bother about the scolding war anymore. He turned off his computer and looked at his watch only to realize that it was quite late already. He quickly opened the door and went outside, but did not find anyone in the corridor. He walked out a few steps to a room where the door was open. He could see the Wu Zeqing inside and she was just laying her bed out with a blanket.

When she saw him, Wu Zeqing patted on the bed sheets and said, "I've laid out the bed for you. It's already this late, so you don't have to go back tonight. You can just stay over."

Zhang Ye hypocritically said, "Come on, I think it's better for me to just head back."

She pointed at her watch and said, "It's rather late now and it's not safe to drive back at this time."

"Then...alright. I guess I will have to bother you again. Zhang Ye was of course more than hoping that this would happen. His intentions were to stay over anyway. The last time he stayed over in this house was due to him having drunk too much at the calligraphy association's anniversary celebrations.

Wu Zeqing pointed to the bathroom, "The toothbrush and towel

in there were the ones you used previously. I've not touched them. Oh yes, what would you like for breakfast tomorrow?"

"It's OK, please don't trouble yourself with that. Just busy yourself with what you need to." Zhang Ye waved his hand.

She smiled and said, "Big Sis is having a break from work these few days, so there's nothing to keep me busy with. I will just fix something up for breakfast then. Are you sleepy yet? If you are, you should just go to bed earlier."

Zhang Ye blinked, "I'm not feeling sleepy yet."

"You're still not tired at this late hour?" Wu Zeqing asked.

He smiled and said, "I've been sleeping quite late these past few days and don't go to bed before 1 or 2AM."

--- (redacted parts below) ---

"That's fine then, how about you help big sister to take some pictures, the ones you took before had turned out pretty well."

Hearing what she had to say, Zhang Ye got excited and agreed. "OK!"

"Alright, come over to Big Sisters room then." She led the way ahead.

Old Wu seemed to have just finished a shower; she was still wearing the same sweater, but had changed out of her pants into another pair.

When she was beside Zhang Ye, he could smell the faint smell of shampoo. As for Old Wu's habit of before bedtime photography, he knew he certainly could not decline and quickly followed behind her, his gaze on her back. That figure of hers, there was nothing to say about it, it exuded a temperament of a classic beauty. Not one that twisted and wiggled as one walked, but an ordinary pace. However, those full buttocks, within the somewhat thin cloth of her pants, would shake and shiver with each step she took, fluttering within.

They reached her room.

Turning back, Wu Zeqing asked for Zhang Ye to wait a moment.

Zhang Ye nodded. "Okay, you go ahead and change your clothes."

She closed the door behind her. Faint sounds of a cupboard door opening, and the clacking of high heels as they accidentally dropped onto the floor.

About five minutes later, a woman's voice sounded out. "Little Zhang, come on in."

As Zhang Ye wrung the door open, he realised it hadn't been

locked. Clearing his throat, he raised his eyes to face the direction of Old Wu. Before his eyes was displayed a set new clothes. Previously when he had looked through her wardrobe, he had not seen it then so it must be so. It was a simple qipao, one that was focused on a single colour and without much flowery decorations on it. It couldn't be said to match the current fashion trends, but donned on Old Wu, it had a particular feeling that made it feel very fitting. This sort of simple mono-colour design was not a look that could be pulled off easily, but Old Wu wore it effortlessly. Hung on her body, her entire appearance gave off a chaste and virtuous aura, a mature and gentle feeling.

Zhang Ye's eyes felt as if it were drooling. "Is this new?"

"I bought it the day before, what do you think?"

Zhang Ye's head bobbed up and down in approval. "It looks too good, and fits you very well, it's breathtaking on you. There's no one who could wear it as well as you." Zhang Ye fawned all over it.

Wu Zeqing gently brushed her long hair upward; even her action of brushing her hair exuded a sense of gentleness, especially like a depiction of a classic beauty.

Zhang Ye picked up the SLR camera on the table. "Then I'll be taking the photos, do you have a direction in mind?"

"Like before, we'll go with whatever you feel like."

Then I won't be standing on ceremony!

“Put your leg to this side.”

“Like this?”

“That's good”

Zhang Ye started the photography session. 1 picture. 3 pictures. 5 pictures!

At the start, Zhang Ye didn't have too many instructions, just taking some ordinary pictures from various angles. Front, back, side, he snapped a few of each.

Eventually, he gathered his nerves. “Can you sit on the bay window?”

Wu Zeqing stepped over slowly in her nude heels, hands holding her skirt down at her rear, and sat down. The curtains had already been pulled up earlier.

“Can you spread your legs?”

She opened her legs.

Zhang Ye coughed. “Just slightly more would be perfect.”

She let out a soft ‘en!’ and continued to spread her legs under her Qipao apart.

The mouth of the skirt opened, revealing the flesh coloured interior. She was wearing a flesh coloured silky pantyhose which wrapped her legs from her calves, to her thighs, to her buttocks, like a thin and hazy enclosure.

“Good, just like that!” Zhang Ye’s heart was beating violently.

Click!

Click!

His finger repeatedly triggered the camera shutter.

“Can you put your leg up as well? That’s right, bent, on the bay window.”

Wu Zeqing was very compliant, when she said she would leave the direction of the photoshoot to him she had meant it, and had no dissenting opinions whatsoever.

Zhang Ye took another dozen or so photos at lightning speed.

Chapter 508: Confessing To Old Wu!

When he opened his eyes, it was already morning.

The sky was still dark outside, as it was just past six in the morning.

Outside the window, he could see a few old men and women doing their morning exercises. Other than them, there wasn't anyone else. This was an upscale estate, and there were not that many residents.

Zhang Ye crawled out of the guest bed in Old Wu's house. He yawned and stretched since he was unable to go back to sleep. He still felt a little uncomfortable spending the night at someone else's place since he wasn't used to the bed and couldn't get comfortable.

He went to the bathroom to do his business and then washed up. When he left his room, he moved around with light footsteps and took a look around. There wasn't anything going on upstairs or downstairs. Old Wu was clearly still in bed and if he judged by the standard seven or eight hours of sleep, Sis Wu would probably only be up around 8AM. Zhang Ye quietly made some tea on the first floor and brought it back into the room. He wasn't going back to sleep anymore, so he turned on the computer on the table.

He continued with his novel.

.....

"Legend of Wukong".

Chapter 7:

Tang Xuanzang went back to the small room.

The fish was still swimming in the tank.

"Why is the ground so wet? You must have been naughty again!" Xuanzang smiled and said to Little White Dragon.

Little White Dragon swung her tail about and smiled. She found out that she was even willing to become a fish if it meant that she could stay by his side.

.....

When he was writing this novel yesterday, Zhang Ye had some hope of things turning out better. He had earlier felt that his future was uncertain as everything he did was only bogged down by the ban. He was also no longer a small time celebrity, but a well known celebrity who was now ranked in the middle of the C-list rankings. A star of his caliber would require a lot of fame and popularity just to maintain this level, because his competitors in the rankings were not dead people. It wasn't only his popularity which would grow, but all of the others would grow as well. They were all running the rat race together and that was the reason why Zhang Ye couldn't just stay where he was. The rankings would change

and he might drop greatly in ranking if he did not do something. Zhang Ye was now trying to think of a way to maintain his spot and was given a glimmer of hope by the novel 'Legend of Wukong'. He did not ask for it to be able to push him further up the rankings, but just to allow him to maintain his visibility and reputation so that his ranking would not drop.

From what he could see right now, his goals had already been reached. In fact, it even exceeded his expectations. The epic scolding war last night helped push "Legend of Wukong" into a prominent view and popular position. If he needed to come up with a reason for writing this novel yesterday, it was because of Wu Zeqing, but today, he, Zhang Ye, was writing this for himself.

Tap Tap Tap!

The clicking sound of the keyboard kept sounding out wave after wave.

His writing form was just normal since he had only just woken up. This chapter was written at a slower pace than yesterday, but he still managed to stumble through and complete the chapter. Zhang Ye checked for any typos before publishing it on his blog immediately.

Some netizens, who were up early, were already waiting.

"Ah!

It's released, it's released!"

"I've refreshed so many times!"

"It's finally here!"

"Haha, the wait is killing me!"

"I better read it first!"

"I've just finished reading it!"

"It was great!"

"Really good!"

"Is there anymore, Teacher Zhang!?"

"Please release it all at once!"

"I'm so anxious to find out what's going to happen next!"

The scolding war had already died down and the comment section on Zhang Ye's blog was in a mess. It could still be seen how fierce the battle had been the night before with some people still randomly continuing to scold, but since it was just scattered scoldings, it could be said that the scolding war had already ended.

The only people left were the ones who were standing by at his blog waiting for the updates to "Legend of Wukong".

Some even said, "Damn, I won't even bother celebrating Valentine's Day today. I will just wait at home for your updates!"

Oh?

Valentine's Day?

When he saw that comment, Zhang Ye was a little stunned. He took out his cellphone and checked the calendar to confirm. Well, isn't this so. Lunar New Year had just passed and it was already February 14th today. Spring was already coming.

But after knowing, he did not have much of a reaction anymore and just continued to power through writing the eighth chapter. To a very nationalistic youth amongst nationalistic youths, Zhang Ye wouldn't possibly want to celebrate this foreign festival. It would have been better to just celebrate their own traditional Chinese Valentine's Day.

A thousand characters.

2000 characters.

The eighth chapter was also completed. Zhang Ye had found his

form and momentum by now, so the speed of his typing gradually increased. After he published it, he was preparing to get some rest, as his wrist was getting a little achy. Having typed out so many characters last night, he did not feel the effects immediately after, but when he woke up from his sleep, he did not feel too well in his head and hands. Together with helping Wu Zeqing take so many pictures of herself, coupled with those postures and angles, as well as pressing the shutter so many times, all of these were enough to cause him to feel tired.

He opened the windows and took a deep breath.

It was already past 7AM now. The sky was gradually becoming brighter, but the sun was still not up yet. The land was recovering and the little trees were sprouting buds. It was a vibrant and lively scene from the window.

There was a sound outside the door along the corridor.

It was the voice of a woman, "Little Zhang?"

Zhang Ye turned back to face the door and said, "Sis Wu, I'm in here." He closed the windows and quickly went over to open the door, but when he was just a meter away from the door, the door had already opened.

Wu Zeqing appeared in front of him. He could see that Wu Zeqing had only just woken up as her hair was still a little messy.

Zhang Ye smiled, "You're awake?"

"I just opened my eyes a while ago. I said I wanted to prepare breakfast for you, but then I couldn't find you in the bedroom. Hur hur, why did you come to the study?" She asked.

Zhang Ye said, "I just finished writing two more chapters of the novel."

Wu Zeqing said, "You are working on it so early in the morning?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "I woke up early today and couldn't go back to sleep."

"Alright then. You can continue to write while I prepare breakfast. You must be hungry?" Wu Zeqing laughed a little, "It will take about 10 minutes and breakfast will be served."

"I won't be writing anymore for now. Let's go downstairs together." Zhang Ye followed behind her and out of the study room.

When he passed by the room that he had slept in, Zhang Ye was stunned, "Aiyo, why did you make the bed for me? Sigh, I forgot to make my own bed after waking up." The blankets and pillows were all stacked nicely on the bed, and even the coffee cup and ashtray, that he had been using last night, were taken away and cleaned up by Old Wu. Zhang Ye felt quite embarrassed about it as he was already troubling someone by staying over, and now Old Wu even

had to clean up after him!

Wu Zeqing ignored him and just walked down the stairs.

Zhang Ye looked at her from behind and was feeling her gentleness and warmth. He mustered up a few words and the courage to say it, but always faltered just before the words could come out from his mouth. Instead, his face turned red from this. Just because he dared to scold at anyone didn't mean that he could say what he wanted to say to a woman, especially when it was such a beautiful woman. He tended to speak more formally with her.

He had a lot of words that he had wanted to say last night when he had been photographing Old Wu, but now, he could not even open his mouth.

There weren't too many days left of the reduced difficulty period. Only three days of the total duration of slightly more than six days were left now, and he had to make use of this time to confess to Old Wu. Otherwise, there wouldn't be a chance in the future!

How big of a gulf was between the two of them?

It wouldn't be too exaggerated to say that a day and a continent separated the two of them!

Old Wu was successful in her career and already at a high place at 30 something, but him?

He may look like he was doing well on the outside, but actually his career had only just started.

Old Wu was blessed with good looks and was beautiful from head to toe and from inside out, but him?

He was just ordinary, and you couldn't even consider him to be a little bit handsome.

Old Wu's personality was good as well. She knew how to take care of others, respect others, and was basically very considerate in all aspects, but him?

He would create trouble everyday, offending people everywhere. He could not cook or take care of people and was lazy.

Sigh, let's just stop here. The more reasons he brought up, the more likely he would burst into tears!

"Shall I make some eggs?"

"Anything is fine."

"OK, I will heat up some milk too."

Downstairs, Wu Zeqing was beginning to busy herself with chores.

Zhang Ye could not help in anyway, so he just stood by her side and looked on. He had been thinking over and over again on how to confess. Should he do it gracefully?

Boldly?

Frankly?

A cellphone rang.

It was Old Wu's cellphone.

She checked the CallerID and smiled as she picked up, "Director Wang."

Zhang Ye leaned in closer and managed to overhear a bit of the conversation. It was a man, who sounded like he was in his thirties, not too young or old, "President Wu, I heard that you were promoted?"

She answered, "It's just a lateral promotion."

The other party said, "Where will you be headed?"

She replied, "To the South, I guess. It still hasn't been confirmed yet."

The other party paused for a moment before saying, "It's Valentine's Day today, are you free? Let me give you a treat."

Zhang Ye's ears perked up immediately. Damn you, who the hell does this Wang guy think he is?

How dare you try to cut this bro's corner?!

But he heard Wu Zeqing laughing and reply, "Next time, I have something going on today."

That person said, "You have a date?"

She replied, "Hur hur, it's not really a date, but I won't be able to go for sure. We can always have the farewell dinner another day. It would be the same anyway. We can also call a few of our old friends along for the gathering before I leave."

That person could only reply, "Alright then."

After hanging up, the doorbell rang.

A man's voice shouted out from the outside, "Courier."

Wu Zeqing went to open the door.

When the courier saw Wu Zeqing, he gave a look of amazement

and was stunned for a moment. Then he said, "Are you Madam Wu? I have a parcel for you, please sign here."

"Oh, thank you." Wu Zeqing signed off on the acknowledgment slip and opened up the parcel. It was a big box of chocolates from abroad in the shape of hearts. One could tell that it was expensive just from the look of it alone.

When the courier left, someone from the florist arrived with two big bouquets of flowers. One of it was red, while the other one was blue in color. The florist delivery person asked Wu Zeqing to sign for the delivery.

Wu Zeqing's expression did not change and she asked, "They're both for me?"

The female florist delivery person replied, "Yes, they're both for you. We received these two orders yesterday and only noticed it today when we were preparing to send out the flowers. The addresses were the same, so we brought them over together. Ahemm, this one is from Mr. Zhang and this one is from Mr. Liu. Can you sign both acknowledgment slips?"

It wasn't really that coincidental, since the florist was one of the bigger shops in the vicinity of Taoran Pavilion. It was also more popular and so the two orders were made at this shop via a website.

The florist delivery person was still wondering earlier about this. It was a rare occurrence even to them, but when she saw Wu

Zeqing, she seemed to have realized that it wasn't that much of a surprise at all. For such a beautiful woman, if she wasn't married yet, it wouldn't even be surprising if she received more than a dozen flowers, let alone just two bouquets.

After Wu Zeqing signed it, she said, "Thank you."

Zhang Ye, who had been observing this from the side, was now feeling hatred for those gift senders. He had wanted to scold all of them harshly! This was really pushing it too far!

You people have pushed it too far!

The confession has to be today!

It had to be!!

If he didn't, then Old Wu might be snatched away by someone else instead!

Chapter 509: "I'm Willing To Become The Stone Bridge For 500 Years"!

In the villa.

Wu Zeqing put the flowers on a table.

Zhang Ye went up to it, "Let me help you with these, where do you want me to place them?"

Wu Zeqing said, "It's fine. Let's have our breakfast first. If there's no place to put them, then just leave them there or put it out in the garden."

Zhang Ye blinked, "You are so popular."

"They are just gifts from some friends and ex-colleagues." She answered.

Zhang Ye asked, "Oh, they are all wooing you?"

Wu Zeqing brought the milk over and calmly responded, "I don't know about that."

Come on, even a fool could see that! How could you not?

When Zhang Ye heard this, he started to talk badly about them

and said, "Say, don't you think a foreign festival like that really spoils the atmosphere here? What so good about celebrating a day like Valentine's Day anyway?"

"Just sit down and eat." Wu Zeqing smiled, "Big Sis doesn't celebrate Western festivals like this either."

Zhang Ye lightly slapped his hand on the table, "Right? Things like chocolates and flowers are totally undesirable gifts. We should firmly reject such practices. Just look at Thanksgiving Day last year, where so many of our Chinese nationals were fussing over celebrating it. Even some public figures went about posting on Weibo about what they were thankful for. What are they even thinking!? How did the American festival of Thanksgiving come about? It was because they wanted to thank the Indians for helping them before and so this day was designated as Thanksgiving day. Who is our country giving thanks to then?! It is totally mindless to celebrate it!"

Wu Zeqing was already laughing, "You seem pretty agitated."

"It's not that I want to step on them, it's really not like that, Sis Wu." Zhang Ye was in fact bashing them using this opportunity, "Such undesirable practices are really making me unable to just look on anymore!"

Wu Zeqing nodded her head slight, "They shouldn't be promoted."

During the duration of breakfast, Zhang Ye kept talking about

and putting down these people with everything he got. He was not done until he had buried these people deep into the mud!

After breakfast, yet another courier had arrived to send a package.

After signing for it, Wu Zeqing took it out and saw that it was a calligraphic scroll with a poem written in it.

You are the beautiful Chang'er of the mortal world.

Are the song and dance a reflection of your heart?

The wind I ride on while you steer our direction.

Most beautiful of all is not how the clouds float past.

Loved so deep, you won't need much of those.

Zhang Ye knew at a glance what it was, "An acrostic poem?"

The characters in front formed the sentence - You are the most loved? Bah! How disgustingly vulgar! This was simply too disgustingly vulgar! Zhang Ye was already despising the sender completely and forming opinions of that person!

Wu Zeqing could only laugh lightly and shake her head. She did not say anything else, but just kept the calligraphic scroll aside.

Zhang Ye continued his bashing, "Is that from someone in the Calligraphy Association? The words are just alright, but the standard of this poem is.....very normal. It's just a matter of putting it together properly and that doesn't require much skill."

Di Di. Wu Zeqing's cellphone received a message and she picked it up to take a look.

Zhang Ye stole a glance, but did not manage to see clearly. Based on the layout of the words, it was probably yet another poem. It seemed like everyone knew that Wu Zeqing liked calligraphy and poems a lot and they were aiming to please her on this Valentine's Day, hoping to win her over!

Old Wu passed the phone over and asked, "What does this poem mean? I don't understand it."

"Oh, let me help you with it." Since this was Zhang Ye's rice bowl, he did not say another word but took the phone and read from it. He said, "It's another acrostic poem, but this one is a little deeper."

Wu Zeqing said, "Acrostic?"

Zhang Ye nodded and read:

"A bit of melancholy over long days and short nights, from high
few ever come —The moon."

"One person to cruise the green plains, ten soldiers with their feet

growing clothes—Represents."

"The swan spreads its wings, gone is its flight, meaningless to enjoy wine with a white ladle—My"

"Nothing with a hook and three dots of rain—heart."

Using the Chinese characters and the clues in the text, they formed — the moon represents my heart.

Such poems with hidden words or meanings were not a serious kind of literature. Sometimes to make it work, it would have to be forced. The sentences would then become flawed and it was understandable that Old Wu did not catch the meaning of it. This sort of poems was very common in Zhang Ye's previous world, so he knew the meanings behind them almost immediately after reading it.

Wu Zeqing laughed, "You seem to be quite well versed in this field?"

Zhang Ye sighed, "Well, I dare not claim that I am well versed in such things. These kinds of poems are just simple tricks and can't be considered a skill. I've never really learned in depth about them, but I think that I do know it better than them." He had again stepped on Old Wu's pursuers. Even this bro has not dared to make his move yet, but all of you are already confessing one by one?

Shameless!

Do you all still have a shred of humanity left in you!?

Zhang Ye was very angry and worried. Seeing Old Wu's calm demeanor, she probably had to sign for these things every year. There were probably more than 10 people trying to woo her at any given time, and that was already a conservative estimate. Old Wu was already in her thirties and was not married and had no children yet. From this reasoning, her family was probably already urging her to do so? Old Wu might also be a little worried because of this? A situation like this made it even more critical! If she were to loosen up a little, she might just end up with someone else after hearing their sweet words and promises. Then Zhang Ye would definitely end up heartbroken and crying. This was the main reason why he was also feeling very worried!

Old Wu went to get a vase.

Zhang Ye followed along and helped her arrange the flowers. He tested her by asking, "Sis Wu, there are so many people wooing you, but it seems like none of them have caught your eye?"

Wu Zeqing replied, "They are not wooing me. They're all just friends and teasing me for fun."

"You...don't you plan to have a family?" Zhang Ye ventured a little more and asked.

Wu Zeqing looked at him, "Why are you asking about this?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Sigh, I'm just curious. Just curious."

She replied anyway, "Of course I would like to have a family, but I have not met the right person yet. Hur hur. Why? Do you have someone in mind to introduce to me?"

"Ahem, no." Zhang Ye replied.

She said, "Alright, the flowers have been arranged properly."

Zhang Ye said, ".....Hmm."

She had already walked in front of him, "Let's go. Let's go upstairs to take a look at your newly published chapter. I'm looking forward to read it."

"Sure." Zhang Ye followed along, "If you still want to read more after you finish this chapter, I will continue to write. I can try to rush out six more chapters today."

Upstairs.

Old Wu's room.

Wu Zeqing switched on her computer and sat down. She launched the browser while Zhang Ye pulled a chair over and sat down. His heart was very unsettled right now.

Old Wu logged onto Weibo first and said, "There's so much activity on here today."

Zhang Ye had a look and felt the same. The internet today was filled with proposals between couples and confessions from secret admirers. There were even some celebrities who were showing their love and affections to others. There was surely a lot of gossip about them while at least two public figures had already been photographed with another mysterious man or woman out on a Valentine's Day date. Wu Zeqing's Weibo was also having quite a commotion. As Old Wu was not considered a public figure, she did not have many fans paying attention to her. It was inconspicuous, but Zhang Ye was following her. When he saw many people doing acrostic poems on her Weibo, he was infuriated!

A Weibo verified account of a certain Higher Mathematics teacher from Peking University, Han Henian also posted on her Weibo with a message. He had also dedicated a poem to @WuZeqing .

Leaning on a window I long for a beauty.

Blissful rain and overflowing wine string bead curtains.

Merry dances wave to the elegant figure.

Your smile appears like a flower fairy.

From the top parts of the Chinese characters, it meant — I like you.

Regarding these messages, the common netizens were not too interested in them, but Wu Zeqing's friends and students of Peking University were. They had all gathered at her Weibo page to see what was going on.

A female student exclaimed, "Wow! Teacher Han has confessed!"

A Physics department Associate Professor also teasingly gave his blessings, "Wishing Little Han gets to win the maiden's hand. Work hard for it!"

Zhang Ye's colleague, Chinese department's Su Na also joined in the fun, "Hehe, Teacher Han's courage is admirable. Here's a Like for you. I heard that President Wu will be posted to another place soon, so you had better work hard to win her over!"

The students of Peking University were also shouting all sorts of replies.

"Ah, President Wu is mine!"

"Pfft, previous poster must be crazy. Your balls must be really big!"

"Wuwu, I like President Wu as well. When I graduate and find a job, and if President Wu is still unmarried at that time, I will definitely woo her. Even if I know that President Wu will not have eyes for me, I will still go for it!"

"Cries! President Wu is my goddess!"

"I've also been secretly in love with President Wu for the past three years!"

"President Wu, I love you too!"

"Forget it you guys. At our age, it is definitely not possible."

"Yea. Honestly speaking, Teacher Han Henian, who teaches higher Mathematics is more suitable for her. At least they are similar in terms of age and Teacher Han is rather suave looking as well."

"I never expected a Math teacher like Teacher Han to have such good literary talent! It's an acrostic poem!"

"Get together!"

"Get together!"

"Get together!"

Some male students cried out in jealousy, while others were shouting their blessings and wishes for the 2.

"President Wu is too popular!"

"Yes, just look at how many people are confessing to her!"

Another Weibo verified member of the National Writers' Association, a middle-aged man, had also 'transmitted' his love for Wu Zeqing. That person who was considered to be rather well known and worked in literature research probably knew Wu Zeqing in person as well since they might have crossed paths in their work before. He was a divorcee and had a child from his previous marriage.

He posted a poem to Wu Zeqing:

The trees open their eyes.

A kid naps under his roof.

Lacking in conscience.

Sunset with remnant rabbits by the side.

It was acrostic also. The few words represented — regret that we didn't meet sooner.

This middle-aged man from the Writers' Association was still holding back and being a little more subtle than the others. He was already at an age where he wouldn't feel comfortable with expressing those mushy love confessions in public. This was evident in his poem too as it was just a simple hint that still managed to express his admiration of her.

When this poem was published, some other admirers were probably getting anxious by the slew of confessions to Wu Zeqing. They knew they could not longer just sit back, so all of them also joined in to make their confessions. Because Old Wu was also part of these circles, having worked in publicity, education, Peking University's Chinese department, and was also a member of the Calligraphy Association, the people she knew and mingled with were also part of these circles. These people might not be good at most other things, but coming up with a simple poem was definitely not one of them.

There was poetry everywhere!

A thread of feelings lead to a head of white.

Daily longing expels grief.

Don't blame me for my seeds of infatuation.

Seeing you often in my dreams.

If we were fated.

The distance that keeps us apart is just a thread.

The cherry blossoms bloom in March.

Fruits after autumn is most sweet.

The same old acrostic poems—one day apart seems like three years.

One after the other, wave after wave. There were too many people who were confessing to Wu Zeqing. It felt like they were kicking up a riot, each trying to outdo the other to see who could win the dame's heart.

"What's going on here today?"

"Wow, they are all here trying to woo President Wu?"

"I wonder who President Wu will choose!"

"Looking forward to it."

"I'm getting interested in this too."

"Sis Wu, pick one of them. Hehe, you aren't young anymore."

The going-ons were sustaining the attention of the students and Old Wu's friends.

.....

At home.

Wu Zeqing only smiled and shook her head.

Zhang Ye was looking at her Weibo all this while beside her. He

was somewhat angry and frustrated and finally couldn't hold it in anymore, "Sis Wu."

"Yes?" She tilted her head sideways.

Zhang Ye muttered some words, "So then, let's, you....."

Wu Zeqing gently said, "Just say what you want to say. What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye clenched his teeth, thinking that if he didn't say anything now, then he would probably not have another chance in this lifetime to say it. By the power of the five times difficulty reduction Die! Bestow unto me the courage to do this! Zhang Ye took a deep breath and did not beat around the bush any longer. He looked at Wu Zeqing in the eye and said, "Don't bother with them! Why don't you be my girlfriend instead!"

What the heck!

He finally said it!

When the words slipped out of his mouth, Zhang Ye no longer felt nervous. He wore a serious expression on his face.

But Wu Zeqing only laughed it off, "You are just like them, teasing me."

Zhang Ye said seriously with a blushed face, "Hey, what do you mean teasing? I am being very serious, Sis Wu."

Wu Zeqing smiled, "I don't see it."

Zhang Ye let himself loose, "Just tell me if you want to or don't want to. "

"You like me?" She looked into Zhang Ye's eyes.

Zhang Ye said without hesitation, "Yes."

Wu Zeqing calmly said, "Big Sis will be leaving for her new post soon. This time, it will be to the South and the workload will surely become heavier. I probably won't be able to come even once a year."

Zhang Ye immediately said, "I don't care if we can see each other or not. Besides that, I could go over to look for you too. A flight there wouldn't take long at all. Moreover, even if you don't come back for a year or five years, I will still wait for you. Distance is not a problem. Sis Wu, I am being quite serious here."

She asked, "What do you like about me?"

Zhang Ye said, "There's no reason why, I just do."

She asked again, "....How much do you like me?"

Just thinking about Wu Zeqing's gentleness and caring side, thinking about how she treated him with so much respect and gave him unconditional support, he wouldn't be able to find a girlfriend like this even in eight lifetimes. So why did he like her that much, was that even a question? When the images of those pursuers of Old Wu composing poems to confess floated across his mind, Zhang Ye's expression began to calm down slowly.

Like?

How much do I like you?

Zhang Ye looked at her and lightly recited a Zen verse that did not exist in this world:

"I'm willing to become the stone bridge."

"Enduring 500 years of the ruthless wind."

"500 years of the burning sun."

"500 years of the freezing rain."

"Just... to catch a glimpse of you passing by."

How much do I like you? I guess it is as much as that!

When this famous "Verse of the Stone Bridge" was spoken, Wu Zeqing's eyes immediately changed. She was stunned!

500 years in the ruthless wind?

500 years under the burning sun?

500 years of being....beaten by the rain?

Compared to those acrostic poems that Old Wu's pursuers had used to confess with, Zhang Ye's "Verse of the Stone Bridge" was on a much higher level than theirs. It was already in a different class. Not only was the content and literary standard on a different level, even its meaning and power were incomparable!

There were no sweet words in it!

There were no promises either!

But the emotions in the Zen verse were much more meaningful and amazing than anything those confessions could express with words! 500 years of suffering, just to catch a glimpse of you passing by?

Wu Zeqing closed her eyes and opened them again, asking, "Are you serious?"

Zhang Ye said, "I've never been more serious than I am today!"

After a few seconds of silence, Wu Zeqing simply said, "OK."

"OK?" Zhang Ye was stunned, "What do you mean?"

Wu Zeqing smiled at him, "Weren't you asking Big Sis to be your girlfriend? So I said OK."

Chapter 510: Holding Hands!

What?

That's it?

Old Wu had agreed?

Zhang Ye spirit was a little shaken, as he did not believe what he had just heard. Even though he had already confessed with the knowledge that this was in a five times reduced difficulty environment, which would otherwise prove impossible in normal circumstances, he still did not harbor much hope that he would succeed here. After all, in terms of their characters, age, or work, they were basically from two different worlds. To be in a relationship together? It was probably because there was nothing much in common between them, that Zhang Ye had blurted out that "Verse of the Stone Bridge".

This verse stemmed from a story.

Or rather, a story from Zhang Ye's original world.

Anan – one of the ten principal disciples of the Buddha. His full name was Ananda. The name had the meaning of to like, to celebrate, and being untainted. He was Buddha's younger cousin and became a principal disciple of Buddha after becoming a monk for more than 20 years. He had good memory and could remember much of Buddha's teachings and was named the Prime in conduct to Buddha. Ananda was blessed with naturally good looks, a face

that glowed like the moon, eyes that were like the lotus flowers, and body as clean as a bright mirror. Even after entering monkhood, he could not resist the temptation of women.

One day.

Ananda said to Buddha: "I fell for a girl."

Buddha asked Ananda: "How much do you like this girl?"

Ananda replied: "I would be willing to reincarnate into a bridge of stone, taking in 500 years of the cold wind, 500 years of the blazing sun and 500 years in the beating rain, only with the wish that she would walk once over the bridge."

How much did he like her?

But exchanging a lifetime for love at first sight?

Willing to wait, but not asking for any returns?

Understanding all of this and yet he was still willing to endure all that suffering just for a moment of meeting.

Ananda, just how much do you like that girl to give up everything and choose the path of torturous love?

This was the full text of the origin story. In his previous world, there was a very well known movie which had also used these lines. When Zhang Ye heard Wu Zeqing ask how much he liked her, he reflexively answered with this Zen verse. What mattered was that he had also felt this way in his heart as well. He had really liked this gentle and beautiful lady and thus rushed to confess to her. He really had not expected that Wu Zeqing would agree?

This was unbelievable!

Other than disbelief, he felt more disbelief!

Zhang Ye was so happy that a smile bloomed on his face, "Are you sure, Sis Wu?"

Wu Zeqing said, "Hur Hur, didn't I already say it?"

"Don't fool me, alright? I will take this to be your serious answer." Zhang Ye was getting excited as his heart beat faster and louder, feeling worried at the same time and asking to make sure again. He could not help it at all. This surprise had come too suddenly, so sudden that Zhang Ye felt that it was unreal.

She just said, "Really."

Zhang Ye smacked his thighs and shouted, "OK!"

Wu Zeqing turned back around and held the mouse in her hand, "Let me read the new chapter of 'Legend of Wukong' first." and she

continued on with her reading.

Zhang Ye stayed by her side, but did not bother her anymore. He thought to himself if this was the result of the five times reduced difficulty, or the power of "Verse of the Stone Bridge"? If Wu Zeqing did not say why she agreed, then Zhang Ye wouldn't know exactly why she agreed to it either, but it was likely that both had contributed to the reason behind her decision!

Great!

This bro has been alive for over 20 years and has finally found a girlfriend!

And it's even such an earth-shattering woman? If this were to get out, it would surely scare a whole lot of people!

5 minutes.

10 minutes.

After a long while, Zhang Ye's excitement still had not died down. His heart was still beating crazily fast. Watching Wu Zeqing from the side, he felt that he liked her even more as he looked on! He was more and more attracted to her with each look as his hand unconsciously picked up the box of branded chocolates that Old Wu's pursuer had sent her. Without even asking for Old Wu's permission, he unwrapped the packaging and began eating some. If he had to say something, it was that the chocolates tasted quite

good.

When Old Wu heard the rustling sound, she looked over and said, "Why are you eating chocolates so early in the morning? It's too heaty, so don't eat so much. It's not good for your body."

Zhang Ye raised his hand and asked, "You want a bite?"

She did not take it, but said, "It's too sweet."

"It's not that I want to eat it." Zhang Ye picked up another piece and threw it into his mouth, finishing up the whole box in just a short time, "Since you're my girlfriend now, this box of chocolates from my rival has become my trophy."

She smiled and said, "If you want to eat it, then just take it."

Zhang Ye asked, "You've finished reading?"

"Yes. I've finished reading." She said.

"How was it?" Zhang Ye was anticipating her answer.

She nodded her head, "It's very good. Big Sis used to have the urge to write a novel herself too, but after reading yours, I found out that I don't have the talent to do so."

But Zhang Ye did not feel so, "You're being too modest. With your literary knowledge, you are more than qualified to write one."

"Don't keep using such polite forms with me anymore." She suddenly said.

Zhang Ye nodded, "OK, I will just address you more simply in the future." Then with a slight hesitation and a light laugh, he said, "So... so what should I call you from now on?"

She laughed, "Anything is fine."

Zhang Ye blinked, "Isn't it weird if I were to keep calling you Sis Wu?"

She laughed lightly, "What do you want to call me then?"

"Why don't I call you Old Wu? That's more endearing." Zhang Ye said.

Wu Zeqing noticed his collar looked crooked so she reached out to adjust it for him. She then pulled away a strand of messy hair from his sideburns. These actions were very natural, and nothing felt wrong about it. "Anything. If you want to call me Old Wu, then let it be Old Wu. Hur Hur, go ahead."

Zhang Ye did not move and just sat there allowing Wu Zeqing to adjust his shirt and hair. He closed his eyes, visibly enjoying the care and gentleness of Old Wu.

"Old Wu."

"Eh?"

"Shall we both go out for a walk?"

"Where do you want to go to?"

"To the park or hiking, anywhere is good. Weren't you intending to go traveling during the New Year? We can just move about in Beijing and treat it as a holiday. It's Valentine's Day today, so we shouldn't just stay at home."

"Didn't you say that you don't celebrate foreign festivals?"

"Eh? Did I?"

".....I think so."

"Ahem, then don't treat it as Valentine's Day, but we should still go out and enjoy ourselves."

"Alright."

"Great, let's go!"

"Let me get a change of clothes."

"I'll have a shower then."

They simply went ahead with their plans after just briefly discussing it.

.....

On the car.

The two of them had already left the city and headed straight for the suburbs.

In the car, Wu Zeqing found a pair of sunglasses and put it on. Zhang Ye did the same, but also added a face mask to keep his privacy. After all, the two of their statuses weren't exactly ordinary. One was a government official, while the other was a celebrity. They had to take precautions since it wasn't possible for them to just go out openly without causing a stir. They would just be looking for trouble if they did that. Beside, if someone saw them, they would not be able to enjoy themselves quietly as well.

It was Old Wu who drove Zhang Ye's X5 because they had considered the road conditions might not be too ideal out in the suburbs. This car was much more adaptable to the conditions out here.

Zhang Ye was in the co-passenger seat and kept glancing over to

Wu Zeqing. He felt as though he was living in a dream today and everything felt rather unreal at the moment.

He had actually won over Old Wu!

Just how many blessings from his past lives had he accrued to even have managed this feat!

People are always unable to stay satisfied, so naturally when Zhang Ye remembered that he wouldn't be able to see her anymore in a few more days, he asked her, "Old Wu, do you really have to go?"

She softly chuckled a little, "I have to wait for the notice first."

Zhang Ye pouted, "Why don't you not leave for the South? Peking University is such a nice place, you should just continue working here."

"It's an organizational requirement and not something that I can just reject or request." She slowed down the car as they were approaching a traffic stop, "Actually, Big Sis does not want to leave either since I have already gotten used to the capital."

Zhang Ye said, "Then why don't you just suggest that to the organization? It wasn't easy for us to get together and now you have to leave after not even a few days of being together with me?"

Wu Zeqing reached out her hand and lightly placed it on Zhang

Ye's thigh, "The posting has not been issued yet and nothing is certain for now. Let's not talk about this for now and just enjoy ourselves while we are here."

Zhang Ye sighed a little and glanced at her hand which was on his thigh. He coughed and quickly reached his hand over and placed it over the back of her hand.

Wu Zeqing continued to drive and did not really react to it.

Zhang Ye understood and moved his hand to hold her hand tightly.

Old Wu did not look at him and just continued watching the road with her eyes.

But Zhang Ye could feel that the hand in his grasp also tightened its grasp on his hand as well. The skin was very soft and the bone structure very refined.

How comfortable.

With his heart in swing, he could only feel blessed!

Chapter 511: Love Token

Morning.

8:30AM.

At the main entrance of Summer Palace park.

Today's weather was extremely good with the sun reflecting off the water and streaming through the leaves of trees. The signs of Spring could be seen even though Spring had not yet arrived. There were many visitors outside the park as a lot of local and foreign visitors had gathered at the main entrance area. They were either buying food, waiting for people, or queuing up to buy tickets.

"Who needs a tour guide?"

"Mineral water, two dollars for 1 bottle."

"You need tickets? You can get it for a third cheaper here than the ticketing office."

There were many black market tour guides and ticket scalpers who made the main entrance area even more lively.

After parking the car, Wu Zeqing and Zhang Ye walked over to the main entrance. Old Wu's nude colored heels clicking as she

walked and her stunning long qipao attracted countless eyes. Many of the visitors turned their heads swiftly, even some of the foreigners had to look several times and were attracted by her beauty. Classic beauty, gentle, and dignified looks —This was an ideal traditional beauty in China. Whether it had been in ancient times or modern times, Old Wu was the top in good looks and was the type that all men would wish to marry. Everywhere she went, she would grab the attention of others and leave them amazed.

"F**k!"

"What a beauty!"

"She's so god-damn beautiful!"

"This person might as well have just walked out of a masterpiece painting!"

"What a pity, she's wearing sunglasses and we can't see her eyes."

Some of the park visitors were pointing and softly discussing about her.

But the sunglass wearing Wu Zeqing did not have any reaction at all. She took her coat from Zhang Ye's arms and put it on as they walked side by side.

Zhang Ye was feeling show-offy!

Beautiful, right?

She is this bro's girlfriend!

"Old Wu, wait for me here. I'll go get the tickets." Zhang Ye said.

Wu Zeqing held him back at his shoulders and said, "Let Big Sis go."

Zhang Ye exclaimed, "Why are you still being so polite with me? Aren't we already boyfriend and girlfriend?"

Hearing that, Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "OK then."

After Zhang Ye bought the tickets, he and Old Wu both entered the park. The park was buzzing with a lot of visitors a today and since it was so crowded, no one really noticed the two of them.

Zhang Ye said, "Ever since I started working, I've been busy as hell and have not managed to come to Summer Palace anymore. The last time I was here was with my hostel mates during the second year of university."

Wu Zeqing said as she gazed gently at Kunming Lake, "I've not been here in years either. Come to think of it, I mostly visited this place as a kid, so all of this seems pretty nostalgic to me now."

The two of them walked on.

As it was the winter break, there were still many university students who had not started their school year yet. Around them were a lot of young university couples holding hands and strolling around the lake. They were the envy of those around them.

Zhang Ye stole a glance at Old Wu as his hand slowly moved over. When they were in the car earlier, he had gone with the flow and held Old Wu's hands when she placed it on his thigh, but now while walking around and with so many people around them, even if Zhang Ye wanted to hold her hands, he felt rather embarrassed to do it.

The back of their hands knocked onto each other.

Once.

Twice.

Zhang Ye still did not hold her hand after a prolonged internal struggle.

But when Wu Zeqing turned her head to face him, she broke out a smile from the corner of her mouth and gracefully moved her hand over and grabbed Zhang Ye's hand.

The palm of his hand was warmed by Old Wu's soft and jade-like hand.

Zhang Ye heart was calmed by this action and felt that this was what one would call paradise.

The two of them strolled around Kunming Lake hand in hand, occasionally chatting and sometimes enjoying the view.

Not long after, when they almost reached the stone gate, Wu Zeqing stopped walking and rested on the the white marble stone wall. She looked out over the vast surface of the lake and took in the view.

Zhang Ye said, "Shall I take a photo?"

"Sure." Wu Zeqing took out the DSLR from her bag. She had prepared all the necessary equipment since they were coming out today.

Zhang Ye immediately helped to take some pictures of her and even took them from several angles. He had wanted to take a picture together with her, but felt that it wasn't time yet. There were too many people around right now. If he were to take off his face mask and sunglasses, there would surely be some people who would recognize him. If that were to happen, then they had better forget about having anymore fun today.

Zhang Ye asked, "Are we in a relationship for real?"

Wu Zeqing acknowledge with a soft affirming voice.

Zhang Ye blinked, "You better not regret your decision and go back on your word, Old Wu."

Wu Zeqing smiled and asked, "Why would I? Didn't I already agree? What's the matter now? Are Big Sis' words being taken so lightly now?"

"That's good enough." Zhang Ye was more at ease now, "It's just that I feel that this feels too unreal and thought that you might just be playing with me, so now if were to do some things that lovers do to each other, you mustn't be angry with me, alright?"

Wu Zeqing's back was facing him and her long flowing hair brushed against his face as she said, "Hur hur, what do you want to do?"

Zhang Ye coughed, "Nothing much, I'm just saying, I'm just saying."

Old Wu lightly slapped the back of his hands 3 times. She told him, "Big Sis wants to give you a gift."

"What is it?" Zhang Ye asked, releasing her hand and took a step aside.

Wu Zeqing did not answer, but turned aside to remove from her left wrist with her right hand a string of Hetian Jade beads. It did not look like it was any ordinary Hetian Jade and more like

Yangzhi White Jade. It had a warm look and was matched with some leather.

Zhang Ye was stunned, "What's this?"

Wu Zeqing held his hand up and put it on for him, "It's a gift for you."

"No, no." Zhang Ye tried to push it away, "This stuff is really expensive. Such a large string of jade beads would surely cost a few hundred thousand? Or is over a million?" He wasn't too sure either of the market price of Yangzhi White Jade in this world, but he knew that it was definitely very expensive. So how could he dare to accept this gift?!

Old Wu said, "If I want you to have it, then just accept it. This was given to me by my parents. I've already worn it for more than 10 years, but today, I wish to give it to you." After she helped him to put it on, she nodded and said, "It looks good, keep it on you."

Worn it for over 10 years?

When he heard that, Zhang Ye said, "Then all the more reason that I cannot accept it!"

Wu Zeqing looked at him and said, "We are already in a relationship now and Big Sis just wants to give you a little something. Why is that a problem? Hur hur. If you see a nice art craft later on, you can get it for me and return the favor."

Zhang Ye sighed, "An art craft wouldn't cost more than several tens of dollars. How can I use that to return the favor?" He was a little stunned, but asked, "Old Wu, is this considered as a love token?"

Wu Zeqing said modestly, "If you think it is, then it is."

Upon hearing this, Zhang Ye no longer rejected the gift, "Alright, then I will accept it!"

That Old Wu would give him such an expensive gift, Zhang Ye was actually very happy. It wasn't a matter of how much it cost, but rather that it seemed like he mattered more to Old Wu than he thought. Moreover, it seemed certain that Old Wu was not joking about them being in a relationship too.

The bigger issue here was pressure. In the past, Zhang Ye had already earned quite a bit of money and it was easier to return a proper gift favor, but now, this wasn't the case. Just a few days ago, he had agreed to pay the compensation to the publishing firm out of anger and had depleted all of his savings. Even if he did not lack the money to have dinner or such, he still could not afford to get a gift that was good enough.

Buy a similar bracelet?

Or buy a high end ladies watch?

But he didn't have much money! This was also one of the reason why Zhang Ye did not want to accept the gift just now. It was because he felt that he couldn't return a proper gift favor. Even though Old Wu had mentioned that he could just get her some art craft or trinkets, Zhang Ye knew he wouldn't want to do it this way. He wanted face and wouldn't allow himself to do any lesser and all of these reasons entangled him.

What should he get for Old Wu?

How would he even afford to get her a proper gift?

Chapter 512: The International Math Olympiad!

Next to the lake.

The Sun's rays were trickling down and created a picturesque look.

Looking at Wu Zeqing's graceful face from the side, Zhang Ye's heart was moved. He couldn't hold back and took a photo of her side profile. The more he looked at her, the more he fell in love and became infatuated with her.

She turned around, "Let's go."

Zhang Ye said, "OK."

"There are some arts and crafts items there, let's go take a look." When she went past Zhang Ye, she held his hand very naturally by taking him at his arm.

Zhang Ye's heart was beating fast as he said, "No, let's not see those."

She smiled, "What's the matter?"

"That's not befitting of you. I need to consider carefully what I want to gift you." Zhang Ye pulled her along away from there.

Wu Zeqing was just about to say something when the cellphone in her bag rang. She took it out from the bag to check who was calling before answering: "Hello."

It was a woman's voice on the other side, sounding like a 30 something year old, cheerfully saying: "Old Wu, it's Valentine's Day again, who are you spending it with?"

Zhang Ye's ears had pricked up immediately thinking it was a love rival, but when he heard a woman's voice on the other side, he was relieved and walked on indifferently with Old Wu.

Wu Zeqing spoke as she walked: "Hur hur, I'm out with a friend."

The woman's voice: "With a friend? Who?"

Wu Zeqing looked at Zhang Ye and said: "Even if I said, you wouldn't know who."

The woman voice was getting very curious: "Heh, we've been friends since we were young. Quickly tell me, who managed to win you over?"

Wu Zeqing elegantly replied: "Make a guess?"

"What? So you've really been won over by someone?" The woman's sounded a little shocked.

Wu Zeqing shook her head, "Are you even an educator? Why are you using words like that?"

The woman sounded anxiously curious: "Don't try that nonsense with me. Quickly tell me who it is? I'm too curious right now which god had managed to win over our Comrade Old Wu. No way! You have to let me meet him. I have to see who that person is who has so much charms that he could even break into the heart of a leftover woman who has not been in a relationship in so many years? What's he called? How old is he? What does he do? Does he have 3 heads and 6 arms?"

Wu Zeqing laughed heartily: "You always have so much to say. Alright, I've to hang up already."

"Don't hang up on me! If you do, then our friendship ends here!" The female voice asked again: "So who is it? It sounds quite noisy over there, are you at a restaurant for a meal?"

Wu Zeqing answer: "I'm at the park."

"Park? Which one?" The woman sounded stunned.

Wu Zeqing said: "Summer Palace Park."

The woman was stunned again and broke out into laughter: "Ha, Summer Palace Park? What a coincidence! I'm at Summer Palace Park too!"

Wu Zeqing laughed: "Stop playing around."

"Heh, why would I lie to you for? I'm really at Summer Palace Park." The woman said in a speechless manner: "Don't you know? It's the International Math Olympiad today and students from all over the world are here to attend. The organizers are Beijing City and the venue is Summer Palace Park. Didn't you realize that there are a lot of foreigners in Summer Palace Park today? I'm the deputy leader for China's team this year and brought the students over at 7AM this morning."

International Math Olympiad?

Zhang Ye was slightly taken aback. He seemed to have the impression that there was news of Beijing holding the competition, but hadn't expect it to be held at Summer Palace Park? And it was even today? On the foreign festival of Valentine's Day? Was this a hint from the Mathematics world that if you have dedicated yourself to Mathematics, then you would no longer have the need to celebrate Valentine's Day and was fated to live a lonely life?

Wu Zeqing said in surprise: "Is that true?"

The woman said: "Yes, it's true. Where are you at? Come look for me."

Wu Zeqing: "I'm at the stone gate area."

"Come with that guy over to my side. There's a directional signage and the banner for the competition. If you just keep walking straight from where you are, you'll be able to find me. See you in a bit!" the woman's voice commanded.

"Hur hur, I didn't say that I would be going over." Old Wu said.

"Just come over quickly, that's settled then." Du du du, the call was cut off.

Zhang Ye asked, "Your friend is here too?"

"You heard? Your ears are pretty good?" Wu Zeqing said, "It's a childhood friend of mine. Her name is Xin Ya and she's one of the top mathematicians in our country."

Zhang Ye said, "Mathematician? She doesn't sound like one." His impression of a mathematician has always been one that was a little more rigid and boring.

Wu Zeqing explain, "Her character's not so rigid, but her level of professionalism cannot be doubted. In the world of Mathematics, she is quite well known."

Zhang Ye said, "Let's go look for her then?"

"If you're OK with that, then we could meet her?" Wu Zeqing asked him respectfully.

At such times, Zhang Ye definitely would not refuse the meeting. This was Old Wu's childhood friend they were talking about. It might even be a test from Old Wu since he would have to pass the test of the childhood friend. An organism like a childhood friend was an especially scary thing. They might not be able to help with putting things together, but to destroy something. They were more than enough to have a say in a relationship. Because of this, he felt that he needed to handle this properly or else if that person were to form a bad impression of him, then it could possibly affect the relationship between Old Wu and him. The two of them had just gotten together a few hours ago, so it would definitely be trouble that a biological being such as the 'childhood friend' could bring.

"Let's go meet her." Zhang Ye said as though as he was going to meet an important opponent.

Wu Zeqing held him by the arm again and said, "OK, then let's go."

Zhang Ye was enjoying every moment of Old Wu holding his arm and it made him feel extremely satisfied. This was especially true when he noticed the park visitors around them looking over at them and he would feel extremely good about it in his heart. Subconsciously, as he walked along, his posture also straightened as he gathered up his confidence. Suddenly, his left arm accidentally knocked into a very soft area of Wu Zeqing's body. It was as though his arm had sank in slowly and then quickly rebounded from it after. After a few steps, it happened again. It wasn't deliberate, but it was unavoidable if their arms were crossed.

It was very soft!

They were scarily big!

Old Wu didn't seem to have noticed or maybe she did not mind as she just kept quiet.

But Zhang Ye's heart was pounding. As he walked along, his footsteps also became a little unnatural as all of his focus was on his arm. As Old Wu's breast size was too large, she did not usually wear a bra that had underwires in it. It might not be able to hold them, or it could be too uncomfortable due to squeezing too much into a confined area. The type of bra she'd wear was usually the wireless type. If it were the underwire type of bra she was wearing, Zhang Ye might not have felt much even if his arms were to accidentally brush against them, but since she was not, Zhang Ye was able to get the most out of it. This was really too alluring!

"Ahem, Old Wu. What should I say later?" Zhang Ye communicated with her before meeting her friend.

Wu Zeqing asked, "What do you mean what should you say?"

"About us, should we tell the others about it?" Zhang Ye asked.

She said gently, "If you wish to say it, then say it. If not, then don't say it."

Zhang Ye said, "OK, I know what to do."

After walking quite a distance, they turned onto a path leading uphill. As expected, there were many foreign visitors on this side of the park. They were probably here to view the Math Olympiad as well. There were even banners and slogans at the foot of the hill written with phrases like 'Welcome all the participants from every country' and some English signages to inform the visitors of certain rules. The first rule was clearly saying 'No disrupting the competition with unnecessary noise'. It looked like they were getting nearer to the competition venue by now and they could feel the tension of the competition in the air.

Chapter 513: You Must Have Calculated That With A Calculator?

On a platform on the hill.

The pine trees leafing out in green were showered with the rays of the gradually rising sun.

Upon reaching the grounds where the annual International Math Olympiad was held, the venue this year took up a large area of the park. In the inner area, where the competition was being held, there were barricade tapes put up labeled with the word 'restricted'. The park visitors, who were on the outside, could not see how the contestants were doing inside as they were blockaded far away from the inner area, but it wasn't quiet on the outside either. Being a global competition and with the Chinese as the hot favorites this year, there was naturally a lot of emphasis, otherwise they would not have picked Summer Palace Park as the grounds for competition. There were many local and foreign park visitors, as well as the relatives, friends and teachers of the competitors present at the venue. There were also quite a number of media staff present today. There were also many math related games and activities being held around the competition area.

Topic boards were placed along in front of the greenery, some hanging from the pine trees and some from the artificial rockery. Many of the more difficult questions would award a prize if it were solved and were mainly meant for the visitors to take part in.

Like Sudoku.

Like Nine Squares.

Like Speed Calculations, etc, etc, etc.

Upon noticing that there were reporters around, Zhang Ye and Old Wu, who had just reached the hillside, naturally parted their arms. It was definitely better to keep a low profile.

A female park visitor said, "Oh, it's so lively here today?"

"Mom, I want to play some math games too!" A little kid said.

An old man, who came to watch the competition, said, "The Americans were the champion for the previous term, right? I wonder how our Chinese kids will do this time around."

A youth said, "The championship will definitely be ours this year!"

A lot of foreign visitors were discussing fervently as well, but he could not understand what they were talking about.

As it was too crowded over there, Zhang Ye and Old Wu did not head into that area. They just stood around the perimeter where the pine trees and bamboo forest crossed paths. Wu Zeqing then sent a message to Xin Ya.

Not long after, Wu Zeqing said, "She's coming."

Zhang Ye looked around and asked, "Which one?"

Wu Zeqing stuck out her chin towards a general direction, "That one wearing black framed glasses."

Just as she finished speaking, Xin Ya, who had just managed to squeeze past the crowd, spotted her too. She was smiling as she waved, "Old Wu."

She wasn't tall and her looks were pretty normal. Her hair was a little sparse, perhaps as a result a clever mind. In any case, she could not be considered as pretty though her demeanor was quite good. Her eyes were also glittering with a sense of wisdom and she didn't seem like the kind of mathematician that Zhang Ye imagined she would be.

Wu Zeqing had already started talking to her even though she was still quite a distance away. "Why have you not gone in yet?"

"The leader is with them right now and there's also Little Han from your Peking University's Mathematics department. I had to come out because the air is too suffocating in there." Xin Ya laughed heartily.

Wu Zeqing said, "Little Han?"

"I'm talking about Han Henian, the one that sent you the love

confession on Weibo this morning." Xin Ya said, "He's one of teachers selected for the Chinese team this time and is here as an observer."

Old Wu was previously a vice president of Peking University while Han Henian was a teacher in the Mathematics department. Although he had shown some good results over the past few years and was a rising star in the Mathematics world, he did not have much in common with Old Wu. They were also not quite on the same level, so Wu Zeqing did not seem too familiar with him. Even if they met in the past, they still did not know each other, but Zhang Ye had already burned this name into his mind. He would definitely not forget each and every love rival's name. He even tried to use an acrostic poem to woo my Old Wu? Pfft, how immoral! Zhang Ye was naturally full of malice towards these love rivals. He was totally biased against this person and not the issue!

After squeezing through the crowds, they finally managed to get closer to each other.

Xin Ya stopped in her step, as her extremely curious vision set itself onto Zhang Ye's figure, "Oh, aren't you a little too overdressed? I can't even see your face."

"Professor Xin, hello." Zhang Ye's eyelids jumped a little with his hand stretched out.

"Why, hello to you too. You're kinda young?" Xin Ya shook hands with him before turning sideways and sniggered, "Come clean, what's up with the 2 of you? When did it start?"

Wu Zeqing smiled, "Make a guess yourself."

"How old is he even?" Xin Ya asked curiously.

Wu Zeqing replied, "Twenty something."

Xin Ya said, "That young? Sis Wu, are you robbing the cradle?"

Wu Zeqing laughed, "You've always been this way. Nothing good ever comes out of your mouth."

Xin Ya went on, "I'm really curious about how you've suddenly brought one of these out of nowhere after being single for so many years. I thought you'd just grow old and die alone, so I'm still getting used to this. He won't even show his face, at least let me see what he looks like." As she said that, she took another glance at Zhang Ye's face.

"There's too many people around and even reporters. It's not convenient." Wu Zeqing smiled and said, "When there's no one around, then he'll show you."

Xin Ya wondered, "So what if there's a lot of people around? It's not as if you're some big time celebrity. Who would care about you? As if a single middle-aged woman like you would be afraid of some scandal?"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes thinking, who was she to make such a comment? Middle aged woman?

Wu Zeqing shook her head and laughed, "You're only about a year younger than me, how could you say that about me? Hur hur, your mouth has always been harsh since we were young." She looked back to Zhang Ye and said, "You two should have a face-off one of these days since the both of you can speak so well." And she turned back to face Xin Ya, "But I doubt that mouth of yours would be able to fend off Little Zhang."

Zhang Ye did not say anything and kept quiet.

But Xin Ya was amused, "What do you mean by that? Someone dares to challenge me to an argument? I might be in the field of Mathematics, but I've never ever lost an argument before. Looking at your friend, he seems rather introverted. I can't see how he can argue with me." She was rather headstrong too and did not seem convinced by Wu Zeqing's claims.

Zhang Ye laughed a little and threw his hands back, "Old Wu's praising me too much."

When it comes to arguing? How could Zhang Ye possibly lose to her? Because that mouth of his was what earned him his keep! He was an expert and a professional at such things. If this had been in the past, in any other situation and against anyone other than her, Zhang Ye would surely have started a dispute with them, but today, he was being very humble and low key.

Zhang Ye was being extremely gentlemanly today, acting with grace and self-restraint. He knew very well that since he was young, he had never behaved as decently as he was now. Right now, he was left with no choice as Old Wu was standing beside him. Even if he wanted to, Zhang Ye just couldn't be his usual cocky self because he had wanted to put up his best behavior for her. For him to have so much self control, he felt that this must have been the power of true love. He had never met anyone like this since he was born, and was even disobedient to his parents, but Old Wu was able to make him want to put on his best behavior. It was just like when Sun Wukong met Buddha, or when a layman met an expert. Old Wu was like a gentle sea which Zhang Ye had fallen into and no matter how hard he swam, he just could not get out of it.

Xin Ya asked, "What do you do?"

Wu Zeqing answered on his behalf, "A teacher at my school."

"Oh, from Peking University too?" Xin Ya was getting even more curious, "Which major?"

It was Zhang Ye who answered this time, "I teach in the Chinese department."

Xin Ya laughed, "Our professions are natural jinxes to each other."

The Mathematics and Chinese departments, were indeed like the Southern Sky and Northern Sea. They were worlds apart.

After exchanging a few lines, Xin Ya suddenly discovered something and stared curiously at the Yangzhi White Jade bracelet on Zhang Ye's wrist, "Huh? Old Wu, my Sis Wu, you've even given away that bracelet that your dad left for you more than 10 years ago? Aiyo, you're really serious about it this time, aren't you?"

Wu Zeqing said annoyingly, "Don't say it out so loudly, you're being an announcer now?"

"That's because I'm so surprised, that's why." Xin Ya said sourly, "When I told you that I liked that bracelet while we were still at university, you did not give it to me no matter how much I begged. When I asked you to lend it to me for a couple of days, you even kept nagging at me to take good care of it, but look at where it is now, you've given it away just like that?"

Wu Zeqing hugged her coat tighter and laughed a little, "It's just a simple accessory, but don't you go around telling anyone about it. Keep it a secret, alright?"

"Alright, alright. Do you think I'm stupid?" Xin Ya continued to ask, "So what did he give you as a token of his love? Quickly show it to me."

Wu Zeqing was about to say something.

But Zhang Ye knew that Old Wu would try to speak up for him and explain the situation. He did not feel that this was necessary and thus honestly, while embarrassingly, said, "I've not had the

chance to gift her something yet. I'm still thinking about it, do you have any suggestions?"

Xin Ya laughed and said, "Sis Wu likes things like jade or similar stuff like it. All women like stuff like that."

Wu Zeqing laughed while shaking her head, "I don't like things like that anymore."

Xin Ya glanced at her with despise, "Don't act like you don't."

Zhang Ye could understand that Old Wu must've have known that he did not have any money left and so denied that suggestion on purpose. She was probably afraid of causing him to feel too much pressure, otherwise why would she have suggested that she just wanted a little craft art as a gift when he asked her? Old Wu was an especially caring woman deep down and this was exactly the reason why Zhang Ye liked her so much. A famous calligraphy or a painting piece? Indeed, Old Wu liked those things very much, but those were not suitable as love tokens. Xin Ya's suggestion had given Zhang Ye an idea. Jade? Hmm, jade? Or diamonds maybe? Yes, he definitely had to get something along these lines for Old Wu. She had already given him her treasured Yangzhi White Jade bracelet, so if Zhang Ye did not give her something important to match the favor, it would not feel right!

The three of them started chatting.

At first, Zhang Ye and Xin Ya were still a little unfamiliar with each other, so they did not talk much. But very quickly, they

opened up and then after that, there were others who joined them as well.

A woman walked up to them, "Hey, aren't you President Wu?"

Wu Zeqing took off her sunglasses, "Director Chen?"

Xin Ya clearly knew her as well, "Director Chen is here too?"

"Professor Xin, aren't you the deputy leader for your team? What are you doing out here?" said someone from the Mathematics Association who had just walked over, "Isn't the competition almost done?"

Xin Ya looked at her watch, "It should be done anytime soon."

That middle-aged man from the Mathematics Association said, "President Wu is here to support our participants today too?"

Wu Zeqing laughed, "I was just here by coincidence."

A thirty-something year old mathematician, wearing sunglasses, sporting a crew-cut and rigid looking man followed along behind. He did not even look at a beauty like Wu Zeqing and started speaking to Xin Ya, "Professor Xin, I was helping a group of students with a question about function simplification which I would like to discuss about with you. I'd like to seek your advice later."

Xin Ya smiled and said, "Sure, let's do that once the competition is over."

As they chatted, the group formed into a circle and they continued to chat away.

In this group were some of the elites of the mathematics and education world. Wu Zeqing probably did not know most of them, but it was clear that most of them knew who Wu Zeqing was. A common person might not know this famous person of the education world, the Vice President of the top educational institution of the country, but those who belonged to this circle definitely knew of her identity.

Suddenly, a few people from the media took notice of Wu Zeqing, who had taken off her sunglasses. As the Vice President of Peking University, her status at this sort of international competition was definitely one of the highest. Naturally, an interview with her would be a worthy one, therefore a few of those reporters from the television station and newspapers came over to this side as well.

"President Wu."

"I am with Jinshi Newspaper."

"I am from the Beijing Times, will you accept our interview?"

Being amongst a group of people chatting about Higher

Mathematics and with the reporters interrupting as well, Zhang Ye felt a little out of place. He did not have much that he could chat about with them, nor was he interested, so he walked away quietly and just went wandering elsewhere.

Wu Zeqing, who was being interviewed noticed Zhang Ye, but continued to diplomatically chat with the reporters, "Regarding these eager young mathematicians, we must....."

A mathematician, who had noticed Zhang Ye standing beside Wu Zeqing earlier asked Xin Ya, "Whose student was that?"

Xin Ya didn't say much, but answered, "He's a teacher too. We just met and were chatting."

That person curiously said, "I've not seen him around before?"

"He's a teacher from the Chinese department." Xin Ya added.

That person said, "Oh, I was wondering why I didn't know him."

Thereafter, no one paid any more attention to Zhang Ye or thought that he had come together to Summer Palace Park with Wu Zeqing.

.....

About 50 meters away.

Zhang Ye had strolled to the quiz booth area where he observed some of the park visitors gathering around, trying to solve some math problems. Suddenly, he felt that it looked quite fun as well.

"Ah, I got it right."

"Little kid, you're smart."

"Is there a present?"

"Yes, here's a teddy bear for you."

Beside each quiz board stood a male or female youth. They were likely university students majoring in higher mathematics and were serving as volunteers for this event.

Zhang Ye had a look at each of the quiz boards as he walked on. Finally, he spotted a question that was more difficult and had a cellphone as the prize for giving the correct answer. The cellphone brand was unheard of by Zhang Ye, but looked to be one of the better brands in this world. Zhang Ye had been considering upgrading his cellphone for sometime now, but did not as he was cash strapped in recent times. He decided to give the question a shot and walked up towards the quiz board.

Behind him, Xin Ya was approaching, "Hur hur, what's your honorable name?"

Zhang Ye turned around and said, "Lose the honorific, my name is Zhang Ye."

Xin Ya noticed the quiz board that Zhang Ye had been looking at just now, "What's the matter? You interested in math too?"

"So-so, I guess." Zhang Ye replied.

Xin Ya said, "This question is not simple at all."

It was a mental rapid calculation problem. 43821 multiplied by 81257.

To a normal person, this problem might seem very difficult and they would probably need a calculator to get the answer, but to a mathematics expert, it could be considered easy. There was still a way to break it down into an easily calculable way using a formula, but for a five figure and difficult to break down number to be multiplied quickly and mentally, even a skilled mathematician would need some time to solve it. They might even have to resort to using pen and paper.

The objective of this question was mental calculation with a time limit of 30 seconds.

Zhang Ye stood in front of the quiz board and looked at it for a few seconds. Then he asked the female university student volunteer standing beside it, "Do you have a marker pen?"

"Here." The volunteer handed him a marker pen.

Zhang Ye raised his hand up and wrote, "3560762997."

The volunteer was stunned.

Behind him, Xin Ya was also slightly taken aback.

Zhang Ye asked, "Is this correct?"

"Oh, yes it is correct." The volunteer nodded.

Zhang Ye coughed and put his hand out, "Then does that cellphone belong to me now?"

The volunteer shook her head, "No, it doesn't count if you used a calculator. You have to solve it using mental calculation."

Zhang Ye nearly fainted, "But that's what I did."

The volunteer shook her head, unconvinced, "You only looked it at for a few seconds. Unless you're a top mathematician or a mental calculation expert, you would not be able to answer this so easily. You must've calculated it using the calculator on your cellphone when you were standing at a distance just now. Then you memorized the answer and walked over to 'attempt' the question. This will not count at all."

Zhang Ye nearly fainted again, "But I really calculated it mentally over here."

Seeing this, Xin Ya was tickled. If she were to try to answer this question unprepared, she would not be able to do it faster than Zhang Ye. In fact, she would take a much longer time than he did. After all, her main major was not in the field of mental calculation. This was the reason why she knew that Zhang Ye had depended on the calculator application in his cellphone to solve it from afar before coming over. She attempted to resolve the situation by saying, "Alright, Teacher Zhang, you're a teacher of the Chinese department, a teacher of the citizens, stop teasing the young girl already."

Your sister!

Who or why am I even teasing anyone for! I am being serious here! Damn, this bro wasn't even given the chance to explain!

Meanwhile, Wu Zeqing, who was done with the interview, had come over as well.

Some other Mathematics world's professors and teachers also came over when they saw the situation going on here.

"What's the matter?" someone from the Mathematics Association asked.

"Oh, someone managed to answer this question? I was just

thinking of giving it a try myself." A young mathematician asked curiously, "So who answered it? How long did it take?"

The volunteer pointed to Zhang Ye and cried out, "This gentleman only used a couple of seconds to answer, so I did not give out the prize as I believe that he had used a calculator to get the answer." There were a total three cellphones to be given out to the first three people who could answer it. It was just those few sets, so of course she had to be fair and scrutinize each winner's claim to it.

The group of mathematicians looked at Zhang Ye.

That young mathematician said, "Oh, a few seconds? I couldn't even solve this in a few seconds since this kind of larger number is harder to analyze and breakdown, there's considerably many more calculations needed."

These quiz questions were actually conceived by the organizers from the Mathematics world. The level of difficulty for every question was known to them and the prizes allocated were also based on the difficulty of the questions asked. The mathematics experts present all knew that this particular question was not one that could be solved in a matter of a few seconds.

Around them, many park visitors heard the commotion and had squeezed together at the scene, looking at Comrade Little Zhang with contempt.

How shameful!

Such a disgrace to our citizens!

This was an international competition and there were so many mathematicians from all over the world present today, yet this person dared to try to claim a prize by using a calculator to solve a quiz question? Just how shameless can he get?!

A mother covered her child's eyes and said, "Don't look and don't learn from such a person in the future."

The little girl nodded earnestly and said, "I understand, Mom."

Zhang Ye, "..."

Xin Ya laughed diligently and helped Zhang Ye rescue the situation. After all, he was her childhood friend's alleged boyfriend. She said, "Teacher Zhang was just joking around, right?"

Zhang Ye, "....."

Zhang Ye was at a loss of whether to laugh or cry. I'm joking? Your sister, I'm joking!

Of course, Zhang Ye had calculated this question himself. He had factorized it several times, obtaining two equations. He had then mentally derived a few summation series before finally solving the

question. Back then, this fellow had eaten more than a hundred books of Higher Mathematics Skill Experience Books. Now, he had used his 'new' abilities to answer this question, but because he had solved it too quickly, he was accused to be bragging by this bunch of people?

Me, cheat? Your sister!

There goes my new cellphone!!

Chapter 514: Zhang Ye's Nationalistic Youth Spirit!

In the forested area.

On a platform.

"I even heard that he was a teacher?"

"It seems like he is a teacher from Peking University? The quality of teachers these days!"

"Peking University? What a disgrace!"

"Luckily the foreigners did not understand what we were talking about."

"Dad, that person was totally shameless. Even I feel embarrassed for him."

"If using a calculator was allowed, I could do it too!"

"Ignore him. Oh, looks like the competition is ending soon."

Whether it was people from the mathematics world or the park visitors, all of them were pointing at Zhang Ye and talking about him. They only stopped when they saw that the competition was

about to end before heading over to the competition area to find out about the results. They were all looking forward to the competition results and ranking of their country's participants as it was a matter of national honor.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ye, having failed to win the cellphone prize and had even gotten into a big mess with everyone staring at him with contempt, was feeling terrible. He was almost on the verge of vomiting blood as he stared at the volunteer in anger.

When the volunteer noticed, she stuck out her tongue and made a face at him, as if to show him that she was not afraid of him. She was still convinced that Zhang Ye had cheated using a calculator.

When Zhang Ye saw this, he was even more annoyed. He nearly wanted to jump on her and bite her, thinking why he even deserved this in the first place. Forget it, this bro has gotten himself a new girlfriend today and was in a good mood, so he did not take it up with her. He had to admit that Wu Zeqing held a really important place in his heart. When Old Wu came over to see what was happening, she did not say anything and that was all that Zhang Ye needed to keep himself well behaved. All she had to do was to stand there and Zhang Ye would not dare to create a scene.

After the incident had passed, the surrounding crowd did not hang around anymore.

But when Xin Ya walked past Wu Zeqing, she said in a whisper, "Sis Wu, why do I feel that this friend of yours is a little unreliable?"

Wu Zeqing smiled but did not speak. She was not bothered by the comments, but went over to Zhang Ye's side and said, "You're even getting yourself involved in Math now? Aren't you a liberal arts practitioner?"

"I....sigh, let's not bring it up anymore." Zhang Ye rolled his eyes.

A crowd had gathered outside the competition area as the participants started streaming out from the competition grounds.

The demurely dressed Wu Zeqing looked over and said, "Let's go take a look over there."

Zhang Ye did not move and said, "You go ahead, Old Wu. There's too many people there and I prefer this quiet place. It's just as well since I want to look for a toilet to have a smoke at."

Wu Zeqing gently reminded him, "Smoking is not allowed in this place, so bear with it."

Zhang Ye helplessly replied, "Alright then, I'll listen to you."

Wu Zeqing smiled a little and said, "I'll head over there then. For such an international event, since I'm here, it'd be inappropriate for me not to go. Stroll around by yourself for now, I will look for you later."

"Alright, go do what you need to." Zhang Ye said.

When Old Wu left, Zhang Ye found a spot at a big rock display at the perimeter grounds. The area was littered with soft drink cans and burger wrappers, which Zhang Ye picked up and threw away before sitting down. He observed the crowd at the competition area and picked out Old Wu's figure, looking at her from behind in appreciation. He did not blink and no matter how he looked at her, he felt that he couldn't find anything that he disliked about her. This was not a sight that he would ever get tired of. Even though the pain of the loss of the cellphone prize was still embedded in his heart, it was really insignificant compared to the feelings he had for Old Wu!

.....

A little before 10AM.

At the competition area below the gently sloping hill, youths from all over the world were gathered outside at the yard area. Most of them were teenagers around 15 years of age, while some of them didn't even look like they were 10. They were all geniuses in mathematics from all over the world. Each nation's team leaders and teachers also walked out with different expressions. Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet! There were people of all kinds of colors!

A few young participants of China's team appeared looking rather down. Amongst them was a girl who looked to be oldest, with her eyes red and tearful.

When the park visitors saw this, their hearts sank.

"Did we lose?"

"What place did we get?"

"Little girl, don't cry anymore. You all were great!"

"Yea, you all did well. Quickly wipe your tears, Auntie can't bear to see you in such a state!"

This was their home ground and most of the park visitors were Chinese citizens as well. When they saw the team in such a dejected manner, they started shouting their encouragements to the children!

A Chinese middle-aged mathematician walked into the yard area with a heavy expression and asked, "What placing did you get?"

That girl's name was Huang Lingling and she was the eldest on the Chinese team at 17 years old. As the leader of the children, she wiped off her tears and answered with her teeth clenched, "3rd place. I...I made a mistake."

Behind her, a 12 year old member of the team pulled at Huang Lingling. He was Huang Leilei, Huang Lingling's brother. He said, "Sis, it's not your fault. Don't cry anymore."

"That's right."

"Leader, it's not your fault."

The other team members were also offering their consolations.

Teacher Wang Yiming, who was the team leader, and Peking University Mathematics department's Han Henian, who was here as observer, were with them too.

Wang Yiming was a forty something year old middle-aged man. He was a soft-spoken person and did not say much.

But Han Henian's expression was extremely bad. When they came out, he immediately said with a straight face to Huang Lingling, "You even practiced a similar question to the one that was given to you just now, why did you still get it wrong?"

The other Chinese mathematicians were also full of sighs.

Huang Lingling was still wiping the tears off of her face.

Her younger teammates did not know how to react and were blaming themselves for breaking their teachers' trust, as well as the expectations of the whole nation. Their mood right now was at rock bottom. At their peak, the Chinese team had gotten first place in the International Math Olympiad for three years running, but

due to a small mistake last year, they had lost their hold on the championship. This year, not only were they unable to gain back first place, but they couldn't even defend their second place position.

The deputy leader of the team, Xin Ya also joined the group. She did not look like she was in a great mood either. Having worked so hard in the past year, from the team selection, training, and preparing for the competition, their results had dropped even further than before. This made her disappointed and she said, "We'll come back again next year!"

Huang Lingling said tearfully, "Teacher, I'm sorry."

The rankings for this year's competition were announced.

In first place, the United States.

In second place, United Kingdom.

In third place, China.

Seeing this, many of the visitors who had come to Summer Palace Park did not have the mood to watch on anymore. They were all preparing to leave, but an announcement mentioned the next round of events for the International Math Olympiad would be starting soon. When they heard this, they stopped in their tracks.

It wasn't over yet?

There were still further competitions?

It seemed like this International Math Olympiad was really not ending here and, according to previous years practice, an event would be held after the youth competition. The student participants, teacher leaders, and even the general public were allowed to take part to foster friendly international relationships among mathematicians of all countries and to create an opportunity for the exchange of information. They might not be able to communicate through their spoken languages, but Mathematics was their common ground and their medium of communication.

In this event, each participating country would set a topic and put up an equivalent prize to it. It was similar to the outdoor activities that were catered to the park visitors earlier that morning. If anyone could answer the topic satisfactorily to the requirements of the topic setter, they would earn the right to take home the prize.

The prizes were generally items that were representative of the countries. For example, China's prizes would usually be a national level paintings or the four treasures of the study, items that were either antiques or masterpieces. Some of the western countries had also put up a masterpiece oil painting in the past, but no one had been able to win it as the questions were too difficult to solve, though not unsolvable. Even if there were so many mathematics experts present, there were always some topics that were very tough and would take more than one to two days to complete. This was also one of the reason why some of the prizes were such treasures. There were also examples of some countries that put up

money as the prize, handing out several tens of thousands to hundreds of thousands worth of scholarships. All of this depended on how difficult the topics were. Of course, there were also countries who were here to make friends and exchange knowledge with the others. Like United Kingdom for example, they were always gentlemanly in their behavior and put up a good prize every year for their topics which were relatively easy in comparison.

In short, each country had their own style.

The event this year was also another chance for the different countries to measure up each other's abilities and face off again on competitive terms. If they did not place too much importance on it, the participants would just chat and exchange their learnings with each other, contributing to a harmonious feel. Some countries who did not enjoy such good relations would prefer to fight it out and have a victor declared. These were the types of incidents that would attract the attention of the most people every year after the main competition was over, as there would surely be some countries whose mathematicians would battle it out with the other countries resulting in furious battle situations. But of course, such incidents were usually not reported by the media. The newspapers and television news agencies tended to not report such happenings.

The event began.

The official time the event ended was at: 5PM.

—Almost a whole day was allocated to this event and only at the end of it would the International Math Olympiad be considered

complete.

If there was a competition, then there was always a resulting victor and loser. Many of the Chinese park visitors were still hoping for a chance at revenge, so they stayed behind to watch the going-ons.

"What are the prizes this time?"

"I don't know, but I'm really looking forward to it."

"Let's win the prize that the Americans put up for their topic!"

"Right, we have to show them what we're capable of! They've caused our children to be in tears!"

"The children might have lost their round, but the adults will surely win, won't they?"

Even though the Chinese Mathematics world has not contributed much with any breakthroughs to the Mathematics world, everyone knew very well that the Chinese were smart and had very high standards in Mathematics. Like Xin Ya, Wang Yiming, and the other mathematicians present, all of them were considered as tops in their field of mathematics. This was also the reason why everyone was paying a lot of attention to the second round of competitions.

One of them was Zhang Ye, who was seated at the outermost area

away from the crowds. He was not interested in the competition itself, but rather on those kids who were China's representatives at the International Math Olympiad. Hearing the chattering from the park visitors, he had realized just how much time and effort these kids had put in, even delaying their studies and wasting away their youth just to be here for a chance at glory. Now that he saw how the student leader, Huang Lingling was crying with her teammates and the adults not caring about their feelings, he felt very uncomfortable. This bunch of mathematicians, including Old Wu's childhood friend, Xin Ya were really too much. The children had already given it their best, so what if they lost? Was it so difficult to give some consolation to encourage them? Why were all of them putting on dark expressions at the children? If Old Wu were not here and if not for her sake, this bro here would have already gone ahead to give all of you a scolding! What the heck was this!

And that bunch of foreigners too!

Fuck, how dare they bully our kids?

At this moment, Zhang Ye's nationalistic youth spirit was burning strong. His focus swept towards the group of people in the competition grounds. Everything just seemed wrong and unpleasing to his eye right now!

Chapter 515: One Of The World's Top 10 Mathematical Conjectures!

The countries taking part in this event went to their allocated spots in the yard. Every country had placed writing boards at their exhibit booths with translations and a display area to showcase the contributions of their nations to the Mathematics world. The prize and topic for this round of competition were displayed as well.

"Go for it!"

"Beat them!"

"Don't lose this time!"

"Children, don't cry anymore. Let your teachers get back at them for you!"

The Chinese park visitors were cheering them on and some of the foreign park visitors were also cheering their own country's teams on. It was a lively scene.

The prizes were announced.

The United Kingdom's team had revealed a scholarship check at their display booth worth 50,000 pounds, a very generous amount. Next, one of their team staff members revealed the topic which most of the visitors could not understand, but the other countries'

teams of mathematicians or the participants of the Math Olympiad could understand what they saw. It was the same as previous years, where the United Kingdom team did not propose an extremely difficult topic, but it wasn't easy either, and the common conclusion that everyone reached was that it could be solved.

The display booth for the Chinese team was hosted by the team leader, Wang Yiming and deputy leader, Xin Ya. Han Henian and some other seniors of the Mathematics world were around as well. As they were the hosts of this year's event, their display booth was also allocated a larger area. Many people had come and several authority figures of the Mathematics world were also present. Some of them were standing around in the Chinese team's display booth, while others went around to other countries' display booths to check out their topics.

The prize put up for the Chinese team's question was an ink painting, likely drawn by a famous Qing dynasty painter. The painting was of an eagle, looking very ferocious and lifelike, and drawn with vigorous but finely detailed brush strokes. The possible value of this painting was not low, probably around the range of several millions. As for the topic, this year, the Chinese team had proposed one of greater difficulty than they had in previous years. If it were too easy, there would surely be a loss of face if someone were to answer it too quickly. A mathematics expert from China had suggested this new topic with regards to geometric drawings. After discussing with people like Xin Ya and Han Henian, they decided that it would be used as their topic for this event. They had even spent quite a bit of effort on it.

The Japanese team.....

The Korean team....

The prizes and topics were displayed out one by one.

"Wah."

"The Koreans have put up a rather good prize."

"Yea, it's quite valuable."

"Germany has a good one too."

"Japan's prize is a little miserly, it looks pretty worthless."

Even if they did not understand the topics, the park visitors would still understand the value of the prizes. They were standing around pointing and making comments of each nation's prize. They were on higher ground than where the event was being held and could not enter the event area, as there were barricade tapes put up. Only some of the related organizers and media personnel were allowed in, but from where they were, they could still view the whole event very clearly.

Wu Zeqing was in the event area too and was chatting with several other leaders of other higher institutes of learning.

Han Henian just noticed Wu Zeqing's presence and was stunned

for a little while before greeting her, "President Wu, what would you be doing here today?"

Wu Zeqing smiled and replied, "I was just coincidentally at this place."

Nanjing University Mathematics department's dean stroked his beard and laughed, "Teacher Han, you're really brave. I heard that you confessed to President Wu on Weibo?"

Around him, a few other mathematicians also laughed along in a kind manner. Han Henian might be a rookie in the mathematics world, but his background was very good. He had a lot of potential and many of the mathematics world's elders had high hopes for him.

When they brought up this subject, Han Henian felt a little embarrassed and coughed awkwardly.

That dean said, "Our President Wu is not someone you can just woo so simply. You've got to buck up. If you really manage to win her over, then you'd make all of us in the Mathematics community very proud."

Han Henian laughed dryly, "Sure, I will try my best." As he said so, he noticed Wu Zeqing's expression. She was looking especially beautiful today in her dignified qipao dress.

Wu Zeqing still maintaining her gentle smile said, "It's better to

stay focused on the event activities for now, it's starting already, isn't it?"

Everyone could sense that Wu Zeqing did not want to be involved in this sort of gossip and so made no mention of it anymore. Not all jokes should cracked blindly in this way.

With the mention of the event, those mathematicians' expressions became serious, "Little Han, are you going to attempt any of the topics?"

Han Henian nodded, "I'll go ahead then. If I can't do it, there's still Professor Xin and Professor Wang."

A senior mathematician said, "You've got to crack the Americans' topic. We're the organizers this time, but our kids could only placed third. So all of you have got to work hard to gain back our honor." With a pause, he continued, "The Americans were too atrocious last year and purposely set an unsolved Math Problem*. Hopefully, they won't repeat such behavior again this year."

Han Henian replied, "I understand."

At this moment, the Americans were the last to reveal their prize.

When everyone saw it, they were stunned.

A few blond haired American mathematicians took out a small box, placed it on the display stand and opened the cover. In it was a

green jade thumb ring that had engravings on it. Looking at the oxidation on it, it was definitely an old antique, an old jade ring of at least a few hundred years old. Because the quality of the jade was not too good, it was probably from the Qing Dynasty where these stone deficiencies were generally more accepted and not like the standards of modern days, where people always asked for crystal clear types or solid green jade, but in terms of value, this would not lose out to the higher grade jade stones, as it was considered as an antique!

There were experts in the crowd.

"A jade thumb ring?"

"That engraving! It should be a palace treasure!"

"Was this smuggled out from the palace in the past?"

"It has to be, that oxidation shows that it's at least a few hundred years old!"

Much of the history in this world had not changed. The days of the Siege of the International Legations also existed in this world, so it was highly possible that this jade thumb ring was seized from the houses in the capital or the royal family and smuggled out of the country. It was not known how the ring got into the hands of these American mathematicians, or why they put it up as a prize for their topic. Generally speaking, this event was also used as a platform to promote the culture of the countries. The teams would usually bring out something that was representative of their

country's culture as the prize, but no one would have expected the American team to use an item that was looted from the Chinese for the prize at a event that was held in China. What's more, it was an event held at Summer Palace Park! This was the kind of situation which should only exist in a person's imagination!

A lot of the park visitors could not accept this!

"Holy sh*t!"

"The Americans are doing this on purpose!"

"This is so numbing! They're climbing on top of our heads!"

The park visitors from other countries and their mathematicians could not understand what was going on and were left confused and blinking.

Xin Ya had an adrenaline rush from this provocation, "These bunch of Americans, they're good yea?!"

The soft spoken team leader Wang Yiming said with a sunken expression, "Are they provoking us?"

A senior from the mathematics world said in anger, "This is so maddening! We have to solve the Americans topic for sure this time! That item belongs to us and we have to get it back!"

Han Henian face darkened, "Don't worry!"

At this point, the Chinese mathematicians' morale was extremely high!

The Chinese media reporters also pointed their equipment over at the jade thumb ring, snapping away as their faces showed dark expressions.

Wu Zeqing also saw that jade thumb ring, but it was unknown what she was thinking at this time.

Zhang Ye was also provoked by this action of the Americans. Anger turned to laughter, and then he noticed Old Wu's eyes and had a sudden thought.

Jade thumb ring?

Old Wu seems to like it very much?

Zhang Ye touched the love token given to him by Old Wu on his wrist and gave it some thought.

Over there, under the watchful eyes of many people, the Americans finally revealed their topic for this year. When it was revealed, curses and swears were heard!

"They're doing this on purpose!"

"It's that topic again?"

"Are they finished with it yet? This is the exact same topic as last year!"

"The same topic as last year?"

The Chinese mathematicians were all looking downcast now and the other countries' mathematicians were frowning or shaking their heads. The Americans were too disrespectful!

The park visitors could not understand why there were such huge reactions at first until the student volunteers, who were now stationed around the barricades explained it to them.

This was Dale's Conjecture!

It was one of the unsolved Math Problems* of the world!

It was an unsolvable topic that had troubled the Mathematics world for several decades now!

This Problem was first suggested by the Americans several decades earlier and countless mathematicians had worked on it tirelessly for so many years without ever coming close to solving it. At first, it was a Problem that wasn't significant to the Mathematics world, but it slowly gained the attention of everyone.

More and more people of the world now knew about this Math Problem. Even if those park visitors could not understand from looking at the proposed topic, when they heard the words "Dale's Conjecture", they seemed like they were suddenly enlightened. This was why it was considered to be one of the 'Top 10 Mathematical Theorems' to exist in the modern age and no one has managed to solve it yet!

The Americans brought out this topic?

They did it last year and they're doing it again this year?

They had no intention to foster good relations at all! The American Mathematics world had sent a team who did not seem to place any importance on this event and were simply doing this perfunctorily. They were just lifting their country's previous thought up theorem and using it here as a topic without any effort. They were probably just intending to finish up the event and get back home to their country, doing all of this without respect for the other countries' mathematicians. They were too arrogant!

Xin Ya said in annoyance, "If everyone were to use these sort of problems for their topics, what's the point in have this event at all?!"

A park visitor angrily shouted, "Solve it! Show those Americans what we're capable of!"

"Right, solve it! Those Americans have gone too far!" An old man also joined in the shouting.

But when they heard that, the Chinese mathematicians were at a loss whether to laugh or cry. Solve Dale's Conjecture? If we could f**king solve it! We wouldn't be standing here! We would have already won an international prize for Mathematics! Would we still need to wait for an opportunity like this event today? This was a Math Problem that baffled the World of Mathematics!

The Americans were unsportsmanlike!

Wang Yiming and Xin Ya knew this and knew that they would be unable to get the jade thumb ring back, but they could not say so. After all, Dale's Conjecture was indeed proposed by an American and for them to use it at this event, it was impossible to scrutinize!

A United Kingdom mathematician shook his head, "The Americans are too unsporting."

A French mathematician said, "To use such a question is really meaningless."

Everyone knew that this was unsolvable and thus shifted their attention over to the other countries' topics.

Except for one person, and that was Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye stared hard at the so-called "Dale's Conjecture" for a long time. He had not heard of this "Dale's Conjecture" over in this world, but what startled him was the content of this theorem.

Hmm, why did it look so familiar?

Chapter 516: Fermat's Last Theorem!

It was really too familiar!

And it became more and more familiar!

Disregarding the noisy crowd and discussions, Zhang Ye moved further away to a place where there was no one. He sat down and quietly opened up the game interface. Then, in the game's merchant shop, he bought a Memory Search Capsule and swallowed it on the spot. His vision blurred and he landed in his sea of memories.

.....

Back in his previous world.

He was back to his high school days.

Back then, every Friday afternoon was an allocated school break, but if there was a need, the Education Bureau would set this school break to become an interest based class in the latter half of the year. Every student would have to register their interests for different topics and Zhang Ye had at that time tried to register himself for art classes since it took the least effort on the student's part, but as every student thought the same way, the class was already fully registered, so he had no choice but to choose another. The classes conducted were not covered in the basic lesson plans, but was instead used to expand their knowledge.

"This was Fermat's Conjecture, one of top 3 Mathematical Conjectures of the world. It's history dates back several hundred years and was finally proven in 1995, meaning to say that it is no longer known as a conjecture now, but as Fermat's Last Theorem."

"Teacher, can you explain it to us in detail?"

"Hur hur, I do have some detailed information here. Let me put it up on the projector for everyone to take a look. Even if I were to explain it, none of you would be able to understand it. Yes, even I do not have the knowledge to understand it. The proof to this theorem is an extremely complicated process and my capabilities are limited."

"Wah."

"It's even in Chinese and English?"

"How deep, this is too amazing!"

"Eh? You understood it?"

"Uh, no. I totally didn't get it!"

.....

He was back to the current world, slowly opening his eyes again.

Zhang Ye was still puzzled before searching his memory, but now everything was as clear as could be. He had wondered why it was so familiar at first, this Dale's Conjecture, IBM conjecture, or whatever conjecture it was called! It was simply just a change of names! Because the first person to have proposed this conjecture was named Dale, that was the reason for it being called Dale's Conjecture, but it was obvious now that the name of the conjecture had nothing to do with the contents of it, as this Dale's Conjecture was essentially the same as his previous world's Fermat's Conjecture!

This was it!

The conjecture's contents were still the same!

The only difference was that this conjecture had not yet been solved by the mathematicians of this world. It had only been proposed several decades earlier, while in Zhang Ye's world, this Math Problem had already been solved. Fermat's Conjecture together with Four Color Conjecture and Goldbach's Conjecture were known as the Mathematics world's Three Great Conjectures!

Zhang Ye glanced over to where the American mathematicians were.

One of the mathematicians, named Louis, was getting some shut-eye.

Another young mathematician called David had gone over to the

French booth and was chatting with a female French mathematician. He looked like he was trying to pick up girls.

As for the United State's youth participants, who had been ranked first in the competition earlier, their faces were full of pride and they were smiling brightly.

Zhang Ye smiled coldly.

Dale's Conjecture? It's no big deal!

He picked up his cellphone and found Old Wu's contact. He sent a message to her: "Old Wu."

Old Wu, who was standing very far and had her back facing him, looked like she was still looking at the jade thumb ring. She had not reacted to his message probably because of the crowd and noise around her.

Zhang Ye made a call over to her and hung up after a few rings.

He could see that Wu Zeqing finally noticed her cellphone ringing and picked it up.

After a short moment, a reply from her came: "Yes?"

Zhang Ye replied: "You like that jade thumb ring?"

Wu Zeqing: "Hur hur. It's not bad I guess?"

Zhang Ye: "Then that means you really like it, right?"

Wu Zeqing: "They wouldn't possibly sell it. And even if they did, Big Sis wouldn't afford it either. That's probably an antique from the Palace, so it's definitely a very valuable item.

Zhang Ye looked up at the prize, then replied: "Alright!"

Wu Zeqing: "?"

Old Wu clearly did not understand what he meant.

Zhang Ye stopped replying, kept his cellphone, and headed towards the crowd.

.....

With the event area.

As the leader, Wang Yiming had gone over the the American's booth with Xin Ya and Han Henian following behind. They lodged a stern protest against the American mathematicians in English.

Wang Yiming said, "Why did you use a treasure from our nation as the prize for this event?"

The leader of their team, Louis looked at him. They seemed to know each other and were definitely no strangers, "Wang, this belongs to us."

Wang Yiming said, "Can I assume that this is provocation on your part?"

"No, no, no." Louis said, "This item was given to us in a will by one of our Mathematics Association's teachers. When he passed away last year, he had some of his personal items donated to the Association and dictated that it be used for the promotion and research of mathematics. I don't know the history and origins of this item, but right now, it does not belong to you. It's ownership belongs to us and we have the right to use it as we please. There is no other meaning to it, so please don't misunderstand."

Xin Ya said, "But you've already caused the misunderstanding!"

David, who was flirting earlier, had come back around, "What's the matter?"

Wang Yiming pointed at the topic board, "Change your topic and let us have a fair fight."

"No." Louis wagged his finger, "This will be our topic, Wang. We've been studying and researching Dale's Conjecture and want to use this Math Problem to foster further learning between other countries. Is that a problem? There's nothing unfair about it. Besides, the competition has already ended and our team won the

championship. That is the results of the competition and there's nothing else to have a fair fight about."

David threw up his hands and smiled, saying, "What a pity."

The competition had already ended and there was no chance of gaining back their pride in the after-event. The Americans had even put up a prize that was taken from their country long ago. The Chinese mathematicians were all furious!

Many of the park visitors had also heard about it, especially the younger ones whose English were pretty good.

"Your sister!"

"How arrogant!"

"What the heck are they showing it off for?!"

"Pfft!"

A lot of the park visitors around the perimeter of the area had started cursing and scolding.

When that youth named David saw this, he gave a handsome smiled and waved at them, not understanding what they were saying. He even gave a flying kiss to one of the tall female park visitors. He seemed like frivolous man, but at the same time was

full of confidence.

The crowd got even more furious when they saw this!

At a corner.

The youth participants of China had gathered together.

"Sis, don't cry anymore." Huang Leilei felt very sad seeing his sister like this. He kept tugging at his sister's arm beside her.

"Leader."

"Leader, we don't blame you."

The other children were consoling her as well. Huang Lingling had taken very good care of them for the past half year like an elder sister should, and everyone of them liked her very much. They did not want to see her in this manner.

But Huang Lingling was a very stubborn girl. She was the team leader for this year's International Math Olympiad and was chosen from a few million students from thousands of schools all over the nation to represent the country. She did not only represent herself or her school, but represented the entire country in taking part in this competition. As the team leader, she had committed several key errors which left her with deep regrets. She even felt that if she had not taken part in the competition and was instead replaced with someone else, their results would have had been better. She

felt that this was all her fault and she had let her teachers and professors down. Seeing how their teachers and professor ignored them after they lost the championship, she felt even worse knowing that they had been utterly disappointed in them.

Blame me!

Just blame me!

Huang Lingling just bit her lip and did not say anything else. Suddenly, she raised her head and looked towards the American team's topic board, the look in her eyes became very firm and she suddenly got up to walk towards it.

Huang Leilei was stunned, "Sis, what are you trying to do?"

The other young participants also rushed over to her, "Leader?"

Very quickly, other people around them also noticed Huang Lingling's odd behavior. They looked over at her, confused as they did not know what she was going to do.

Louis looked strangely at the little girl, "Eh?"

In the next second, Huang Lingling had taken out the marker she used during the competition, clenched her teeth, and stood in front of the American team's topic board. Looking at that world renowned Math Problem written on it. She stubbornly held up the marker, ready to try to solve the question on the blank writing

board beside it. She wrote a formula on it and clenched her teeth again, then clumsily wiped it away with her hand and rewriting another one on it. She wrote and stopped and wrote and stopped and it looked like it was a mess. With her level, she would, of course, not be able to solve such a kind of difficult topic. Even if it were not her, her teachers, or her teachers' teachers would not be able to solve it!

The crowd finally understood that this young girl wanted to solve Dale's Conjecture to make up for her earlier mistakes. Was it for honor? Or was it for pride?

At this moment, many of those park visitors were moved!

Including Zhang Ye who was making his way over, he stopped in his footsteps and looked hard at that stubborn girl.

The mathematicians participants from the other countries were all looking over at her by now. Some of them stared blankly, while others kept silent. Some of the others were smiling mockingly.

David from the American team shook his head and said something that no one understood. In any case, it did not seem polite.

An American participant glanced at Huang Lingling and asked, "What does she think she is doing?"

"I don't know." said another participant. She sounded

sarcastically, "A topic that has yet to be solved by so many mathematicians in the world and she thinks she can do it?"

"What a clown!" An American youth said.

The children from the American team were all laughing at her.

A youth representative from the United Kingdom team went over and said to her kindly, "Don't write anymore. You won't be able to solve it. The mistake you made earlier in the competition was just a careless one, you'll definitely do better the next time."

A French girl also said, "Yes, you did great."

But Huang Lingling did not appear to have heard anything. She just carried on doing some calculations, writing and erasing and writing again.

Wu Zeqing sighed.

The park visitors around could no longer bear seeing this.

"Good child, don't write anymore!"

"The competition was lost, but we don't blame you. It is not your fault!"

"Child, all of you are the pride of the country, so don't blame yourself anymore. It's going to be alright, it's really going to be alright!"

When she heard all these supportive words, Huang Lingling's eyes turned red again. Her tears were flowing down her cheeks into her mouth, but she did not wipe them off her face. She just continued trying her best and continued with her calculations in front of the topic board.

Huang Leilei clenched his fist and walked up too, "Sis, let me help you!"

"And me!" another one of the Chinese team's youth participant grabbed a marker as well.

"Leader, there's still us! Let's all do this together!" The youth participants of the Chinese team were all standing beside Huang Lingling. Some of them were only about 10 years old and not even 1.4m tall. They all held markers in their hands and even had to tiptoe to reach the writing boards.

In front of this great and famous math problem, all of them looked very minute.

Chapter 517: Declaring War On The Mathematics World With "On Horses"!

Everyone had different expressions.

Everyone in the crowd was feeling different emotions.

A question board and several forlorn looking children, the scene was very solemn.

Xin Ya looked at them and finally said something, "Lingling, Leilei, all of you come here."

Huang Lingling turned around and said to Xin Ya, "Professor Xin, I, I still want to give it a try!"

A Nanjing University professor standing at the back said in a harsh tone, "All of you come back here right now. This is not something someone of your level can even attempt. It involves all sorts of higher math learning and knowledge which none of you have even learned before!"

Huang Lingling lowered her head and continued on.

Huang Leilei said, "Teacher, please let my sister try." He understood that his sister was blaming herself. Having made those mistakes, she was just trying to make up for it.

Wang Yiming sighed and said, "Don't try it anymore."

Han Henian also looked at Huang Lingling and the others. Seeing how their team, the organizer for this year's event, had become the butt of jokes of the other countries, especially to the Americans, his temper flared. They had already lost the competition earlier, and now their young participants went a step further to get ridiculed? They were putting up an embarrassing spectacle in front of others. Han Henian let out an angry grunt, "What the heck are you trying for?! Don't you think it's already embarrassing enough? Come back here, all of you! You couldn't even solve a simple question in the competition just now, what makes you think you can solve a math conjecture? If you have such time, you should go back and drill yourself with more basic mathematics practice!"

Huang Lingling stopped writing. She could no longer go on further.

Her team members also lowered their heads, not daring to speak.

Wu Zeqing's eyes looked towards Han Henian.

Beside her, an authoritative professor of the mathematics world was shaking his head and sighing, "The children in the past few years are increasingly lacking in talent. There are too few good saplings around anymore!"

Huang Lingling covered her mouth and sniffed, "I'm sorry, it is all my fault."

The old professor said, "We don't blame you. When it comes to talent, no one can always get it right. Some kids were born to do maths and would understand if when we just prod them a little, while some other kids have a limit to what they can understand, even after we have taught them everything. If you've hit this limit, then there's no way you can improve any further. Talents are born, not bred, there's nothing more we could ask of you and you have already tried your best."

Hearing the old professor tell her that she did not have the talent for mathematics, Huang Lingling lowered her head even more. She clenched her hands tightly, feeling more guilty with each word from him.

A female mathematician said, "I guess we'll have to find a new batch of children for next year's competition?"

The old professor nodded, "Yes, look carefully this time in the schools. We'll need to use all available resources, otherwise, we won't be able to get any good saplings."

Another middle-aged professor added, "We must not lose in the next International Math Olympiad again. I will get my people to search for better talents when we get back."

Han Henian said, "It will be difficult."

Xin Ya looked at the children and said, "We have to do it even if it is difficult. As long as we have good and talented saplings, I will fight hard to bring them here." The failures in successive

competitions had also left her burnt out and moody. These children had been chosen from many others and weren't exactly untalented, but compared to the young participants from other countries, they were still lacking. The results of the competition spoke for themselves.

Han Henian pouted sulkily.

The old professor said with some regrets, "A thousand li horse is hard to find."

Although they did not speak very loudly, many people could still hear their conversation.

Huang Lingling secretly wiped her tears.

The other children in the team also looked very down, so they were really not the best there was, they weren't geniuses and were still lacking in comparison to many others!

Many of the park visitors who heard this felt that their words were too harsh!

Ha!

A thousand li horse is hard to find?

Zhang Ye looked at Huang Lingling, Huang Leilei, and the other

children. He thought of the situation earlier when his rapid calculation of the quiz was mistaken to be cheating by this bunch of mathematicians who claimed that he had used a calculator. They keep claiming that good saplings can't be found anymore?

How laughable!

Zhang Ye was tickled, he was really tickled. All of a sudden, he emerged from the crowd and exclaimed, "If you don't have the abilities to teach the children well! Don't keep making excuses!"

With that, everyone looked over to him, stunned!

Who was this? What did he mean? Why did he start scolding others the moment he appeared!

Xin Ya frowned and looked at Wu Zeqing. Wasn't he Old Wu's scandalous boyfriend? Why was he saying such things? What was he trying to achieve with that?

Huang Lingling also looked up in surprise.

That old professor and Han Henian, along with the other mathematicians, also looked over to the person who said that. Some of them recognized him as the Peking University teacher who cheated using a calculator.

Han Henian said angrily, "What are you trying to say!"

Seeing someone trying to create trouble, the old professor said, "Get rid of him!"

A few security staff member in charge of maintaining order heard this and went over to the troublemaker.

But at this moment, Wu Zeqing spoke. She smiled and said, "I want to see who dares to do that."

The old professor's expression changed, "President Wu!"

The security team was also taken aback and stopped in their tracks.

When the Chinese mathematicians heard President Wu's words, they were all stunned. They could not understand why President Wu said that. Even if Zhang Ye was a Peking University teacher, he shouldn't cause trouble like this, especially in the presence of the media!

Xin Ya was left speechless. She did not care for Old Wu's sake anymore and said, "This teacher, who are you referring to that did not teach their students well?"

Zhang Ye stared at her and said, "I'm talking about you all. How dare you even claim that the children were being disgraceful? I think the ones who are disgraceful are you bunch!"

Old Wu's childhood friend?

Get lost! Today, I won't care who you might be!

A young mathematician said, "A person who even needs to resort to cheating with a calculator, who are you to say that we are disgraceful? What's wrong with you?"

Zhang Ye laughed and questioned him back, "How did you know if I cheated or not?"

The young mathematician said, "You're a teacher from the Chinese department. How would you know rapid calculation?"

Zhang Ye laughed again, "Who says that a Chinese teacher cannot know how to do rapid calculations? That I do not know mathematics? The way you people look at others and issues are not based on facts, but your own skewed bias? With this kind of attitude, how can you call yourselves teachers? You won't be able to teach good students with such an attitude! And you all still want to seek out your thousand li horse? What the heck! In this world, there was [Bo Le](#) before there were thousand-li horses! Thousand-li horses are common, but a Bo Le is rare. Even though there are thousand-li horses that are exceptional, they are disgraced under the hands of slaves, they die side-by-side in their stables, without ever becoming 'thousand-li' horses!" He recited without holding back!

What was that?

A classical Chinese essay?

When those words were said, everyone froze!

The old professor, Han Henian and the others were angered by his words. Slaves?

The park visitors liked what they heard. After seeing how these professors criticized the children with every sentence they spoke, their patience had worn thin. Suddenly, they felt what this young man wearing the face mask and sunglasses said made perfect sense. The only thing that left them wondering was the familiarity of this scene? This voice, where did they hear it from?

Zhang Ye looked at those teachers and professors from the mathematical world and said coldly, "A thousand-li horse, can eat a dan of grain in one sitting. The feeder feeds not knowing its thousand-li potential. Even if it could gallop a thousand li, without food, without strength, its potential will never be reached."

If you can't teach!

If you can't groom!

Why would a horse be able to run fast?

With that, Zhang Ye coldly laughed in an incessant manner. His voice became louder with each question to them, "The driver drives not according to its proper method! The feeder does not feed

enough for it to reach its full potential! You hear it neigh, but do not understand its meaning! Instead, you raise the whip and proclaim! There are no thousand-li horses under our heavens!"

At this moment, everyone kept quiet!

"Sigh!" Zhang Ye mockingly laughed, "Are there really no thousand-li horses?" He looked at the old professor, Xin Ya, and the others, "Actually, they just don't know one when they see it!!"

Unable to find a thousand-li horse under the heavens?

My ass, you can't!

It's just because all of you do not know where to look!

With the famous essay in his previous world's textbooks, "On Horses", Zhang Ye had scolded all of these professors from the Mathematics world!

Suddenly, the park visitors regained their senses and cheered loudly!

"Peking University? Teacher?"

"Chinese department?"

"This classical essay? This background....."

A Peking University Chinese department's teacher who could scold and invoke such anger, slap faces with words alone, could easily recite a classical essay that no one has ever heard of but still give goosebumps to those who heard it..... Even if you searched through the entire world, there would only be one person who could do it. Other than him, there was no one else!

A young park visitor said in surprise, "Ah! It's Zhang Ye!"

Seeing that he had been recognized, Zhang Ye did not bother hiding his face anymore. He took off his face mask and sunglasses to reveal an expression of indifference.

"Damn!"

"It's Zhang Ye!"

"Heavens! It's really Teacher Zhang Ye!"

The crowd erupted bolstered by the essay of "On Horses". Some people were even crying out in excitement!

"Well scolded!"

"These professors do not know what's good for them!"

"They lost the competition because they don't have the capabilities, yet they want to push all the blame onto the children? Their excuse is that the children do not have talent and the potential? Why don't you all just die?! The children are already under so much pressure. Look at that little girl crying and all you people can do is to keep complaining about this and that!"

"Right! Support Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye's mouth might be a little vulgar and likes scolding others, but his words truly make perfect sense! Compared to you educators who claim that you're doing everything for the country and citizens, to me, Teacher Zhang Ye is much more an educator than you all will ever be! This is the first time I'm hearing this essay about Bo Le and the thousand-li horses! It's really too amazing!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye's talents are really heaven defying!"

"Don't cry anymore, children. It's not because all of you are untalented. You're all good children, all good!"

"Right, don't cry anymore. Let Zhang Ye handle this for you. That guy's nickname as the "Professional face-smacking Zhang" is not for nothing! A normal person would not be able to out argue him!"

"Who'd have thought that I could bump into Zhang Ye here at Summer Palace Park today! I'm so excited! Teacher Zhang Ye has always been my idol! I actually have the luck to witness the birth of

my idol's new work!"

"Support Zhang Ye! The thousand-li horse essay was well said too! It has taught me something!"

The reporters present were also jolted by this incident. All of them rushed forward to snap pictures of Zhang Ye like they were on steroids. Having just finished his battle with the crosstalk world, was Zhang Ye announcing the Mathematics world as his next target!?

Pfft!

A few reporters who had already dealt with Zhang Ye on previous occasions could no longer hide their joy!

Zhang Ye was really Zhang Ye!

He could not stay still for a day without creating some trouble!

Chapter 518: Never Afraid Of A Big Mess!

On the Internet.

It had been a rather harmonious day so far. Confessions were happening all over Weibo. In Tieba, there were mostly threads relating to Valentine's Day being posted. The general mood of the forums were reflective of the loving mood everywhere else. Perhaps because of the past few days of incidents resulting in messy topics, war of words and fighting, the general mood on today's internet environment was rather peaceful. The netizens were also getting along very well.

But this peace had only lasted for a short while.

At some time past 10AM, someone broke the news on Weibo.

"Extra, extra! Live from the venue! Zhang Ye made a surprise appearance at the International Math Olympiad held at Summer Palace Park! The Mathematics world has been scolded! And the current situation is in chaos! It's difficult to know what's going on anymore over here!"

"Ha?"

"I'm gonna faint!"

"Are you serious?"

"What? Teacher Zhang is up to something again?"

"What the f**k! I thought that Zhang Ye was writing 'Legend of Wukong' back at home and I was still waiting for the next chapter. Why did he run off to pick a fight with the Mathematics world now?"

"Pfft, I almost peed from laughing!"

"Do a live broadcast from there! What's going on right now?"

A few users immediately uploaded some pictures of the situation, as it was too difficult to describe the ongoing situation with text. Then, a park visitor, who had a rather good standard of Chinese reposted Zhang Ye's essay. Perhaps someone had noted it down when Zhang Ye was reciting, or it could be because of the simplicity of the essay, the text for "On Horses" had now appeared for the first time online.

In this world, Bo Le and the concept of thousand-li horses existed as well, but that was it and it was fated that Han Yu's "On Horses" did not exist. Therefore, this classic essay that was full of wisdom, philosophy, and reasoning had almost immediately caused a huge reaction online!

Many of those who read it felt that it was a stunning piece!

"Great essay!"

"What a classic!"

"Every word was well-written! How awesome!"

"Pfft! Teacher Zhang Ye's literary talent is always for situations that don't seem appropriate! If his talents were used in proper channels, then he would surely be a big contribution to our country, but this astonishing literary talent of Teacher Zhang has been used for scolding people instead! Hahaha! It's only been a few days ago since he started battling it out with the crosstalk world. Having wrapped that up, he's now marching towards the Mathematics world as well?"

"Ever since Zhang Ye debuted, he has always made us at a loss of whether to laugh or cry. Battling against the radio broadcast world, the television station, against the Shanghai SARFT, then the literature world followed by the crosstalk world and now? It's the Mathematics world's turn! Teacher Zhang, can I beg you to just give it a rest for a day? Just one day will do, then you can update 'Legend of Wukong' before you head back out to start more trouble! A bunch of us are waiting for the finale of your novel, but look at you! You'd rather go to battle it out at the Peak of Albatron than concentrate on proper work!"

"Teacher Zhang's troublemaking is much more interesting than reading a novel! Supporting Teacher Zhang. 'On Horses' is a really beautiful piece! That bunch of mathematicians really went too far by bullying those kids that way!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye is such a nosy person!"

"Yes, I agree, but Teacher Zhang being nosy is exactly what I like about him!"

"Sigh, are there really no thousand-li horses? Actually, they just don't know one when they see it! — This is a really good line! Every word of it touches my innermost feelings! Teacher Zhang's great! The youth participants were great too!"

The topic started getting attention and was actively being discussed!

Someone even started a poll asking if Bo Le was more important or if the thousand-li horses were more important.

.....

Summer Palace Park.

In the yard at the event venue.

Under the lead of Zhang Ye's essay, all of the surrounding park visitors were booing at Chinese mathematicians, making them look bad!

Zhang Ye!

Why was that grandson doing here!

Those foreigners did not know who Zhang Ye was, since his fame was still not widespread enough. Whether it was the mathematicians or participants from the United Kingdom or French teams, everyone was suspiciously looking the youth standing there as their team translators explained the situation to them, but within the Chinese mathematicians, except for those who had dedicated all their time to maths and ignoring all other news and happenings of the real world, most of them knew who Zhang Ye was. Just the commercial for "Brain Gold" made most of them aware of who he was as it was the first thing they thought of when Zhang Ye's name was mentioned. The commercial's jingle was already causing a headache in their minds at the moment! They had all heard of Zhang Ye's reputation before! Sometimes, their circle of friends from the education world would even discuss about this person during their meals!

— A wonder of the entertainment circle!

— A thorn in the education world!

— A hooligan of the literary world!

This person's reputation was so foul that one could even smell it from their grandma's house! He had offended too many people and many organizations had been scolded by him too. He was the type of person that would use violence to solve everything!

As they've never seen him before, they did not realize how he was really like. These mathematicians had been apprehensive about

believing the rumors they had heard and had thought that those who spoke badly of Zhang Ye were just exaggerating. They would have thought that no matter how low a person's emotional quotient was, they couldn't possibly go around looking for trouble and scolding people. Why would anyone want to do something like that? However, now that they had witnessed Zhang Ye's antics first hand today, all of the mathematicians and old professors nearly vomited blood! The rumors weren't true? Bullsh*t! It was totally true! Not only was it not exaggerated, they felt that those rumors had in fact been too mild! Too, too mild!!

A thorn?

He was basically a porcupine! And he had pricked everyone who was from the mathematics world!

Xin Ya immediately turned to look at Wu Zeqing. She was staring and clenching her teeth. Old Wu, your little boyfriend's really too wicked, you had better make him stand back!

But Wu Zeqing acted like she did not see anything and just sat down leisurely.

Zhang Ye had made his way into the yard area by now as he continued walking towards the children.

With that declaration of "I want to see who dares to do that" by President Wu earlier, the security team did not do anything to hold him back. The main reason was because they did not dare to. After the incident at the Spring Festival where Zhang Ye laid his hands

on Lee Anson's bodyguards, these security staff knew that if they were to get on the wrong side of this hooligan, he would definitely resort to violence! From this, it could be seen that Zhang Ye's fame was growing more and more by the day. In the past, no one could recognize him, even if he was walking on the streets, but now just his name alone was enough to get the attention of most people!

Huang Lingling looked at Zhang Ye and suddenly felt very excited.

"Sis! It's Teacher Zhang Ye!" Her brother, Huang Leilei said, almost jumping up in excitement, "That Zhang Ye who wrote 'Ode to Young China'!"

A teenager beside him said unbelievably, "Teacher Zhang Ye....is speaking up for us?"

Another teenager looked at Huang Lingling, "Leader, isn't Teacher Zhang your idol?!"

Huang Lingling started noticing Zhang Ye when he gave the "Ode to Young China" speech. She could still remember that night when she heard the sentence "My beautiful young China that is as eternal as heaven! My magnificent Chinese youth who are as bountiful as the land!", that left her so excited that she was unable to sleep. She had immediately started looking for Zhang Ye's previous works that very night and found his talk show program as well. Even his recent three crosstalk performances, Huang Lingling had repeatedly viewed them over and over again. Although a lot of people were scolding Zhang Ye and his crosstalk performances for being vulgar, Huang Lingling still liked them very much.

In this past half a year of focused math training, she had suffered a lot and felt very tired. Whenever there was time when she rested, Huang Lingling would watch Zhang Ye's works on her cellphone. Her parents had found out about this twice, while her teacher found out once, all of which had earned her a terrible scolding. Since young, she had always been very obedient, except for this, which she knew she was wilful about. She promised them that she would not watch his works anymore, but when she went to bed at night, she would continue to watch discreetly on her cellphone under her blankets. She even followed the news about Zhang Ye. When she knew that Teacher Zhang Ye had done something great, she would be cheered up. When he was scolded by everyone, she would become sad. All of her friends and classmates knew about this, that she was a hardcore fan of Zhang Ye. Huang Lingling had not expected that Zhang Ye would appear in person before her today!

As his figure slowly came nearer.

Before she knew it, Zhang Ye was already standing in front of her. He took out a napkin from his pocket and knelt down, reaching his hand out to wipe the tears off the corners of her eyes.

Huang Lingling suddenly felt at a loss of what to do, "Teacher...Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Don't cry anymore. It's just a small matter."

"Thank you." Huang Lingling took the napkin and wiped off her

tears herself, "I've always liked you a lot. All of your works, I've seen all of them." She was stuttering with her words.

Zhang Ye looked very happy, "Is that true?"

Huang Leilei quickly said, "It's true, my sis likes you the most."

Huang Lingling furiously nodded her head!

She's a fan of this bro? What good taste! Zhang Ye laughed happily, "Since I'm here now, there's nothing to be afraid of." He turned around and glanced at the mathematicians, "Ignore them. How dare they say that you all are ungifted? They want a thousand-li horse? Sure, let them touch their hearts and ask themselves first! Whether they can be a Bo Le!"

Zhang Ye has always been this way. He just said what he thought and scolded if he felt like scolding. It did not matter to him that there were many people around nor did the presence of the media affect what he wanted to say. He followed this principle in the things that he said or did. This was the reason why so many people hated him, but Zhang Ye just continued doing things the way he saw fit.

Han Henian complained angrily, "You better watch your words!"

The old professor, who was the most senior figure in the mathematics world present, said with a dark expression, "How does the way we educate our student have anything to do with

you? What are you creating trouble here for?! Creating such a stir, don't you feel ashamed!" First, it was the children who attempted in vain to solve the math problem. And now, it was Zhang Ye stepping up and creating trouble. Today's International Math Olympiad was already in a big mess, by the time the media received news of this and published it, their faces as the organizers this year would probably be all lost!

Zhang Ye did not say a word yet, but the park visitors could no longer hold themselves back!

"Pfft!"

"He's just flaunting his seniority!"

"How do you expect to educate the kids if this is how you all are! You're just destroying their futures!"

"A child needs encouragement and affirmation! Is that how you all teach others?"

"You're the ones creating trouble! A disgrace to our country!"

If Zhang Ye had not stepped forward with the essay "On Horses", these park visitors would not have likely said much. After all, the situation did not seem right for them to speak up or criticize anyone. At most, they would have felt rather uncomfortable with how things were but as Zhang Ye had stepped up and the park visitors followed his lead, all of them joined in to speak up for the

children. What happened next was just a natural progression of chatter and protests. It seemed like Zhang Ye's influence in Beijing was really not too bad at all!

Those professors and teachers were being scolded terribly.

Zhang Ye did not bother about them and just looked towards the children, "Let me teach you a life lesson. If someone tries to bully you, take a step back."

Huang Lingling listened seriously.

The park visitors also quieten down and started listening.

Zhang Ye continued, "If some tries to bully you again, then you should take another step back."

Huang Leilei and the other kids all nodded at the same time.

Xin Ya, Han Henian and the others looked at them unkindly.

Zhang Ye continued saying, "If that someone still tries to bully you, you take another step back again." Then with a pause, he said, "But when you realize that you've stepped back too many times and the wall is right behind you now, and they still want to bully you, what do you next?"

A teenager raised his hand sillily, "What should we do?"

“Beat them up of course!” Zhang Ye suddenly came up with an unexpected answer!

Huang Lingling, "....."

Xin Ya, "....."

Han Henian, "....."

Many of the park visitors were totally amused by this!

In the field of educators, only Zhang Ye dared to speak in such a manner. This person was never afraid of big issues, he was only afraid that the issues were not big enough!

Chapter 519: Zhang Ye Solving A Mathematical Conjecture!

The park visitors were all discussing and chattering.

"What a classic!"

"It's going to be another famous quote!"

"Hahahaha! Those words have really turned the situation around!"

"Ah, is that really how they educate the kids?"

Some park visitors hurriedly transmitted the happenings to a live stream online to share with everyone. Some others held up their phones to record the ongoings before uploading them.

These videos attracted more and more netizens to join in and watch excitedly. They were all standing by at their computers, requesting for the latest updates to be uploaded. It was as if they were watching a football match, chewing on sunflower seeds and drinking tea, commenting on or laughing every now and then. They only wished that this matter would blow up even further!

The words that he had said just now were from his previous world, from a crosstalk performance by Guo Degang and Zhang Ye had presented it to this world on this very day!

Around them at the other countries' display booths, the translators had explained to their mathematicians and young participants about what Zhang Ye had said. When they finally understood what was going on, many of them started laughing.

A young participant from the United Kingdom was laughed so hard that all of his teeth could be seen.

On the Korean's side, they did not laugh as they knew who Zhang Ye was. They knew he was famous for his insults of Korea and thus were biased against him.

The Americans did not laugh either.

The mathematician, David, raised his eyes and just looked on at how they were making a fool of themselves.

Meanwhile, the American team leader Louis did not even seem interested. Everything here today could only be proven by capability. The strength of the Chinese on the international stage of mathematics was not exactly large and their contributions were generally scattered around too much. They had no large contribution to claim for, nor were they able to make any impact at competitions such as today's. In the past, the Chinese had really high standards, especially showing it at this competition in the previous years. They had many championships to their name, but now it seemed like that standard had dropped drastically. They only managed to achieve third place this time and had been sliding down the ranks with each passing year. Naturally, the elite and

authority figures within the American team looked down on the standard of the Chinese and there was also no Chinese mathematician who had made any major contributions to the Mathematics world!

Seeing her professors' expression change so many times today, Huang Lingling quickly said to Zhang Ye, "Teacher Zhang, it's not like this. The teachers are very good to us, I, I...."

Huang Leilei and the other teenagers were also getting nervous. Although they were young, it did not mean that they were stupid. They did not dare to follow up with Zhang Ye's words.

Xin Ya was speechless. When she met Zhang Ye for the first time just now, Wu Zeqing had already mentioned that she would not be able to out argue him. Xin Ya still refused to acknowledge that when it had been said, but now that she knew that this person was Zhang Ye and after hearing what he said, Xin Ya knew that she was not his match. This was Peking University Chinese department's lecturer, a famous literary genius in the country, how could they, as mathematicians, even think of out arguing him! Bickering? That Zhang guy did it as a profession! Even when those other literary world professionals had conflict with Zhang Ye, all of them couldn't match up to Zhang Ye in scolding! This person was well known to have won all of his scolding battles throughout the country!

The conflict was getting more complicated now!

The professors from the Chinese mathematics world were all raging by now, barely able to hold in their anger anymore!

Xin Ya felt that this could not go on anymore as it would do nobody any good. They will only become the laughing stock to the Americans. Seeing how Louis and David were looking at them, Xin Ya knew what they were thinking. So, she made a pass to to Wu Zeqing as she knew clearly that the only person who would be able to control Zhang Ye was her. She needed Sis Wu's help to control the situation, to make her boyfriend shut up.

Privately, Zhang Ye was her boyfriend.

Publicly, Zhang Ye was a teacher at Peking University.

Now that Zhang Ye had created such a mess, private or publicly, Wu Zeqing had to be responsible for it. Moreover, within this group of people now, only Wu Zeqing had the level and rank to do anything about it.

However, Wu Zeqing was still ignoring her and remained unmoved, looking very calm as though it wasn't a big deal. She did not seem like she had any intention of stopping Zhang Ye at all.

Xin Ya was already clenching her teeth in frustration and getting quite angry!

This Old Wu!

She's totally given up loyalty now that she's in love!

With a boyfriend now, she has totally abandoned a childhood friend like me!

Over there, Dean Wang said to Zhang Ye, "That's enough. This is the International Math Olympiad, not your house. Don't affect other people just because you want to say something!"

Han Henian said loudly to Huang Lingling and the other kids, "What are you all still standing there for, come back here."

The young mathematician from before was also very hating of Zhang Ye now, seeing how Zhang Ye had spared no effort to scold them. He sarcastically said, "This is not a place that you should appear at. For someone who cheated with a calculator while attempting to solve a quiz that was meant for the park visitors, you don't deserve to say a thing!"

At this moment, Xin Ya interjected, "Alright now, knock it off, everyone!"

The young mathematician quickly said, "Professor Xin, we have to put him in his place. We've been working so hard in our mathematics career and also put in so much effort to groom these children, but what has he done? All he knows is to make sarcastic comments here! I can't let it slide just like this! I can be criticized by anyone else, but not this teacher who even resorted to cheating to win a cellphone! I'm having none of this!"

When Xin Ya heard this, she frowned and said, "He was just joking around earlier." Although Zhang Ye did not hold back on

her just now and they had only known each other for half a day, he was still her childhood friend's boyfriend. Xin Ya still took into consideration about Wu Zeqing's feelings and tried to put up a good word for him. Besides, with so many foreign mathematicians, park visitors and the media around, it would be bad to let everyone know that a teacher from the top rated Peking University had resorted to cheating for a prize! That wouldn't look good on all the parties involved and would only serve to make the current situation worse. Xin Ya might have been angry, but she was still thinking logically.

Han Henian said to Huang Lingling, "Come back now, what are you standing there in a daze for?"

Huang Lingling hesitated a little and looked at the topic board of the American team. She bit her lips and said, "Teacher, I, I....."

Xin Ya said in a consoling manner, "Don't blame yourself anymore. It's not your fault. This isn't a topic that you would be able to solve and it's not only you. This is a topic that no one in the world is able to solve at the moment. Come back over here, we don't blame any of you. What's lost is already lost and we need to learn from this experience. We can come back again next year." Zhang Ye's words might have been very harsh, but when Xin Ya thought about it, she realized that what he said had in fact made a lot of sense.

Huang Lingling lowered her head and said, "I'm sorry, I wasn't good enough."

Huang Leilei and the others also followed her lead and were

ready to go back to their teachers side.

However, at this moment, Zhang Ye opened his mouth and said, "Pick yourself up from where you fell, why wait until next year?"

When Xin Ya heard this, she wanted to pounce on and bite him! Zhang Ye!! You believe that I won't kill you!!? She was rendered so speechless by Zhang Ye that she nearly vomited blood. She could not understand what Old Wu saw in him and why she would find someone like him to be her boyfriend! Weren't you scolding us just now? Scolding us for mistreating the children and pushing the responsibility of losing onto them? Alright, you made sense in saying that, but am I not consoling and encouraging the children now? So? Why are you against that now? Why are you asking them to regain their honor now? You can't even wait for next year? What the heck were you trying to do?

Many of those present at the venue could not understand what was going on.

Both Huang Lingling and Huang Leilei raised their heads to look at Zhang Ye and wondered what he was trying to say.

Zhang Ye had a quick look at Dale's Conjecture on the topic board and smiled to himself, then turned around to Huang Lingling and said, "What's your name?"

"Huang Lingling." She answered quickly.

Zhang Ye pointed at the topic board and asked her, "Do you wish to solve that and regain your honor?"

Huang Lingling was stunned. She nervously grasped her shoulders and said, "Of course... I would like to... but... but...."

"Alright." Zhang Ye put his hand out, "Can you lend me your marker?"

Huang Lingling immediately handed her marker pen over and asked, "Teacher Zhang, what are you going to do? What do you need my marker pen for?"

Zhang Ye did not answer her and just said, "Help Big Bro with a little something, will you?"

"Of course I will!" Huang Lingling agreed without even thinking.

Zhang Ye held the empty board beside the topic board which was reserved for anyone who wanted to attempt it. It was similar to the whiteboards in school and was supported by a frame with caster wheels, "Help me to get a few more of these whiteboards."

Huang Lingling asked, "How many do you need?"

Zhang Ye narrowed his eyes before replying, ".....About fifty of them."

Huang Lingling was a little taken aback, "Ah?"

Huang Leilei was also stunned, "Fifty of those whiteboards?"

"What are you trying to do?" Xin Ya had a bad feeling about it. She felt that he would be doing something really crazy is this time!

Zhang Ye looked at her and simply said, "I'll do what needs to be done."

Huang Lingling bit her lips nervously, "Alright, I will get them for you." As soon as she said that, she ran off over to the United Kingdom team and spoke in jittery English to their young participants. Finally, with a "thanks!" in English, she managed to get several whiteboards from them and went back to Zhang Ye.

When Huang Leilei and the other Chinese team youths saw this, they followed suit.

The park visitors were getting more and more curious as to what was happening.

"What's going on?"

"Why does Zhang Ye need so many whiteboards for?"

The number of whiteboards being pushed over made a lot of noise with the caster wheels rolling over the uneven ground.

The members of the media did not know what was going on, all they did was continue to take as many photographs as they could!

The Chinese mathematicians, including Wang Yiming and Han Henian, also looked over!

The mathematicians from the United Kingdom and French teams slowly gathered around as well!

Louis and David from the American team raised their heads, frowning and staring at Zhang Ye!

Do you know how much you can write on a whiteboard? These were similar to the whiteboards they had in schools, but asking for fifty of them? Disregarding anything else, just this scene's magnificence was already too great. Almost all of the whiteboards made available for this event alone had been pushed over and a sea of white enveloped Zhang Ye!

Huang Lingling was panting after pushing the last one over, "Teacher Zhang, I've gathered all of them for you!"

Huang Leilei and the other children were also wiping sweat off their foreheads.

"Thank you." Zhang Ye patted her on the head, "What you've lost earlier, I will help you gain it back. Come, grab a chair and sit beside me. Let Big Bro show you how to teach the foreigners a

lesson."

"Ah?"

"This is....."

"Could it be....."

Then, under the eye-popping gaze of the park visitors, foreigners and those Chinese mathematicians, he untwisted the cap off the marker pen and pulled a whiteboard over, and even relaxingly yawned, and then without a thought he put the tip of the marker pen onto the surface of the whiteboard and began writing!

Only at this time did everyone finally understand!

F**k!

This bast**d intended to attempt to solve this problem?!

He was going to demonstrate proof of a conjecture that no one else in this world was able to??

Chapter 520: A Shocking Hypothesis!

On Weibo.

The live updates of pictures and commentary posts from Summer Palace Park suddenly stopped at this moment and it stayed quiet for a few seconds. Then, a Weibo video streamed live from the venue by a netizen suddenly exploded with views!

"F**k that shit!"

"Teacher Zhang must be going crazy!"

"Heavens! Teacher Zhang is going to attempt to do math?"

Many netizens were posting on the live video's comment section with unintelligible comments.

As most of them were not at the event, they did not understand the exact situation and quickly asked for updates.

"What's the matter?"

"Quick, someone explain what's going on!"

"I'm so anxious right now, what is Zhang Ye up to this time?"

Many of Zhang Ye's old friends also found out about the live stream and tuned in as well.

Yao Jiancai posted a comment: "I'm late? Is something big happening again?"

Peking University Chinese department's Su Na: "What do you mean by attempting a math problem?"

Following that, a newly registered Weibo account named "Zhang Ye's Mother" also posted, but as the person did not seem to be too well versed with technology, a string of random characters appeared: "#53\$." The owner of the account was, as it claimed, Zhang Ye's mother. She had also kept pace with technology and learned about getting online with Weibo, joining in to get the latest updates about her son.

Pa! A photo of the venue and happenings was posted. Zhang Ye was sitting in front of a whiteboard with his left hand placed in his pocket and his right hand holding a marker pen. He was writing some numbers and formulas on the whiteboard, which was not understood by the common layman. Beside him were some Americans whose faces were in a shock and another whiteboard that was filled with writings. The Chinese mathematicians, like Han Henian, also appeared near the boundary of the photo and like the Americans, his face was full of shock too!

What was the atmosphere at the scene like?

The photo had depicted it clearly!

The netizens could even feel the excitement and shock like they were there as their hearts started pounding heavily!

"Say something!"

"What on earth is going on?"

"What is Zhang Ye doing?"

"What kind of math question is that? And why are the mathematicians all looking with faces like that? Why are their eyes like that? What are they looking at?"

"People who are at the scene! Please do a live stream!"

Before anyone who was present at the event itself could reply, a netizen suddenly exclaimed and asked, "That whiteboard at the side, could it be Dale's Conjecture? I can't be wrong! It definitely has to be! The Americans must have once used Dale's Conjecture as the topic for this year's International Math Olympiad's after-event once again!"

"What's Dale's Conjecture?"

"Is it a very difficult problem? It sounds a little familiar."

"What do you mean 'sounds a little familiar'? This is an

unprovable conjecture in the world of Mathematics! It's one of the top 10 math problems in the world!"

The reputation and name of Dale's Conjecture should have been known by many, even outside of the Mathematics world.

Then, someone who was present at the event clarified with a post: "Yes, Teacher Zhang is going to.....attempt to solve the problem! He wants to regain the reputation for the Chinese on behalf of the children!"

"Ah?"

"Attempting to solve?"

"Solve Dale's Conjecture?"

"Holy sh*t!"

The netizens expressed their disbelief one by one!

.....

At the venue.

The crowds were also reacting in the exact same way as the netizens did!

Han Henian nearly fainted. Did Zhang Ye skip breakfast this morning and arrive here with a rusty brain?

The most experienced mathematician, the old professor was shaking his head so much that he was already feeling dizzy. This Zhang Ye was too overconfident! He would disgrace himself in front of all these people!

The children had already disgraced us!

And now, you would also do the same?

Could you even begin to understand or not? Don't you know what Dale's Conjecture stood for? Don't you understand what Dale's Conjecture meant to the mathematics world? It was a wall! it was a barrier and it had not been crossed by anyone in the last few decades! Did you think it was just simple arithmetic like one plus one? Did you think this was a head of cabbage? A cabbage that could be plucked if you just used your hands? For anyone to even dare attempt to solve Dale's Conjecture or had an idea on how to do it, there were only a handful of them. These people were the mathematicians at the pinnacle of the mathematics world and only they would dare to approach it in this manner. For others like the Chinese mathematics professors or teachers, they did not even dare to dream about solving Dale's Conjecture! That's because they knew where they stood and they knew their own abilities very well!

But you're now attempting to solve it?

How big are those balls of yours!

You're really a fearless one!

Although Xin Ya had an inkling of Zhang Ye stirring up something big, she had not expect it to be what was unfolding before her eyes now. She was so speechless that she couldn't even form an opinion on it. The only thing that she wanted to do now was to turn to her childhood friend to advise her to break up with this person immediately! This person was too damn undependable! Just in one day, in the past hour, how much trouble has this boyfriend of yours stirred up? From cheating to win a cellphone, to scolding the mathematics world, and now he's even shamelessly attempting to solve a conjecture that has the whole mathematics world stifled?

Just what kind of level of difficulty was Dale's Conjecture perceived to be?

If you asked any industry insider to choose their top ten most difficult math problems, then Dale's Conjecture would definitely be on the list and it would definitely be in the top half of it! And no one would object to that! This was a publicly acknowledge constant in the mathematics world -- also known as Dale's Conjecture!

And you?

Which rock did you spring out from?

You're just a celebrity from the entertainment circle, a learner of literature, a teacher who teaches in the Chinese department. From head to toe, all you reek of is the liberal arts, so why the heck were you trying to step into the field of mathematics? And you're even headed straight at Dale's Conjecture?

There was a collective silence in the Chinese mathematics world:
"....."

After understanding from their translators, those foreigner mathematicians also looked dumbfoundedly over at the Chinese youth holding the marker, standing in front of a whiteboard. They could not understand why all of the Chinese people had such silly bravados. First, it was the children, now, it was followed by an adult?

The park visitors observing were already in a chatter of discussion.

"Does Teacher Zhang know Mathematics?"

"What can he possibly know!?"

"Didn't someone just say that Teacher Zhang used a calculator just to do a five-figure multiplication problem? How would he know anything then!"

"There's nothing to critique about Teacher Zhang's literary

talents. He has to be the top in that field within the entire country. Everyone would be convinced by that argument, but Math.....F**k! I don't even know what to say anymore! This has to be the most courageous display of guts ever!"

Everyone was too shocked by this silly bravery of Zhang Ye to notice what he was writing on the whiteboard. They were all constrained by their bias and had already pre-judged that he wasn't the real deal. How could a celebrity solve a mathematical conjecture? Wouldn't it be an international joke if he did?!

Louis had a look of contempt on his face.

The American mathematician, David, also laughed mockingly, "If Dale's Conjecture could be so easily proven, then Dale's Conjecture wouldn't be known as Dale's Conjecture in the first place!"

Although he spoke in English and Zhang Ye's standard of English wasn't too good, at the very least, he had a passable level of understanding since he was a proper graduate after all.

Huang Lingling could feel the gaze of everyone on them and was already struggling with the attention now. She wasn't afraid that she would be a disgrace, but that her idol, Teacher Zhang would lose face because of her. Because of this, she said to him, "Teacher Zhang, why don't we, why don't we forget this? This conjecture must be really difficult, so let's....."

Zhang Ye paused his writing momentarily and smiled at her. Then he said in a kindly to her, "Remember my words about not

caring about those who doubt you. When you become successful, they will become the clowns. All you need to do is to do your best and that will be enough. How else do you think Big Bro managed to survive in the entertainment circle until now? If I were to react to everything that they pick on about me, then would I still have time to do my work?"

Huang Lingling affirmatively nodded, "I'll remember that for sure."

"Do you understand what this is?" Zhang Ye pointed at his writings on the whiteboard.

Huang Lingling looked hard at them and shook her head in confusion, "I understood a bit of those calculations but....."

At least she could understand some of the calculations, but Huang Leilei and the other children standing beside couldn't understand any of it.

Zhang Ye did not care about anyone else except for these children right now. He raised the marker once more and continued to write on, then smiled and said, "It's alright if you don't understand it now, all of you are talented enough and will be able to understand it in the future." After saying that, he occasionally pointed out to some of the writings to guide them along, "Do you understand what this conjecture is about?"

Dale's Conjecture was also Fermat's Last Theorem from Zhang Ye's previous world.

It stated that no three positive integers a , b , and c can satisfy the equation $a^n + b^n = c^n$ for any integer value of n greater than 2.

Huang Lingling, Huang Leilei, and the other children nodded lightly, "We understand that. We've heard that many of the great mathematicians from other countries have proven it for many iterations of N ; like when $N=3$ or $N=4$, all of which were validated."

But Zhang Ye said as he laughed, "Then remember what I say now. These mathematicians who have contributed that much to Dale's Conjecture are not really that great, nor are their contributions."

Huang Lingling could only react with an "Ah?"

Her brother was also sweating by now, "What?"

Xin Ya, ".....(?!)"

When the mathematicians and participants around them heard Zhang Ye's snide comments, all of them became so angry that they had to clench their teeth in order to control their temper!

After hearing the translators' explanation of what he said, Louis said coldly, "What are you saying?" As a few of the $N=?$ proofs were researched and completed by the American mathematicians over a long period of time with a huge amount of resources and effort poured in. He was angered by the fact that a young Chinese person

had simply brushed it off as a small contributions.

All of the mathematicians were unable to accept what Zhang Ye had stated!

Han Henian shouted, "You're just a Chinese teacher, what would you know!"

Xin Ya sighed and said, "I have to remind you, Teacher Zhang. Let's not blabber nonsense around here, alright?"

These words of his were really too offensive as every top talent of the global mathematics world had been trying hard to advance the studies of Dale's Conjecture, but a simple brush off from Zhang Ye totally rendered their studies as fruitless!?

Zhang Ye continued not to be bothered by anyone and just guided the children along on his whiteboard, "The solution to most mathematical conjectures usually start off with weakening the conjecture. If you can weaken the conjecture and prove it, then you can advance a little closer towards the original conjecture. This is the process of solving most conjectures, but what many of these mathematicians do not know is that this method does not suit the solving of Dale's Conjecture. Whether it's $N=2$, $N=3$, $N<10$, $N<100$ or $N<1000$, this method of proving would look like it is advancing the study closer to the solution, but in fact, none of them have much meaning at all. Even if they could advance this weakening method a long way ahead, with it, they still wouldn't be able to prove Dale's Conjecture. These people have all been walking down the wrong path the entire time!"

Chapter 521: Zhang Ye The Mathematician!

Walking the wrong path?

The world's mathematicians have all been going down the wrong path?

Huang Lingling secretly bit her tongue thinking that Teacher Zhang was really reckless and brave to say something like this!

All of the other mathematicians had already wanted to beat him up, especially the American team and its youth participants. They had never before seen someone as conceited as this!

Louis couldn't stand to hear anymore of this and said something in English.

The American team translator then explained in Chinese, "Teacher Louis says that he would like to hear how you propose this be solved! If the whole world has been wrong, then do you have the correct way to prove it? We are all ears if you have one!" After translating, even the translator was shaking her head and laughing.

But Zhang Ye immediately responded with two things, "Elliptic curves and modular forms."

Louis, who was ready to rebuke him, was suddenly shocked by what he heard. His eyebrows raised up as he speedily processed

what he just heard and said, "Modular forms?"

Xin Ya was also taken aback.

The park visitors looked doubtfully at each other, not really understanding what was going on.

Although they could not understand what was being said, the other mathematicians could understand. They had really not taken into consideration the possibility of Zhang Ye's thoughts applying to Dale's Conjecture all these years. Or perhaps someone did, but did not make any breakthrough and so nothing came of it. It was totally not the mainstream school of thought in regards to solving this conjecture. Some of these mathematicians were not even familiar with the modularity theorem as the number of mathematicians who specialized in it were rarer than rare!

What did he mean?

Does he know about the modularity theorem?

Xin Ya was in disbelief, but also for the first time, was surprised by Zhang Ye's claims that their analytical process was wrong and his usage of these mathematical terms. These terms were not things that a Chinese department teacher should be able to say and this made her heart beat an extra few times. What the f**k, does this Zhang guy really know math?

Han Henian frowned even more and wondered if this was a

bluff?

The others also felt that Zhang Ye was just boasting and had probably over-boasted this time, but his shocking claims had also invoked everyone's curiosity and they had now turned their eyes onto the writings on the whiteboard.

Zhang Ye did not bother responding to them and just continued writing on.

.....

$$(n+1)^3-3n=n^3+3n^2+1$$

$$(n+1)^3-3n^2=n^3+3n+1$$

$$(n+1)^3-n^3=3n^2+3n+1$$

.....

$$n^3+3n^2+1\neq(n+1)^3$$

$$n^3+3n+1\neq(n+1)^3$$

$$3n^2+3n+1\neq(n+1)^3$$

.....

$$n=1,2,3,4,5$$

$$n^3+3n^2+1=5\neq 1$$

$$n^3+3n+1=5\neq 1$$

$$3n^2+3n+1=7\neq 1$$

.....

The scope of the writings on the first whiteboard covered all sorts of random topics.

Louis had a look at it and shook his head.

Xin Ya also blinked a few times, wondering why Zhang Ye had jumped from one topic to another so drastically? Why did he go straight to the calculations at the back? Where were the calculations in front? Where were the other calculational rules?

Zhang Ye quickly filled the first whiteboard with his writings and then pushed it away. He pulled a new whiteboard over and continued writing without pausing to think at all!

This second whiteboard was different from the first one. It was as though it was a totally separate topic from the first. Zhang Ye had begun producing other theorems and even wrote a corollary!

Many of the mathematicians were marveled by the theorem's constitution, but yet they could not understand what Zhang Ye was doing!

Han Henian said in a stunned manner, "What is this?"

A old Chinese professor said, "Why is he solving the functional equation for?"

A female mathematician from the United Kingdom praised, "The Chinese really have such a concealed talents. Even amongst the park visitors, there's such a great master in mathematics hidden!"

Another French mathematician asked doubtfully, "But what has all of these got to do with Dale's Conjecture? It it totally unrelated, so why is he writing all these reasonings for?"

Before anyone knew it, the number of mathematicians gathered around Zhang Ye was increasing. No one bothered going to another country's display booth to check out their problems anymore. All the focus was on the American team's display booth as they discussed in whispers with each other and occasionally took out pens to verify the equations.

Wu Zeqing was smiling.

The park visitors were fully concentrating on the ongoing.

Up until now, although the layman did not understand what

Zhang Ye was writing and even though the mathematicians knew that he was solving some equations and stating corollaries for reasons unknown to them, none of them could deny that this Peking University Chinese department's teacher really f**king understood Mathematics well!

The Chinese mathematicians were an embarrassed lot!

Especially that young mathematicians that had shouted at and accused Zhang Ye of cheating. His face was burning as though he had been slapped in the face until it was swollen. When he remembered that Zhang Ye had questioned him back about how he thought that he was cheating, the young mathematician froze and just felt like he should leave the venue immediately!

Because this person really did not cheat!

He had really calculated that five-figured multiplication mentally!

Why were they so sure this time? It was needless to say! Why would a person who could just raise his hand and start stating corollaries that no one had even attempted before resort to cheating on a mere multiplication problem?! Even a fool would know that it was impossible! That person could not have resorted to such a low move! Nor would he even need to! Even if the calculation for a five-figured multiplication was complex, it wouldn't pose a problem to a mathematician of this level!

Along the peripheral of the crowd of the park visitors, the female

volunteer, who was in-charge of that five-figured multiplication quiz station, was also staring in disbelief. What was Zhang Ye calculating right now? She could not understand it at all, but observing the gazes of all the other mathematicians, she understood that she had wrongly accused Zhang Ye just now! Even accused him of cheating? And using a calculator at that? Thinking about it, the female volunteer face turned green with shame. She could only lower her head in a bitter smile, knowing how disgraceful she must've been!

Zhang Ye was being disgraceful?

From the looks of it, it was them who were disgraceful!

The park visitors were discussing amongst themselves.

"What is he writing over there?"

"I don't know."

"It all looks very amazing!"

"Damn, Teacher Zhang is actually such a scary person!"

Huang Lingling was feeling terribly excited as she clenched her fists, not even daring to breathe as she stood beside Zhang Ye, afraid that any sound she made might affect Zhang Ye.

Huang Leilei was so shocked that he couldn't move. Teacher Zhang was really amazing!

The second whiteboard was filled up as well.

Twenty minutes later, the third whiteboard was filled with writing as well.

Then after another ten minutes, the fourth whiteboard was filled with theorems.

Zhang Ye had sensationalized his attempt and even managed to make himself look very suave while doing it. Not only was he suave, even his writing was suave. His calligraphy standard was already great to begin with, so the Chinese characters he wrote in the formulas and calculations were very beautiful and artistic. The numbers and alphabets looked good as well. When everyone saw this, they felt like Zhang Ye was painting an artwork, his wrists twisting and turning as they left a stream of writing behind. The words even looked like they were alive and dancing!

The fifth whiteboard....

The sixth whiteboard.....

The seventh whiteboard.....

As time passed, the confusion in the eyes of many of the mathematicians deepened. They still could not understand what

Zhang Ye was doing. Didn't he say that he wanted to use modular forms? Where the heck were the modular forms then? Why have they still not appeared?! Furthermore, none of these proofs that you wrote had anything to do with Dale's Conjecture! All 7 whiteboards had corollaries stated on them, but how did they matter in regards to this topic?!

Xin Ya had already walked up to Wu Zeqing's side and whispered to her, "Sis Wu, what is he....."

Wu Zeqing did not wait for her to finish and just shook her head laughing, "I don't know either."

"His mathematics standard is at such a high level, how could you not know?!" Xin Ya felt cheated. She drew a deep breath and said, "You see those formulas he is working on right now? Even if I had a day's time, I would not be able to solve them, but look at him! It's only been about an hour? There aren't many people in this world that can do something like that!"

Wu Zeqing smiled, "I really didn't know that he knows things like this."

Wang Yiming suddenly asked, "Do you all think.....that he could really be able to prove Dale's Conjecture?"

"Surely not." Han Henian was also discussing the matter with them, "Those formulas have no basis in the conjecture. Even though I'd have admit that his calculation methods are very high level or even world class, I do not believe that they have anything

to do with Dale's Conjecture. We did not even see the modular theorem that he talked about at the beginning!"

This was also on the minds on all the mathematicians present at the event. What were you doing? Were you really intending to prove the conjecture, or were you just using the chance to show off your math skills!

The shock at the beginning was slowly turning back to calm.

The mathematicians from the American team were all laughing in disappointment. They felt that even though this person seemed to be very skilled in math, his bragging had done him in. All those functions and related calculations would not be able to prove Dale's Conjecture. From the beginning, it was a giant waste of time!

An old Korean mathematician said, "He's out of steam."

"Yes, it's too messy." A Japanese mathematician in his thirties said.

Another Japanese mathematician said, "He's probably already confused by his own writings by now, what is he doing?"

"How can a single person handle such a great deal of calculation by himself. At the very least, he would need a team of mathematicians working tirelessly with him together. Having reached this part of the calculations, it would seem like it has

already gotten too messy." said a German mathematician while shaking his head.

.....

Messy?

Hur Hur.

When Zhang Ye heard that, he just smiled and continued to write on. With a hand in his pocket, he acted as though as he was busily calculating formulas that they could not understand. Each and everyone of his formulas were labeled with the marks (1), (2), (3) and that made everything look even messier, but Zhang Ye had his own ideas and continued to put on a serious face as he wrote on. Dale's Conjecture? This was in fact Fermat's Last Theorem! Regarding any other matter, Zhang Ye might not dare to claim so, but when it came to Fermat's Last Theorem, Zhang Ye knew that he was the only person who understood it the most in this world!

Suddenly, when he was writing on the ninth whiteboard, Zhang Ye took a deep breath and loosen his wrist with a few shakes. Then, he raised the marker once more and drew a diagram which immediately started a heated debate behind him.

"Hey!" Xin Ya focused onto the newly drawn diagram.

Wang Yiming said, "The elliptic curve has appeared!"

Han Henian asked, "Professor Wang, how is he going to calculate this?"

Wang Yiming shook his head as he looked on, "Hmm? Why is he going about it in this way? If it's done this way, the logic would be flawed. Without a relevant formula, this elliptic curve should not be valid!"

A female mathematician from the United Kingdom couldn't bear to watch any further, "NO! That can't be established!"

Louis and David from the American team looked on disapprovingly, knowing that this Chinese youth had hit a wall and would be unable to write on any further!

Huang Lingling was getting anxious, as she could sense from the expressions of all the mathematicians present that something bad had happened. She said nervously, "Teacher....Teacher Zhang...."

Everyone knew that Zhang Ye had already tried his best and would no longer be able to carry on from here!

Zhang Ye also stopped writing at this moment and then walked confidently for more than 10 meters to the second whiteboard where he made a mark to label it. Then he went back to the latest whiteboard where he drew the elliptic curve diagram on and also made a mark on it with '(1)'. Next, he took the second whiteboard, that no one thought there was a use for and was filled with formulas labeled as (1). With a few additional writings now and some complex computation, an impossible question earlier had

now been established!

Countless of people were shocked by this scene unfolding before them!

Xin Ya was so taken aback that she said in a dumbfounded manner, "What?"

Then Zhang Ye wrote a few more statements that required establishment, which he labeled again and then pulled over the third whiteboard, which the establishment was already written on. He labeled it as (2) and then turned his attention to the fourth, fifth and sixth whiteboards where two algorithmic conclusions and formula conclusions were labeled as (3) and (4). He pulled those whiteboards over and added it to the rest to unify the whole function!

The conclusion had been reached!

The verification was also completed. Passed!

Wang Yiming was stunned, but managed to exclaim, "It's established!"

Han Henian was in a state of confusion and said, "What the f**k! It could even be done this way?!"

Louis and David also stood up in shock!

The faces of the three French mathematicians had a great change, "This...."

The female United Kingdom mathematician eyes nearly popped out of its sockets, "OH! MY! GOD!!!!"

One by one, all of the mathematicians present slowly understood what it was all about. They could only draw cold gasps as they were utterly shocked by this Chinese youth's reasoning! He had really walked down a path that no one else had tried before. And this was using a very peculiar, but clever way to derive the conclusion with! Everyone knew very clearly now that the solution to Dale's Conjecture had advanced by a huge step now!

Not a small step!

But a big, big step!

It was a qualitative leap of advancement!

Chapter 522: All The Mathematicians Were Constantly Feeling Stunned!

At the venue.

Voices of exclamation were heard one after another!

The people who were attending this event today were the top mathematicians of their countries and some were even established and famous veteran mathematicians of the global mathematics world. Having just witnessed this young Chinese mathematician advancing the study of Dale's Conjecture that had stumped the world for several decades sent their hearts fluttering. Several old foreign mathematicians in their 60s-70s, who were following closely Zhang Ye's calculations had cheered like children at every key validation and deductions!

"A quintic function?"

"N value stacking?"

"That's such an important step! This step is way too important!"

"So that's why he wrote down the derivative formula earlier! It was meant for this step!"

"This is the thought process of a genius!"

"This key step in the calculation is really too beautiful!"

"Art, this is truly an unrivaled mathematical art form!"

It was as though the eight-power allied forces had invaded the city again. At the venue, everyone from different countries were speaking in their languages over one another! Zhang Ye's highly artistic writings and that unimaginable math projection had won over a lot of the foreigners of the mathematics world!

Of course, the Chinese mathematicians were feeling the same as well.

Those Chinese mathematicians, who had earlier been opposing Zhang Ye and even had harsh words for him, were in a little bit of a predicament now.

The young mathematician kept quiet.

Han Henian also did not utter another word.

Wang Yiming and Xin Ya looked at each other, knowing that this incident today was going to make the news for sure!

Over there, an old professor wanted to speak, but seemed to hold back as he looked on at Zhang Ye. He had a perplexed expression on his face as he hesitated a little before finally calling out to Wang Yiming saying, "Quick, contact Elder Rong and Professor Qu!" Then he seemingly said to himself or possibly to anyone around

him, "Which of our people are experts at elliptic curve and modular forms? Is it Tsinghua University's Little Sun? No, no, he's still lacking. Who else is there? Aiya, who else is there?" This matter was a very big deal and it was also too astonishing. Not only him, even all the other mathematicians were in a state of confusion right now.

A middle-aged professor with a thin face reminded everyone, "Fellow Wan of the Chinese Academy of Sciences might be....."

"Right! Fellow Wan is the authority figure in this regard! Quickly find him!" The old professor smacked his forehead when he thought of this and added, "Invite all the experts from the related fields of study!"

Wang Yiming immediately acknowledged, "Understood!"

Xin Ya also went to make some calls to gather more resources to handle this matter.

.....

"Hello, Professor Qu!"

"Oh, it's Little Wang? I've something to attend to over here, let's talk again another time."

"Professor Qu, don't hang up on me first. Could you make a trip to Summer Palace Park?"

"I'm in the lab now and can't get away at the moment, but why Summer Palace Park? Are you talking about the International Math Olympiad? What's so urgent that you need me there for? Let's talk again tonight."

"This can't wait for tonight. The American team has brought out Dale's Conjecture as their question again this year and someone is currently attempting to solve it. A portion of it has already been proven and advanced the study of Dale's Conjecture by a huge step. We need your help to verify if everything is valid!"

"What did you say?!"

"It's true, we're also contacting Fellow Wan and Elder Rong as we speak."

"Who is attempting to solve it? Which country's mathematician?"

"It's....It's our country!"

"Hahahaha! Fine! Fine! Fine! I'll be right there!"

"We'll count on you then!"

.....

"Hello."

"Hello, who are you looking for?"

"Is Elder Rong there? This is Xin Ya."

"Oh, so it's Professor Xin. My grandpa is having a meeting with a friend right now. Do you want to leave a message? I'll pass the message for you? Or I could get grandpa to call you back later?"

"The matter is very urgent and requires his immediate attention. Could you let Elder Rong know that someone at the International Math Olympiad is currently solving Dale's Conjecture and we believe he is 20% done!"

"Ah? Dale's Conjecture?"

"Yes, we would like to invite Elder Rong to come help to verify as this requires a huge amount of validation work."

"Wait a moment, Professor Xin. I will immediately inform grandpa!"

After a few minutes.

"Hello, Little Xin."

"Elder Rong, I'm sorry to interrupt your meeting!"

"It's fine. I've heard about it from my grandson. I just want to ask one question right now. The person who is attempting to solve Dale's Conjecture... from which country does that person come from? Is it a foreigner or one of our own?"

"He's one of us!"

"Alright! That's great! Just wait for me then! Hahahaha!"

"With you coming to join us, we'll be much better!"

.....

One call.

Five calls.

Ten calls.

The Chinese team was suddenly dealing with a lot of calls, some incoming and some outgoing. Not only did they contact the authority figures and experts, they even contacted several mathematics organizations requesting for professional support from them. Although some of them could understand Zhang Ye's calculations and projections, and even felt that it was possible to work out as written, but math was, after all, based on rigorous verification and had no room for errors. They definitely needed

support to be able to test this proof and so teamwork was the most important thing now.

Besides, mathematics also branched out to many fields of study.

There were people who researched linear algebra, some who focused on functions with no closed forms, etc. Although at their level, every mathematician still knew a bit beyond their main research field. They were even proficient in other topics, however, there was a very great difference between being proficient and being authoritative. Very few people were all-rounded in the world of mathematics. There was always an inclination. For example, many singers would professionally sing love songs. If you were to ask them to sing rock, they could sing it, and would definitely be better than non-professional singers. However, they were not professional rock singers, so their abilities would definitely be slightly discounted. This was the same rationale in the mathematics field. Naturally, when handling the calculations for an important question like Dale's Conjecture, they would have to get help from proper authority figures from the respective fields.

The foreign mathematicians were reacting the same way too. Many of them made calls back home and contacted their friends or fellow mathematicians. Some of them were just informing them of the happenings over here while others, who could not understand some of the equations, had called home to discuss with them.

"\$%^&"

"^&*)(*&^%..\$!"

It was a mixture of many foreign languages as the atmosphere seemed to be that of a United Nations Conference!

Finally, even Louis from the American team, who had been staring at the whiteboards for more than 10 minutes, had to draw a deep breath before taking out his cellphone to make a call. He had reached out to an old friend back in the United States, "Smith, it's me. You have to be prepared for what I'm going to tell you. Dale's Conjecture.....might have an important breakthrough today!"

He did not use confirmed terms because the verification of the proof had not even begun yet, and so whether or not this breakthrough could stand up to scrutiny was still left to be seen, but in any case, from his experience and deductions, he thought that the proof offered was probably 80-90% correct, but who knew if there might be any surprises?

He still found it quite unbelievable. As a mathematician, he knew clearly that there wasn't any theorem that would forever remain a mystery. A serious conjecture would eventually be rigorously validated. The theorem would either be proven true or false, be it just a matter of time or that the person that could crack it had yet to appear, but now, such a young man from China had made such a major breakthrough with Dale's Conjecture was something he found hard to accept. A number of people in America had been specially studying the conjecture, and he believed that America was far ahead of other countries when it came to the research of Dale's Conjecture. The conjecture itself was proposed by an American, but now, the truth before his eyes slammed his sense of superiority with a stick.

.....

The development of the situation was really quick.

From ridicule and laughter at the start, it had become a sense of shock and amazement. In just a short hour, how did Zhang Ye's whiteboards stir up such a great reaction? This was because of the fact that Zhang Ye had not taken the path that past mathematicians of this world had gone down in regards to solving Dale's Conjecture. He opened up another way and suggested his own direction of reasoning to simplify Dale's Conjecture into another kind of theorem!

The conjecture went like this:

If p was a finite value, while E was an elliptic curve in \mathbb{Q} (all rational numbers), reducing the coefficients modulo p , except for a finite number of primes p , there would N_p elements in the finite field extensions of \mathbb{F}_p . $N_p = p - a_p$ This was an important invariant of the elliptic curve, E . Every modular form would produce a sequence. A subsequence and each modularity form that formed a similar sequence as a modular form

Looking at it, it was hard to tell if this had anything to do with Dale's Conjecture, but in fact, after Zhang Ye wrote out his analysis and used it in his calculations, everyone was stunned by its discovery. A special case of this conjecture was — the situation with semistable elliptic curves was directly related to Dale's Conjecture. Correspondingly, any solution to Dale's equation could

be used to generate a semistable elliptic curve that was not modular, and so it could be said that as long as this was proven, as long as the special case of this conjecture that Zhang Ye had suggested could be proven, then Dale's Conjecture proof would be at least 80-90% established!

Even if it wasn't fully proven, just with what Zhang Ye had proposed and the ideas that he had provided were enough to stir up the mathematical community; hence, all the mathematicians were extremely shocked.

This was the crowning touch!

It could be said that it was a divine crowning touch!

And this touch was drawn by Zhang Ye. To prove Dale's Conjecture, he had opened a brand new door for the entire world. This contribution was humongous!

However, Zhang Ye did not seem to be satisfied with this.

Shua, shua, shua. Zhang Ye was completely unaffected by others talking on their phones or exclaiming. He wheeled over a brand new whiteboard and continued writing.

A young French contestant gaped and said, "He's still writing?"

A young British female contestant said, "It can still be calculated further?"

On the American side, a youth exclaimed, "Does...Does he not need to think? Why doesn't he stop at all? He...he is calculating too quickly!"

There was no pause at all!

No signs of him even thinking!

Zhang Ye was just moving his pen quickly. After he simplified Dale's Conjecture, he was still constantly attacking the problem, constantly approaching the proof for Dale's Conjecture!

"Eh, this formula!"

All the mathematicians were stunned!

"Ah, this is..."

All the mathematicians were stunned once again!

"The third modular form?"

All the mathematicians were stunned a third time!

"He mentally calculated an equation at the eleventh order?"

All the mathematicians...were constantly feeling stunned!

Looking at the Chinese youth's back, all the mathematicians present had a stunned idea rise up in their hearts—Holy shit, surely this person isn't solving Dale's Conjecture in one fell swoop?

Chapter 523: An All Directional Shockwave!

Noon.

The ninth whiteboard....

The tenth whiteboard.....

Fourteen whiteboards had already been filled to the brim.

The reporters were making urgent phone calls back to their headquarters.

"Quick! Something has happened!"

"What's the matter?"

"I can't explain, just get more manpower over here and bring along the equipment too. Remember to reserve the afternoon newspaper headlines for me as well!"

"Ah? Headlines?"

"Right!"

"But the headline has already been planned and confirmed this morning. It's been reserved for Jiaqi's extramarital affair news, are

you sure you have a bigger and more important headline than that?"

"Yes, I'm very sure! Jiaqi's extramarital affair is nothing compared to this! Even if it's a headline about her committing suicide, I would have to ask for it to be pushed back! An explosive event has just happened over at my side! It involves the honor of our country!"

"Alright then, I understand! We will transfer some manpower over to your site now!"

"Hurry up, I will update you when you're all on the way here!"

In front.

Zhang Ye was still busy writing calculations for the proof.

Behind him, mathematicians from the different countries had gathered and were following suit in writing and doing the calculations. They were all busy verifying the formulas and calculations on the board and some people gave up after a short time, while others who were determined not to give up, threw in the towel one by one after a while!

Why?

Because they could not keep the pace at which everything was being written!

They totally could not catch up at all!

A female mathematician from the United Kingdom and two other male French mathematicians were the leading experts in one of the equations proposed by Zhang Ye. The three of them gathered together and followed Zhang Ye's pace to verify the equation, but they found out that even though they did not need to think much while calculating it, nor needed to do it in the sequence that Zhang Ye was going through, they still could not keep up. While verifying this equation for a few minutes, Zhang Ye had already moved on to the third equation's calculation and onto the next whiteboard!

This guy was a beast!

Did you eat a rocket or something!?

The mathematicians were once again aghast by what they saw. Just as the foreign youth participants had said, this speed of calculation was far too crazy. You don't even need to draft your calculations? You are even doing such a large equation mentally? It doesn't even seem like there's any hesitation on your part? So many of us mathematicians are doing the calculations alongside with you, yet none of us can keep up? You've already calculated the rest of the equations when we had just finished the first one? We are even slower than you who has to calculate, think, and collate the results??

Some of them had already given up.

A minority of them were still following the derivatives slowly. If they could not follow Zhang Ye's speed, then they could just continue validating the earlier equations slowly.

Time was ticking away.

A lot of the park visitors had found spots to sit down at and were getting lunch and drinks.

The reporters were also taking turns to take a rest, while the camera operators from the television stations were continuing to record the event. They were eating and drinking so that they could continue covering the event with energy.

Zhang Ye was feeling tired as well, since he wasn't made of steel. With his stomach growling, he continued writing while putting a hand over his belly.

Huang Lingling who had been observing Zhang Ye beside him all this while asked with concern, "Teacher Zhang, are you getting hungry?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Yes, a little."

Huang Lingling immediately said, "Then you should go get something to eat."

The crowd was a little surprised. Hungry? Oh yes, he has already been writing for almost the entire morning now!

"Eat something?" Zhang Ye pouted and then looked behind him. Wow, when had such a big crowd gathered behind!

Xin Ya took the initiative and came over when she heard, "I've got some bread here. Make do with it for now." Then she took out a piece bread from her bag and gave it to Zhang Ye. At this key point in time, the Chinese mathematicians and her were all wishing for Zhang Ye not to stop his work. Sometimes, mathematics was a subject that required a moment of brilliance and inspiration and if his thoughts were to come to a sudden stop while having lunch, it would be a terrible thing to happen. Although Xin Ya had been criticized by Zhang Ye earlier, when it came to a matter of national honor and glory in the mathematics world, she was still pretty much level headed not to allow her personal feelings get in the way. Without a doubt, they were all fully supportive of Zhang Ye's attempt to solve this problem!

Zhang Ye looked at the bread offered to him and replied repulsively, "I don't like ketchup flavored bread."

Xin Ya nearly had to be held back from laying her fists on him, "....."

Zhang Ye blinked and asked, "Do you have chocolate flavored ones?"

Xin Ya was already getting impatient about the possibility of the conjecture being solved. At this time, how could you still be so choosy?

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "I'll be alright with melon flavor bread too."

The young mathematician who had clashed with Zhang Ye earlier hesitated for a moment before helplessly taking out a box of vanilla and chocolate cakes. As most people knew that the event today would take almost a day and food wasn't easily available in Summer Palace Park, some of them had prepared their own food. He held the box of cakes out to Zhang Ye and said, "Would these mini chocolate cakes be alright?"

Zhang Ye again asked in an unsatisfied manner, "That's kinda little."

A dark expression appeared on the young mathematician's face, "....."

"I'll make do and eat it." Zhang Ye took the cakes out of the box and gobbled down the contents into his stomach in just a few mouthfuls. With his eyes still focused on the young mathematician's bag, he seemed to be aiming for the carton of milk in his bag. He did not open his mouth or say a word, but just intensely looking at the milk carton.

The young mathematician once again experienced the unlikeable side of Zhang Ye's character and reluctantly took out the milk to pass to him. He was actually feeling very hungry and thirsty right now as well.

Zhang Ye didn't even appear to stand on ceremony, as he grabbed it over and drank directly from it, "Thank you, my friends."

The young mathematician thought to himself just whose friend does he think he is!?

As he ate and drank, some of the mathematicians were also feeling hungry and they began to have their food as well.

Then, the old professor who had a clash of words with Zhang Ye earlier, unwrapped a rice dumpling stuffed with red dates and was about to eat it when Zhang Ye's focus shifted over to it. He continued drinking the milk and looking at the dumpling, but not saying a word.

The old professor nearly fainted from frustration. How dare you lay eyes on my rice dumpling!

Zhang Ye continued looking.

Zhang Ye was the focus of everyone right now and when everyone saw him looking at something, whether it was the park visitors or the mathematician's in the yard, along with the reporters, everyone's focus turned to the old professor and the rice dumpling in his hand. The atmosphere of the entire place was at its most awkward!

The old professor almost vomited blood as a few hundred pairs of eyes were all focused on his rice dumpling. It was made even more

awkward by the silence as no one made a sound. Such an awkward situation was indescribable and only those present would understand just how weird it was! The old professor was left with no choice as he took out two dumplings and passed them to his disciple beside him, "Give...give these to Teacher Zhang." Although he was a little angry, but considering the overall situation and Zhang Ye's frightening math abilities, the old professor even could not help but address him as Teacher Zhang when referring to him.

Zhang Ye waved his hand and said, "Thanks!"

Xin Ya glanced sideways at him and said, "If there's anything you need, just ask. We'll help you get it done."

Zhang Ye nodded and then looked over at Wu Zeqing, "It seems like President Wu hasn't had anything to eat yet either. Well, so do you still have any rice dumplings?"

"Pfft!" Many park visitors nearly spat out their food!

Care about yourself first before you bother yourself with others!

The old professor nearly fainted from this. You're really thick-skinned, aren't you? Even want to use my rice dumpling to gain President Wu's favor?

When the other Chinese mathematicians heard this, they became extremely speechless. They were all thinking that at this critical juncture, you should just quickly continue working on the

problem. Why would you still think about currying favor with your Peking University leader!

Wu Zeqing smiled.

Xin Ya stared at Zhang Ye, "I'll get something to eat for President Wu."

Zhang Ye wanted to remind her that Old Wu preferred food that was lighter in taste, but felt a little embarrassed with all these people around. He just lowered his head to continue eating the two rice dumplings and drinking the milk. Finally, as he was finishing up, he felt very uncomfortable. It wasn't because he hadn't had milk before, but it was still the first time he had so many people staring at him while drinking milk.

Forget it.

This bro should just continue to solve the problem.

Zhang Ye had had his fill and quickly moved back to trying to solve the problem. He had already used up seventeen whiteboards up until now.

.....

Another forty minutes passed.

Suddenly, one of the mathematicians cellphone rang. After answering it, he immediately turned to the person beside him and said, "Elder Rong and Professor Qu have arrived."

Everyone was getting excited!

Wang Yiming suddenly said, "Come, let's go and receive them."

Xin Ya also followed along, "I'm going too."

A bunch of them went over to receive Elder Rong and Professor Qu. These two people were the top mathematicians in the country and were also highly revered veterans in the global mathematics world. Elder Rong had received three international math awards before and even though they weren't top level awards, they weren't low either. Domestically, the number of awards he had received were countless and hard to keep track of. The Americans had invited him over to their shores in the past, but had been rejected by him. He had dedicated all of his life to the advancement of mathematics in China. As for Professor Qu, he was also a giant in the global mathematics world. He had contributed largely to the scientific research of the country and just last year, won the top honors in the domestic scientific community awards. From this alone, his status was evident to everyone else.

In the presence of the two of them, the Chinese mathematicians present, whether they were students or seniors, would definitely have to go receive them.

Not far away, Elder Rong and Professor Qu could be seen walking

towards the venue. They seemed to be very excited by what brought them here!

It wasn't only the two of them who had come. The group with them consisted of two Tsinghua University professors, a deputy director of a certain research facility, and a handful of retired academics. All of them were big names of the community and everyone of them had gathered here after receiving the news over the phone. All of them had expressions of disbelief and surprise as they walked over. If it were another country's mathematician who had made the big advancement in the solving of Dale's Conjecture, they would definitely be impressed and admire the person's contributions, but probably not be too excited, but from the updates, they had gathered that this person who was attempting to solve it was a Chinese mathematician and so their mood was certainly different!

Well done!

This will be such a source of pride for them!

Elder Rong was an old man of about 70-80 years of age. He had a very healthy body and could climb the stairs without using a walking stick or anyone assisting him. He even looked to be in better shape than the average young person these days. His short white hair made him appear to be in good spirits and when he saw Wang Yiming and the others from afar, he even called out without losing his breath, "Haha, Little Wang!"

Wang Yiming walked a little faster, "Elder Rong."

Elder Rong kept praising, "You're great, you're really great. Dale's Conjecture has been unsolvable for so many decades now and you've finally managed to get a crack at it?"

Wang Yiming was a little taken aback, "Me?"

Elder Rong was stunned, "It's not you?"

They did not really know the details of the ongoing yet and had been discussing the matter on their way over here. Everyone of them seemed to have thought it was one of the teachers leading the team for the International Math Olympiad.

Wang Yiming smiled bitterly, "It's not me."

Professor Qu was a little young, at around sixty years of age. When he heard that, he looked at Xin Ya, "Xin Ya? Could it be you, girl?"

Everyone's focus immediately shifted onto Xin Ya.

Xin Ya nervously said, "It's not me, I don't have that kind of ability."

Behind them, a deputy director of a research facility asked curiously, "Then who is it? Professor Zhou? Or could it be Professor Wu? I don't remember the two of them to be specializing

in mathematical theories?"

Professor Qu asked, "So which one of our country's mathematician is it?"

This was the question on everyone's minds. Which one of their colleagues was so great?

Han Henian stood there and did not say a word as he was still still a junior.

Wang Yiming did not know how to explain it, "I, sigh, everyone...you'll know when you see."

Elder Rong said curiously, "Heh, look at all of you beating around the bush. Can't you just tell say the name? I don't dare to claim this for other communities, but in the world of mathematics and those mathematicians who have made even a slight name for themselves, who do I not know?"

Xin Ya helplessly smiled, "You wouldn't this person for sure."

"I wouldn't know?" Elder Rong said disbelievingly.

Before they knew it, they had already reached the yard area.

The group of mathematicians that had just arrived were immediately attracted by the large crowd present. They could not

see the person whom they wanted to see, as the crowd was blocking their view, but they could see more than a dozen whiteboards that were laid beside them. When they noticed the equations written on it, their eyes lit up like a cat seeing a mouse. All of them stood still and looked at the whiteboards with full concentration!

Suddenly, Elder Rong exclaimed, "Wonderful! It's too wonderful!"

Professor Qu took a quick look and understood the author's idea to solve the problem, then suddenly applauded and exclaimed, "What a great use of the modularity theorem! For someone to be able to simplify it to such terms, he must be a great genius! If this special case of the modular theorem could be proven, then Dale's Conjecture would have been solved by a great bit! I was still wondering why you all were so anxious to bring us down over here! So there really was someone who had advanced Dale's Conjecture to such a level??"

An old professor from Tsinghua University laughed heartily, "Our country is going to be famous in the global mathematics world this time! Just this simplification method alone would have been worth all the effort!"

Elder Rong hastily made his way into the middle asking, "Who could it be? If it's not any of you here? When did such a high level mathematician appear in our Chinese mathematics world?"

The others followed along, eager to see the person at the center of all these equations.

They got nearer and nearer!

Squeezing past the crowd and finally reaching!

When they saw the side of his face, a lot of them became confused.

Professor Qu was taken aback, "He's so young?"

Elder Rong couldn't react in time either as he thought that the person would be about as old as himself and did not expect it to be a young lad instead. Mathematics was different from other fields of studies, as it involved a huge amount of knowledge and involved a lot different topics. This would require a person to continuously learn and absorb new knowledge before they could reach such a pinnacle. A common twenty something year old should not be able to do something like this even if he were a genius as the learning period was too short and amount of knowledge that could be gained would not be enough. That would have severely limited the possibility of such a great achievement. In the mathematics world, it is common to call a mathematician below the age of 40 as young mathematicians and that was internationally accepted by all.

So when they saw that this person was only around 20, they couldn't help but be surprised!

Then, someone said,

"Hey, doesn't that person look a little familiar?"

"Why does he look a little like some celebrity?"

"Right, isn't he from that Brain Gold commercial? What was his name?"

"Is it Zhang Ye?"

"Right, he does look a little like Zhang Ye."

"Not bad at all, this young man is really good. He's only twenty? What a great future he'll have! Which mathematical organization is he from? Or is he still attending university?" Elder Rong asked impatiently, wanting to know everything about this talented young man!

"Come to think of it, that person is beginning to resemble Zhang Ye the more I look at him." Professor Qu said smiling. He was not that old fashioned to not watch television or the news at all.

Amongst the newly arrived group of mathematicians, everyone was discussing fervently.

Wang Yiming coughed and scratched his nose awkwardly, then told them, "It's not that he looks like Zhang Ye but that he is Zhang Ye!"

When he said this, the surrounding air seemed to have froze and everyone was silent for a moment!

"Ah?"

"What did you say?"

"Zhang Ye?"

"Are you saying that those equations and calculations were written and done by a celebrity from the entertainment circle?!"

Wang Yiming nodded.

Xin Ya also laughed derisively at this.

Professor Qu and the others, ".....%^&*())&^%^&(#((#\$!@@@!!!!"

Chapter 524: The Proof, Completed!

More and more people had been alerted about this matter by now.

The venue was already getting overcrowded with people as large numbers of mathematicians, park visitors, and media reporters descended upon the site. Wave after wave, people arrived in droves.

"Where is he?"

"How's the attempt going?"

"Which mathematics master of our country is it?"

"What the f**k! How could it be him?"

"Right, oh my god, how could it be him!"

Every batch of people who did not know about the news and saw the young figure of a person in front of all those whiteboards had the same reaction. Other than disbelief, it was still disbelief. Some mathematicians, who were always holed up by themselves and knew nothing but equations all day long might not be familiar with Zhang Ye, but how could those reporters who were always up to date with the latest news not know about Zhang Ye infamous name? Right now, they did not care about anything else, they were not bothered by why Zhang Ye would know such high

mathematics. All they knew was that the solving of Dale's Conjecture was the most important!

They had already advanced a huge step now!

Could there be another big breakthrough today?

At this time, the last key figure had reached the venue. It was Fellow Wan from the Chinese Academy of Sciences!

"Elder Wan."

"Fellow Wan."

"Teacher, you've arrived!"

The Chinese mathematicians had suddenly gathered together.

Fellow Wan did not care about the who the person attempting to solve the problem was at this moment. He went straight for the point of his visit and began discussing with Elder Rong, Professor Qu and the others in front of the whiteboards, pointing and speaking as mathematicians from each specialization suggested their own analysis on the solving of the problem.

"Are you sure?" Elder Rong asked.

Fellow Wan replied very excitedly, "I'm very sure!"

Professor Qu turned to his side and asked, "Professor Yan, how about the part that you're concerned about?"

The professor also said excitedly, "I've been analyzing this for a very long time now and there's definitely a possibility of it logically speaking. His direction of argument is definitely correct!"

Elder Rong cried out loudly, "Great!"

After having much discussion among the experts, everyone finally seemed convinced. Zhang Ye had not only taken a huge step forward in regards to Dale's Conjecture, he had even managed to prove all of his research was feasible. Although he might not be able to finally solve the conjecture, but at least the direction of study was possible. This meant that this crazily young mathematician was running at full speed towards solving Dale's Conjecture and with each step that he took, he was changing the history of Dale's Conjecture. He had set the wheels in motion regarding this conjecture and that was something to cheer for the people!

Elder Rong sighed and said, "To think that I was able to live to see this day of Dale's Conjecture being solved. I have no regrets anymore."

Wang Yiming quickly said, "Elder Rong, you're still young."

Professor Qu laughed, "If this young man is really able to solve the conjecture and make it into a theorem, it would be the best. Then there would be even less regrets."

"It's easier said than done." a professor said.

Fellow Wan who overheard this said, "If it were to be fully proven, then the global mathematics world should have a feast to celebrate this. By that time, our country's mathematics world would become famous." At this time, Fellow Wan suddenly took notice of that person and asked, "Where did you all find such a young mathematician from? Whose student is he? Why do I find him to be so unfamiliar. I don't think that I've ever seen him before?"

Elder Wan laughed out loud, "Of course you'd find him unfamiliar. That kid has never been one of us mathematicians. Old Wan, I bet that you would never guess what this person does for a living! Hahaha! When the group of us arrived earlier just now, we were stunned to see him too!"

.....

Time was passing by very quickly.

Yes, but it was going very slowly too.

Among those who could understand what Zhang Ye was writing, some were already in a daze. It was like they were under a spell,

uttering to themselves as they stared at the whiteboards. Time passed very quickly for these people as they had already lost sense of time. In fact, since Zhang Ye began his work on solving the conjecture, 5 hours had already passed.

The 28th whiteboard.....

The 29th whiteboard.....

In the blink of an eye, the 30th whiteboard had also been filled to the brim with writings of equations!

Zhang Ye's method of reasoning was also getting clearer and clearer, presented detailedly in front of all the mathematicians and cameras.

He continued attacking by simplifying the conjecture, suggesting a another proposition: Assuming 'Dale's Conjecture' was invalid, and there exists a group of non zero integers A, B, C , such that $A^n + B^n = C^n$. Then using the group to construct elliptic curve of the form, $y^2 = x(x + A^n)(x - B^n)$, it is impossible for it to be a modular curve. If he could provide proof of these 2 propositions, then he would be able to show that Dale's Conjecture could not be established by proof by contradiction and in turn prove Dale's Conjecture.

The proving was progressing rapidly!

The direction of approach was getting stronger!

The Chinese mathematicians could no longer bear it and kept cheering!

"Great!"

"This step was solved with such great excitement!"

"It's another milestone! He's reached another important point in his calculations!"

"This person is really good!"

At this point in time, even those foreign mathematicians were starting to believe that this young Chinese mathematician could really solve Dale's Conjecture. Just the idea alone made everyone's heart beat faster. In such a setting and with such a person, it was turning out to be a really unbelievable situation!

Fellow Wan couldn't sit around any longer, "Let's go, we should not be idling around. Let's start by verifying the equations."

"There isn't enough time, there's such a large amount of calculations to be done...." said a professor.

Elder Rong said, "We don't need to calculate everything. Just do a simple check so that we know everything looks to be in order. If there isn't a big problem in there, it should be fine. The details can

be worked out at a later time!"

The manpower was available and everything was in place. A large number of Chinese mathematicians immediately initiated the process and started verifying each of Zhang Ye's whiteboards. With computing equipments available to them and so many authoritative experts around, the workload that needed to be done could be considered as light.

Seeing the situation, a few foreign mathematicians also volunteered to join the Chinese in the verification process and work with them in light of such a grand moment in the history of mathematics!

They advanced very quickly!

Elder Rong said, "Equation (1) verification, complete!"

A young mathematician said, "Function C's equation is correct!"

One of Fellow Wan's disciples was furiously writing and calculating an equation in his notebook. Without even raising his head, he said, "The logical operation's calculation is reversible, it is valid!"

Xin Ya also joined in, "Passed!"

Han Henian was doing his part with the calculator!

"Valid!"

"Valid!"

The voices rang out one by one.

With every call, everyone became even more excited. When it comes to mathematics, there were some calculations which could be valid, but not necessarily correct. This was also the reason why many conjectures which had been proven still required a large effort and even longer time to be verified. As there might be some hidden mistakes or error which might invalidate a certain equation, the arguments and calculations following it would definitely be invalidated as well. Even if the latter part of the proof were to look perfect, it wouldn't mean a thing if the beginning part of it was wrong. In mathematics, what was important was accuracy and rigorosity. Not a single mistake would be tolerated. This was also the reason why a lot of people were afraid that Zhang Ye had a vulnerability in his proof, as that would invalidate everything he had done so far.

The Chinese were naturally worried about this, worried that Zhang Ye would fail!

Among some of the foreign mathematicians, like Louis and David from the United States, they would probably prefer to see this outcome, hoping that this person would make a mistake.

But what was astonishing was that this person attempting to

solve the conjecture had a brain like a most intricate computer that could handle the calculations in the most precise and accurate manner!

With a larger team of people, the group was speedily catching up to Zhang Ye's progress and calculations.

Suddenly, when another one of the whiteboards was filled, Zhang Ye stopped writing. He looked at the remaining 11 whiteboards and did not move.

"Eh?"

"He's stopped writing?"

"What's the matter?"

"Could it be he has no idea on how to go on anymore?"

"This is where it stops?"

Elder Rong, Fellow Wan, Professor Qu and the others' had a change in their expressions. They seemed like they had a tinge of regret, but they also understood that matters like this could not be forced. What was this conjecture to begin with? It was the great Dale's Conjecture! For this youth to even get to this step was already enough to cause a stir in the mathematics world. They couldn't ask for more than this.

Xin Ya had gotten a little anxious and asked, "Teacher Zhang?"

A female mathematician from the United Kingdom looked admirably and surprisingly at Zhang Ye. She got the translator to help her say to him, "You've already done something that no one else thought possible!"

Some mathematicians were sighing, thinking that this conjecture was really more difficult to prove than they had expected.

There were also some reporters who were busy trying to capture the last shots of this event, knowing that all the excitement was probably coming to an end now.

But at this moment, Zhang Ye said something that left everyone dumbfounded. He patted Huang Lingling on her shoulder and said, "Which one of the remaining whiteboards do you like?"

Huang Lingling just blinked in surprised, "Eh?"

Zhang Ye smiled, "Help Big Bro to choose one."

"Oh, that...that one then." Huang Lingling did not understand his request, but just pointed out to the second whiteboard at the other side anyway.

Zhang Ye nodded and then walked over to bring the whiteboard

back.

Her brother, Huang Leilei subconsciously asked, "What about the other whiteboards?"

Zhang Ye was just starting to write on the blank whiteboard as he uttered, "The others? All of them can be taken away!"

Han Henian asked, "Take them away?"

Wang Yiming was startled, "What do you mean?"

Xin Ya also hurriedly asked, "Teacher Zhang, do you mean...."

The rest of the sentence was meaningless as everyone had already understood. Then, it set off an uproar as the regretful atmosphere earlier once again reignited with a cheer of hope!

Professor Qu was surprised, "It's not because he couldn't calculate any further, but because he had already finished his calculations!?"

At this key moment, Fellow Wan was no longer able to suppress himself as he raised his shaking hands, "It's down to the last board?"

Elder Rong took a deep breath, "He's really gone and done it?"

After the commotion died down, everyone was suddenly quiet again. It was as though everyone present had become frozen. Only the sound of the marker screeching as it left its ink on the whiteboard could be heard!

One minute!

Five minutes!

Ten minutes!

Under the close attention of everyone, Zhang Ye's hand seemed like it was dancing across the whiteboard. A sudden flick of his wrist and an elegant stop. Thereafter, with a few more strokes, he finished writing all that was needed.

And with this, Dale's Theorem was born!

[Q.E.D.](#)

-- by Zhang Ye.

In this exact second, everyone at the event venue broke into a frenzied excitement!!

*QED: Q.E.D. (also written QED) is an initialism of the Latin phrase quod erat demonstrandum, meaning "what was to be demonstrated", or, less formally, "thus it has been demonstrated".

The phrase is traditionally placed in its abbreviated form at the end of a mathematical proof or philosophical argument when the original proposition has been exactly restated as the conclusion of the demonstration.

Chapter 525: A Global Mathematical Conjecture Has Been Proven!

"Heavens!"

"Has it really been fully solved?"

"This is crazy, what the f**k!"

"Why do I feel like crying!?"

"Teacher Zhang is too damn awesome!"

"He actually managed to prove it?!"

Cries, shouts, and screams continuously sounding out!

The people were totally excited by the events. After waiting and standing for so long, they had finally witnessed the moment of a miracle. Other than the excitement in their hearts, they were feeling a mix of emotions. They were not able to understand those math equations, not a word of it, but that didn't mean that they didn't understand just how important this math problem was to the world! The Chinese reporters felt the same. They could no longer control themselves as they recorded this historic moment while excitedly calling out and praising the effort. This was a national honor and a problem that was solved by their fellow countrymen! In the future, who would dare to look down on the

standards of the Chinese in the global mathematics world?

Louis suddenly interrupted, "Wait a moment!"

David also added, "It might not be validated at the end!"

Only then did the fervent celebrations calm down.

In the crowd of park visitors, a woman had heard from a university student who translated their words. She gave a sharp stare at those two Americans and said, "My ass! Everything's written out clearly and concisely already, what's there to prevent it from being validated?"

A male park visitor said, "Right, it will definitely be alright!"

A female park visitor said, "Yes, Teacher Zhang would never be wrong!"

As a citizen of China, they had strong faith and trust in their fellow countrymen to have solved the conjecture.

But as a mathematician of China, they need to uphold the strictness of validation as it was respect towards math and their passion towards science.

Elder Rong instructed, "Make good use of this time to do the verifications!"

Professor Qu also worked his hands tirelessly, rapidly calculating, "Everyone, let's do this! It's already the last bit! We need to validate it with everything we've got!"

Fellow Wan was already feeling short of breath and did not bother to say anything else. He stepped forward to do the verification himself!

When Zhang Ye had finished writing, he just sat at the side looking very tired. Working continuously for the past few hours had left him fatigued and his hands numbed. His feet were also aching badly.

A disciple of a certain mathematician had brought over a stool for him.

Another intern from a math research facility also brought over a bottle of mineral water for him.

Their faces were all in awe and worship, "Teacher Zhang, for you."

"Thank you." Zhang Ye said feeling like he had become an important person.

On the other side, the verification was beginning.

Louis joined in.

David as well!

The foreign mathematicians joined in as well!

By the time they were verifying the final parts of the proof, they had gathered all of the mathematicians present and computing resources to verify the last few steps proposed by Zhang Ye!

The atmosphere and everyone's feelings were too tense!

It was as if everyone's breathing had stopped!

Among the thousand over pairs of watchful eyes, the park visitors did not make a single sound. They could almost hear each other's heartbeats, pu tong, pu tong, pu tong!

Even the reporters did not dare to take any photos, afraid that the sounds of the camera shutters would affect them!

They were just a step away!

Just that last step!

The people's hearts were already in their mouths as the tense mood weighed down on everyone!

Elder Rong asked, "Modularity calculation?"

Han Henian immediately answered, "The first equation has been verified and it's valid!"

Wang Yiming took a little longer to finish calculating before saying, "The third equation is valid as well!"

"The coordinate functions are also valid!" Xin Ya called out.

"The operations are valid!" Professor Qu's disciple also called out.

"The formulas....are all valid!" Professor Wang from Tsinghua University said.

"The perfect power equations are valid!" A mathematics researcher from a research facility said.

"The N-value statistics do not have any errors!" Professor Qu said with a trembling voice.

One after another, every mathematician from the various countries called out a positive answer for their validations of the proof details. They were getting closer and closer to the final step!

Each time it was called out positively, it tugged on the heartstrings of everyone!

"Valid!"

"Passed!"

"No errors!"

"Valid!"

"Valid!"

".....Valid!"

When a mathematics professor announced the final verification, all of the other mathematicians stopped their calculations at the same time and raised their heads in unison!

Fellow Wan's jaw was still trembling before he paused for a moment, and then quivered with excitement in a low voice saying, "Dale's Conjecture.....has been proven!"

It wasn't loud!

But it was full of conviction. The crowd exploded like a roar of thunder in reaction to this announcement!

An old Tsinghua University professor was already in tears, "It's

been cracked! Cracked!"

The two young mathematician standing beside each other turned and embraced, celebrating with loud yells!

A Chinese mathematics researcher threw up a stack of documents into the air like a madman and shouted, "Our country has solved Dale's Conjecture! My God!"

Wang Yiming murmured, "This is truly unbelievable! Unbelievable!"

Xin Ya turned around and looked at her colleagues, "Are we....are we dreaming?"

"It's not a dream!" A female mathematician said with her eyes red, "It's true! This is all true!"

Those who were not from China would not understand these people's feelings right now. Their emotions and pride right now were indescribable!

Suddenly, the female mathematician from the United Kingdom starting clapping! Bba Bba Bba!

Behind her, a group of Italian mathematicians looked over to the Chinese youth and also started clapping enthusiastically!

The applause was getting louder!

A few seconds later, the venue was fill with thunderous applause and cheering!

Louis, David and the others from the American team did not say anything. They just looked at each other and began to applaud Zhang Ye sincerely as well. Although they were a little unaccepting and did not really like him, they were still very impressed and respecting of Zhang Ye's exquisite foundation in mathematics, as well as his genius reasoning ability. This person was worthy of their applause and worthy of the global mathematics world's applause too!

"Too awesome!"

"He's a genius of the mathematics world!"

"A talent not found in a hundred years! Totally unheard of!"

"It's been really eye-opening today!"

Zhang Ye was feeling a little embarrassed by now. He coughed and stood up, waving his hands and saying, "You're all too generous with your praises, too generous. I've shown my incompetency and you've all been too accepting of it."

The female volunteer who had accused Zhang Ye of cheating with a calculator earlier also squeezed to the front to Zhang Ye and

apologized with a blushing face, "Teacher Zhang, I'm very sorry. Before this....I did not recognize Mount Tai even when you were standing right before me. I thought that you had used a calculator to solve the problem, but I was the frog in the well instead!"

Zhang Ye patted her on the shoulder and said, "It's alright, you are willing to admit your mistakes, you're a good comrade."

Xin Ya laughed and said, "I would have to apologize too. When you did the five-figured multiplication, I was not expecting you to know mental calculations. Although that speech "On Horses" was quite difficult to swallow for me, I do admit that a lot of us are not Bo Le, otherwise how would we even not know when a thousand-li horse stands before us?"

A mathematician, who had been very sarcastic towards Zhang Ye at the beginning also apologized, "I'm sorry about before. I judged you before I got to know you."

Zhang Ye laughed and gave a wave of his hands, "It's fine."

They had even mistaken a person who could solve a global math problem by himself to be a cheater who needed to use a calculator to solve a five-figured multiplication sum? From the looks of it now, that must have been the world's greatest joke! When they thought about it, they couldn't help but feel embarrassed, but they also knew that they couldn't be blamed regarding this matter. Who would have even expected that a Chinese department teacher would have such hidden and deep mathematical skills?

The park visitors were also celebrating in joy!

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

"Zhang Ye!"

All of them were cheering Zhang Ye's name!

The reporters were also very excited!

Teacher Zhang had won glory for the country today!

Zhang Ye's image to many of these people had changed by now. In the past, there were a lot of reporters who had been left speechless by Zhang Ye and carried biased opinions about him, but in this second, at this very moment, they all looked at Zhang Ye and thought that this wretched character.....seemed rather cute after all!

To other people, what kind of person was Zhang Ye?

Perhaps you could say that amongst 100 people, there would be 100 different opinions!

Wicked?

A wonder?

Hated?

A rule breaker?

He was an extremely controversial celebrity!

But no matter how many people grinded their teeth when they thought about him, no matter how many had suffered headaches because of him, all of them would have to admit that he was f**king talented. What others could not achieve, he could f**king achieve. A mathematical conjecture that could not be solved by anyone else? He f**king solved it!

This was a historical moment!

A Chinese mathematician had flipped to a new page in the history books of the global mathematics world!

Outside the crowd of people, a group of foreign media reporters had finally arrived. Some were foreign correspondents station in Beijing, while there were also others who happened to be in Beijing to cover some events in Beijing like the Foreign Trade conference. All of them were now flocking to the venue when they found out

what had happened!

"Where is he?"

"Who was the one who solved Dale's Conjecture?"

"Oh God, did someone really solve it?"

The foreign media reporters, who had not been updated of the latest news, were all taken by surprise. Many of them had expressions of disbelief and then a look of shock after they had received confirmation of the news! They looked towards the Chinese youth in the middle of the crowd and were getting extremely curious about him!

A Japanese reporter asked a fellow reporter from China, "What does that person do?"

The Chinese female reporter smiled proudly and told him, "He's a famous program host from China."

Every foreign reporter was asking the same question, but every Chinese reporter gave different answers.

A young reporter said, "He's a teacher from Peking University's Chinese department."

"Who is he? A famous author, of course." A female reporter

answered casually.

"Him? He's a famous poet from China!" A Beihe province television station reporter answered.

"He's a musician, have you heard of 'Woman Flower'? That was composed and written by him!" A middle-aged female reporter from a newspaper said.

"Oh? You're asking about Zhang Ye? He's a crosstalk performer!" A male reporter, who was a fan of crosstalk mentioned.

Pfft!

This was the sound of people vomiting blood!

All of these foreign media reporters were dumbfounded listening to the different introductions of that person. All they could feel right now was one emotion!

F**k!

These Chinese colleagues of ours are too god damn dishonest!

They're all liars! A naked lie!! We're all fellow journalists, so how could you lie to us in such a blatant manner!

But when they came to know about the truth behind all of these 'lies', the foreign reporters finally understood that the person was really not a professional mathematician, nor did his profession have anything to do with mathematics. The Chinese reporters did not lie at all and they were even all speaking the truth!

Host?

Poet?

Author?

Crosstalk performer?

Chinese department teacher?

At this, all of the foreign reporters were stunned!!

They only had one thought — Just how f**king talented could this person be!

Chapter 526: I Find That Thumb Ring To Be Quite Attractive!

The scene was bursting with excitement!

A person who didn't know what was going on might even assume that China's football team had won the World Cup if they saw the situation here.

"Awesome!"

"Zhang Ye, you're too smart!"

"Teacher Zhang, I love you!"

"Zhang Ye, I love you too!"

Some of the younger park visitors were cheering loudly.

The mathematicians were also tickled by what they heard.

All the local and foreign reporters had already rushed up with their recording devices and cameras, sticking their equipment forward and began asking questions.

The yard area was not large and was soon overcrowded with people. Seeing this, Fellow Wan quickly said, "Wait a moment.

Please don't squeeze into this area everyone. Let us have some time, don't squeeze anymore. Please back up a little."

A number of mathematicians had gone to protect whiteboards amidst this as they all carefully ensured that no one could squeeze over and accidentally damage them. They were also afraid that they would accidentally smudge the writings on the whiteboards while protecting them as they knew very well that these writings on all of these boards were worth an immeasurable amount!

Professor Qu found Zhang Ye, "You are Little Zhang, right?"

"That's me." Zhang Ye did not know who he was.

Xin Ya introduced them, "This is Professor Qu, one of the recipients of the highest awards during last year's nationwide scientific community awards. He is also a person of distinction in the mathematics world."

When Zhang Ye heard this, he suddenly realized, OH....he still did not know who he was!

Professor Qu said, "We would like to seek your permission first about those 39 whiteboards that you have written on. Would it be alright for us to keep and manage them for now? We will bring it back to the relevant mathematical organizations to do further validations. In the future, these whiteboards will become our country and our mathematics world's most important and precious items. It would even become an important artifact of the global mathematics world's history and might possibly be put up for

exhibition. If it is well kept, there wouldn't even be any problem keeping it in its original form for several decades to come. As this work was completed by you, we would definitely need your permission to release it to us."

Left as a legacy forever?

Important artifact of mathematics?

Hah! This would be a rather good source of reputation as well, and it even seemed like it would not run out anytime soon!

Zhang Ye was naturally happy to agree, "Sure, just do what you want with it. I have no use for them anymore anyway." Immediately after he said that, a few foreigners had squeezed to stand in front of him.

The first one was the female mathematician from the United Kingdom, "Hi."

"Hi." Zhang Ye replied her.

The female mathematician shook his hand in the courtesy of Chinese traditions, then smiled and said, "My name is Jennifer and I am very happy to know you, Zhang of China."

Zhang Ye could understand English and so, corrected her, "It's Zhang Ye."

The woman followed his pronunciation and said, "....Zhang....Yé (Grandpa)?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Don't stand on such ceremony with me, you're older than me." Of course he said that in Chinese.

The United Kingdom's team translator was left speechless at this and decided not to translate it to the female mathematician. There was also no proper way to explain this to her and the English would probably not understand it anyways.

A middle-aged German mathematician also came to greet him.

Then followed by the French, Japanese and many other mathematicians from different countries.

"Hello, how are you."

"I am Kato."

"I am Pierre. You are welcome to visit France anytime."

"You're welcome to visit Germany for an exchange. We will definitely receive you with our highest form of welcome if you do."

Zhang Ye did not put on any airs and also shook their hands one by one, getting to know each and everyone of them. Because of the

availability of translators, their exchanges were rather smooth as well.

The Chinese mathematicians did not join in on the exchange. There was no need to do so in this setting and there were still many opportunities to get to know Zhang Ye better in the future. A mathematical conjecture had been proven today and would need a rigorous validation process. Only a simple verifications had been done on the spot and the actual process would require more than just a few people. This was also the reason why they still had many chances to contact Zhang Ye from now on. After all, being fellow countrymen, they wouldn't be afraid of him running away.

At the other side.

Fellow Wan was already surrounded by a group of reporters.

"Fellow Wan!"

"I'm with Xinhua News Agency!"

"Now that Dale's Conjecture has been proven, what are you views about it?"

Fellow Wan laughed loudly and high-spiritedly. "I did not expect to see this day while I was still alive. This is a matter that makes one very excited and is also an unbelievable one." He put his hand to his chest and added jokingly, "My heart's still racing and I believe that it's the same for a lot of us here as well. It's such an

honor to have witnessed this today and the pride I have due to the fact that the person who solved this conjecture is a fellow Chinese countryman and is only at 20 something years of age!" Then he looked at Elder Rong.

Elder Rong continued on from his words and said to the reporters, "When we get back, we will set up a special working group to do detailed checks on Teacher Zhang Ye's proof. We will also invite mathematicians from our local organizations, as well as foreign mathematicians, to partake in the validation to speed it up so that we can have a conclusion as soon as possible. This will all be made known to you immediately when it is completed."

In the past, whenever a mathematical conjecture had been proposed and proven, the Chinese mathematics world had always only had the responsibility of sending some of their own mathematicians to fly overseas to take part in the proof's validation process, but this time, Zhang Ye had gained this honor for them and they had become the main leads of this matter!

The other mathematicians also accepted interviews.

Wang Yiming said, "I'm still shaking with excitement!"

Xin Ya said, "Don't ask me, hur hur. I have yet to come back to my senses. It all feels like a dream."

At this moment, the area in front of Zhang Ye had also cleared up. Noticing this, those reporters, who had not managed to squeeze over there earlier ran over as quick as lightning and

surrounded Zhang Ye once more. Some of the reporters, who were still in the middle of interviewing some mathematicians, suddenly stopped, carried their equipment, and ran over to Zhang Ye as well!

"That is why mathematics...." Han Henian was just been riding the high of the event and had accepted an interview when in the blink of an eye, realized his interviewer had abandoned him. He nearly flipped, feeling extremely embarrassed. These reporters were really discriminatory as hell!!

But there was no other way it could have developed. Zhang Ye was the person in the limelight today after all!

"Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

The group of reporters had totally surrounded Zhang Ye and camera flashes were going off continuously. There were also about 20 microphones being pushed towards him and a young female reporter even had to squat behind Zhang Ye, her face almost touching his backside. She even pushed a microphone up through Zhang Ye's armpit in a very awkward manner and rested it on his chest. The reporters were all showing their individual skills and adaptability, contorting themselves to get what they needed. It was really a stunning sight!

Zhang Ye jumped up in shock at this. What a crazy day! What the heck was going on? Having been famous for some time now, he

had never experienced being surrounded by so many reporters. There were even foreign reporters here this time!

A female reporter, who did not managed to squeeze into the crowd shouted from outside, "Teacher Zhang, may we know where you got your mathematics talent from?"

A young male reporter standing in the crowd asked, "Dale's Conjecture had been labeled as a 'did the egg come first or the chicken?' type of question before, citing it as impossible to solve. How did you do it?"

All the mathematicians and park visitors kept quiet when they heard this and looked over at Zhang Ye. They were all too curious about him and wanted to know how he'd answered this question.

The crowd was anticipating his reply.

Zhang Ye cleared his throat and answered, "As long as there's doubt, then it can be solved. Even the question of whether the egg or the chicken came first is solvable."

The reporters were all a little stunned, "You can explain it?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Of course."

A female reporter asked, "So which came first? The chicken or the egg?"

"Of course it was the chicken that came first." Zhang Ye answered without a moment's hesitation.

A middle-aged reporter was not convinced and questioned Zhang Ye again, "Then how did the first chicken come about?"

Zhang Ye still answered without hesitation, "They had to make ends meet."

When everyone heard that, they were unable to process what he meant, but after a moment, they realized what Zhang Ye had just said, countless of Chinese reporters nearly fainted!

A male park visitor, who was just having a sip of water, spat out everything when he heard!

"Hahahaha!"

"Make ends meet?"

"Just what kind of [chicken](#) are you talking about!"

Chickens are also used as a reference to prostitutes in the Chinese language. A running joke in almost every Chinese speaking country when it comes to chicken speciality restaurants, [see if you can get it?](#)

"Pfft! Zhang Ye's mouth was really wicked!"

"Zhang Ye's truly a crosstalk actor! Even performing crosstalk during an interview!"

Many people had been tickled by this and burst out laughing, especially the Chinese mathematicians. Professor Qu, Wang Yiming, and the others were also laughing so hard that their eyes rolled backwards! The foreign reporters were still around, so you should really watch what you said. It's a good thing these foreigners didn't understand!

Zhang Ye added, "Alright then, let's be serious now."

The reporters nearly cried. Your sister! But we've been serious this entire time!

Then, another reporter asked, "Why did you decide to solve Dale's Conjecture?"

A young female reporter asked, "Yes, why did you choose this setting and at this time to solve this math problem?"

An older reporter guessed, "Were you trying to prove the ability of the Chinese mathematicians, to let the children know that our country's mathematics world is also world class and therefore chose the International Math Olympiad as the background to complete such an amazing proof of work? To cheer on the children?"

"Was it because our ranking for this year's competition was not too ideal, therefore you chose to step forward and solve this question?"

Different guesses were being raised as the reporters waited for his answer.

For the children?

For dignity?

For the good of the mathematics world?

For our country's honor?

Zhang Ye gave a slightly embarrassed look, pointed over to the American team's display booth and said, "You're all thinking too much. It's actually because.....I find that jade thumb ring quite attractive."

The reporters nearly spat blood from their mouths, "Ah??"

Xin Ya stared hard at him before quickly chiding him, "Teacher Zhang!"

Professor Qu also quickly added, "Forget that last part, everyone. Please don't record that down."

Many of the Chinese mathematicians made passes at Zhang Ye, letting him know that he shouldn't say such things. If he were to do that, then it would just show how low class the Chinese mathematics world was!

Zhang Ye quickly change his tone and smiled to the camera, saying, "I was just joking. I didn't really noticed the jade thumb ring. I don't even know what color it was. Hur hur, so why would I want that for?"

Fellow Wan heaved a sigh of relief thinking that he was lucky to have corrected his words.

Xin Ya nodded lightly as she had a fright from Zhang Ye's reaction.

The foreign reporters had also finally realized that he had been joking all this time. They had not expected this mathematician to have so much humor unlike those traditional mathematicians who appeared so rigid and boring.

Zhang Ye threw out his chest and spoke in an upright manner, "You've all guessed correctly. The reason I attempted to solve the conjecture this time was because of the children and also for the sake of our country's education system. As everyone knows, I'm a teacher of the people myself, and if I can do something, I will definitely do my best to contribute to the cause of education."

The reporters all nodded diligently thinking that this was too well said.

"Secondly, this is also for the pride of the country...." As he was saying this, Zhang Ye suddenly noticed the American team dismantling their display booth and getting ready to leave. He urgently shouted out to them, "Hey, don't go! My jade thumb ring!"

The Chinese reporters, "....."

The Chinese mathematicians, "....."

A group of foreign reporters, "....."

What the heck!

So you were really aiming for the jade thumb ring after all!!

The park visitors were already laughing out loud at this, "HAHAHAHA!"

Chapter 527: Chinese Is What I'm Good At!

After just two minutes, the interview was terminated.

They had no choice but to end it, as Fellow Wan brought a group of people with him to separate Zhang Ye from the reporters and forcefully ended the interview. They did not dare to allow Zhang Ye to blabber on with his nonsense anymore. Mathematics had always been an abstruse and out of reach subject to commoners who could only look up to it in awe. Dale's Conjecture had also been one of the world's top math problems and was always afforded a great deal of respect, but after just answering a few questions from the media, these Chinese mathematicians felt that their status as a higher authority had suddenly been degraded. It wasn't even just normal degradation but unadulterated degradation!

He solved the conjecture just to win the prize?

How can you still show your face after saying that! It was too harsh on the ears!

Even if that's what you were thinking, you still.... you still shouldn't have said it!

Zhang Ye was not a member of the mathematics world in the first place. He was a celebrity from the entertainment circle and had his own style and spirit. There was nothing that he did not dare to say, but these mathematicians couldn't understand Zhang Ye's humor and entertaining side, therefore they quickly had to pull him aside

to stop him from further damaging the image of the Chinese mathematicians. If it were his reputation alone that was at stake, then so be it. His reputation was already terrible to begin with anyway. Yes, it was already bad since a long time ago, but today he was representing the Chinese mathematics world and they were not willing to tarnish their reputations because of him.

Seeing Zhang Ye being forcefully pulled away by the crowd of mathematicians, the park visitors all laughed hysterically!

"Ahhahahaha!"

"Zhang Ye is such a trouble maker!"

"Pfft! Wherever Teacher Zhang appears, trouble will surely follow!"

"And of course, not to mention, fun! That is the reason why I like Zhang Ye! He's too entertaining! This is what a real star is! Not only does he entertain himself, but he also entertains the people around him too!"

"This trip to Summer Palace Park today was really fulfilling!"

"Yea, it was really worth the effort to come all the way out here!"

"First, he came up with the stunning 'On Horses', then had a scolding battle with the Chinese mathematicians, and then to top it all off, he solved a world math problem! Wherever Teacher

Zhang appears, there's always something astonishing that happens!"

Everyone was enjoying the discussion.

Zhang Ye, who had been pulled aside, was also feeling annoyed. If they didn't want him to say anymore, then so be it. He was not interested in doing so anyway since he was really only interested in the old jade thumb ring. He immediately went off in the direction of the American team, afraid that they would take it away with them when they left, "Hi, can I collect my jade thumb ring? The rules earlier stated that whoever could answer another country's question would be able to claim the prize, is that correct?"

David said, "About that....."

Louis hesitated as well.

This jade thumb ring was donated by an already deceased teacher of theirs to the American mathematics world and belonged to the Mathematics Association. It was also one of the few precious items that the association possessed. The only reason they dared to use it as a prize was because they hadn't expected anyone to actually solve their question. It was just put up as a token for the event, but who would have thought that there would be such a godly person in attendance? Not only did he not abide by the rules after appearing, he even solved Dale's Conjecture, astonishing everyone in the process!

Give?

Or not to give?

Zhang Ye looked at them without speaking. He was ready to fall out with them and spoke in Chinese, "So what will it be? Are you intending to go back on your words?"

The American translator translated his message to them.

Louis was a little stunned, but still finally managed to say something with the help of the translator. "Actually, whether Dale's Conjecture has really been proven or not still needs some time to be validated. We can't be sure about this yet and definitely need to do a more in-depth study on the the details, but.... as the main points have more or less been verified already, we are willing to break our rules and award the prize to you."

At last, David, the American mathematician, carefully took out a box containing the jade thumb ring from the display booth. His lips twitched as he handed it over to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye took it from him and smiled, "Thank you very much then." He looked at David and gave him a pat on his shoulder, "Don't feel too bad. This belongs to our country anyways. We even had to trouble you to bring it back here for us from such a long distance away. Yes, so now the item is back where it belongs." His words carried the intention of picking on them.

The American translator pretended not to hear him and did not translate it for David and the others. He was afraid that they would

quarrel again if he did. Besides, it could be seen from the events that even if Louis and David were to work together, they would still be unable to beat this Chinese youth. This person's mouth was really too good at speaking.

With the jade thumb ring in his possession now, Zhang Ye felt extremely satisfied. He showed an expression of attraction as he opened the box to see a really attractive looking object. It was no wonder Old Wu kept staring at it for such a long amount of time. When he touched it, he could feel the coldness and polished smoothness of it. The colors were very soothing and it was really comfortable to the touch.

His job was done, so now it was time to retreat!

Zhang Ye looked all around for the figure of Old Wu, but was still unable to find her after some time. He seemed to understand what Old Wu was thinking and took out his cell phone to check. He saw an unread text notification from her.

Wu Zeqing: "See you outside."

Zhang Ye replied: "On my way."

Wu Zeqing: "No need to rush. You should do some PR first."

Zhang Ye replied: "It's fine. Just wait for me at the carpark."

He kept his cell phone and put his sunglass and face mask on. He

was looking for a chance to slip away since he had come out here today with the intention of going on a date with Wu Zeqing. To him, that was the main event.

But with this move, everyone's focus quickly shifted back to Zhang Ye again.

"Little Zhang, what are you doing?" Elder Rong was a little taken aback.

Zhang Ye said his farewell to them, "I have to leave first. There are still some matters that I must attend to."

Fellow Wan immediately came over and said, "We will still need your cooperation in the verification work afterwards. Since there's still a lot to do, it's better if you could come with us and be around."

Zhang Ye gave a wave of his hand, "Don't mind me. All of you are top and famous seniors in the mathematics world. I'm just here to have fun and don't really have the necessary skills. Anyway, since the proof has already been written on the whiteboards, please help yourselves to it. Verify whatever you want and I won't bother to stop you. Just do as you all see fit."

Wang Yiming: "....."

The mathematicians were all exasperated. Aren't you being a little too casual here!?

If it were any other mathematician, just having a chance to mingle and exchange knowledge with the top mathematicians in the country while validating a proof would be an opportunity they would surely jump at, but Zhang Ye did not. If there was reputation to be earned or if it united his fans through the solving of this math problem, he would definitely not turn down the opportunity, but since the proof had already been proposed, Zhang Ye did not want to do anymore validation with regards to it. This kind of work should be left to the professionals as it did not concern him anymore.

Seeing that Zhang Ye wasn't too interested in joining in, Professor Qu also shook his head helplessly, "Forget it. Go if you want to, but please stay contactable at all times as we would still have to look for you if there are any problems." Since all the information was already available to them, it did not really matter if Zhang Ye was there in person.

Zhang Ye said, "Alright."

Suddenly, Huang Lingling squeezed over to him and said, "Teacher Zhang."

Her brother, Huang Leilei, and the other youth participants all came up to him, "Congratulations! You're really smart." At the beginning, when Zhang Ye had borrowed Huang Lingling's marker pen and claimed that he would teach these foreigners a lesson, they were at a loss at how they should react. They did not believe that Zhang Ye would be able to do it, but now that they witnessed such a miracle, they were all feeling extremely pumped up!

Zhang Ye smiled and patted the children on their heads, "Big Bro has to go now. You are all the little geniuses of our country, so work hard and don't let your families down."

Huang Leilei suddenly said, "When I grow up, I want to become like you. Solving the math problems of the world so that my parents can be happy and I can gain honor for our country!"

"Great, you're ambitious." Zhang Ye gave him a thumbs up as encouragement.

Huang Lingling hesitated for a long time before opening her mouth to speak, "Teacher Zhang, when I am able to attend Peking University, could you teach me mathematics? I would like to learn from you."

Zhang Ye smiled widely and said, "You've played a part in the proving Dale's Conjecture this time. I used your marker pen and the last whiteboard was chosen by you as well. Looks like I managed to rub off some of your glory. Alright, if you can make it to Peking University while I am still there, I will teach you for sure, whether it be mathematics or Chinese."

Huang Lingling had a flash in her eyes, "Chinese?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "Hur hur, actually the Chinese department isn't bad either. Especially when it's Peking University's Chinese department. It is the top faculty among all of the top institutes of higher learning in the country. Compared to the Mathematics

department, it is much better, so are you interested in the arts? Chinese is what I am good at, so if you wish to learn, I can...."

Wang Yiming coughed loudly!

All the other mathematicians were also in a state of speechlessness. This was the venue where the International Math Olympiad was being held at and where many of the members of the mathematics world had gathered today. How dare you try to use such underhanded means to take one of ours to your side? Convince our children to learn Chinese instead? Do you even know how to behave! How can there be anyone like you!?

And what do you mean by Chinese is what you're good at?

To them, this declaration sounded very strange!

You managed to solve a math conjecture, that no one else in the world was capable of, so effortlessly, but in the blink of an eye, you're claiming that you're just an amateur in mathematics? That Chinese was what you really excelled at? If you're a f**king amateur, then what the heck are the bunch of us researchers who have dedicated their whole lives to mathematics!

Shouldn't we just go off somewhere and die?!

"Alright, I'm off." Zhang Ye took his leave.

Huang Lingling and the others looked at him with admiration

and said, "Teacher Zhang, goodbye!"

"Goodbye." Zhang Ye waved back at her.

The other Chinese mathematicians, foreign experts, and reporters looked on as Zhang Ye left. Some of them had very doubtful looks on their faces as they wondered. What an unfathomable person, just where did he get all that talent from?

Chapter 528: A Token Of Love!

Outside Summer Palace Park.

The car had already been driven quite far away.

In the car, Zhang Ye was driving while Wu Zeqing was seated beside him making a call.

Xin Ya's voice from the phone could be heard in the quietness of the car. "Sis Wu, you're really bad to me. We've been friends for over 30 years now and you've hidden away such a preeminent mathematician boyfriend on the side away from me? You didn't even give a little hint and hid him so well. What's the meaning of that? Are you afraid that someone would steal him away from you? Is that even necessary!?"

Wu Zeqing laughed and said, "Didn't I tell you already that I did not know about Little Zhang's math knowledge? If I knew about it, I would have already told you so that you two could have a good chat."

Xin Ya said, "I don't believe you."

Wu Zeqing said, "There's nothing I can do about it if you don't believe me, hur hur."

"Where are you now? Why is it so quiet?" Xin Ya asked.

"I'm in the car with Little Zhang. We're going back since it's so crowded over there," Wu Zeqing answered.

The voice from the other side didn't sound too friendly, saying, "Is Zhang Ye beside you? There were too many people and media reporters around just now, so I did not say anything. Someday, I will settle the score with him! How dare he scold our mathematics world in front of so many people! He even dragged me in to argue with him. Old Wu, you saw what happened, right? Tell me, how should we settle it then? Your little boyfriend there totally showed me no respect back there."

Zhang Ye looked over.

Wu Zeqing gestured to him to keep his eyes on the road and then spoke gently into the phone, "He wasn't wrong to say what he said. All of you were really too harsh on the children."

Xin Ya nearly died from anger. "So you prefer to protect your little boyfriend, right?"

"I'm just stating things as they are." Wu Zeqing laughed.

Xin Ya said, "Alright, dates before mates, I get it. I'm not gonna talk any further for now. There's too much work to handle here. I'll deal with you again soon."

"Alright then, bye." Wu Zeqing hung up and then looked over at Zhang Ye and said softly, "Xin Ya says she will settle things with

you soon."

Zhang Ye laughed. "Yes, I heard that."

Wu Zeqing casually asked, "How did you come to learn such advanced math?"

"Sigh, I just learned it like that. Was it alright, Old Wu? Did I look really cool when I solved the problem? Extra handsome?" Zhang Ye boasted.

Wu Zeqing replied warmly, "Hur hur, kind of."

Hearing a positive comment from his beloved, Zhang Ye felt very satisfied. "Great, that's good enough. Old Wu, where should we head to now? We were supposed to come out and have a good time before you headed to the south for your job posting, but we ended up not doing that and got caught up in the events at Summer Palace Park instead. We didn't even get a proper meal together."

"Where do you wish to go to?" Wu Zeqing asked him.

"I don't know either. I will follow along with your decision," Zhang Ye said.

She thought about it for a moment before suggesting, "Big Sis knows a rather good hot spring resort. I was there for a work holiday once and I find it to be a nice place."

Zhang Ye nodded. "Lead on."

She said, "It's not far from here."

.....

Afternoon.

The suburbs. At a certain hot spring resort.

Despite it being Valentine's Day, there weren't many guests at the resort. It may have been because the resort was targeted at higher spending consumers. This could be seen just from the cars parked outside. Few of them cost less than 500,000 RMB.

Zhang Ye stayed in the car while Wu Zeqing went inside to check-in. He had initially planned to show off a little, but thinking about how he was really poor right now and this place looked really expensive, he wasn't even sure if his debit card would be able to pay for it. So rather than disgrace himself, he decided to just stay behind.

Di di. He received a text.

Wu Zeqing: "Come into the inner building. Floor 5, room 566."

There were three or four buildings in here and a small garden

with a rather large area for the hot springs. There was even a ski resort being built but it probably wouldn't be operating anytime soon. As Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing's status were a little special, they did not choose to use the common hot springs. They could only wear sunglasses and face masks to hide their identity, but had anyone ever dressed up that way at a hot spring? That would be such a curious sight, so Zhang Ye definitely chose to avoid it. Luckily, according to Old Wu, this resort also had private suites furnished with a hot spring spa on the room's balcony. In that way, they would be able to enjoy their privacy.

At the inner building.

He took the elevator to the fifth floor.

He looked for the suite along the corridor, and when he found it, the door was slightly ajar. Zhang Ye went inside and the first thing he saw was a large living room area. There was even a family theater, complete with a computer and an open kitchen that was partitioned from the living room by a transparent glass pane. On the other side of the kitchen were two doors to the bedrooms. It was a very large suite.

Wu Zeqing was just hanging up her coat. It was comfortably warm in the room and the temperature felt just right for her in her long qipao. Then she turned around and asked, "There are two rooms here. Which do you prefer?"

Zhang Ye offered to let her choose first.

She casually pointed to one of them and said, "Big Sis will take this room then. You must be hungry, right?"

"Yes, I'm starving already." Zhang Ye rubbed his belly. "After standing for almost an entire day, I'm feeling really hungry and tired now." His arms were aching badly after having written with his hands raised high for more than five hours straight.

She smiled and said, "Let's order some food and get them to send it up. Big Sis didn't have much to eat in the afternoon too."

"Sure, you decide what to eat. I need to go into the room for a short rest." Zhang Ye put down his bag and went into the other room. When he saw the room, his eyes brightened.

A connected balcony was accessible via the bedroom and it was equipped with a hot tub. But rather than calling it a balcony, it seemed more like a garden. Its area was even larger than the room itself and it had clear glass separating it from the outside, making it feel really spacious. The glass looked like it was one of those one-way mirrors which let people inside see out, but those outside could not see in, so there was no worry of being watched. In the middle was a large bathtub that could probably hold five or six people easily. Several kinds of flowers were scattered around the bathtub, some yellow, some green, and the whole setup looked full of life.

It was very beautiful!

It would definitely be very comfortable to soak in this bath!

Zhang Ye lay down on the bed to rest and was already looking forward to sharing the bath with Old Wu. These kinds of days were the best!

"The food will be here soon," Wu Zeqing said as she came into the bedroom.

Zhang Ye did not turn towards her as he was too tired. "Alright."

But a few seconds later, a pair of soft hands rested on his shoulders and started massaging them. "You're really tired, aren't you? Let me massage it a little for you."

Zhang Ye quickly turned around to turn down her offer. "That won't do, that won't do. You've been standing the whole day too, so you really don't need to do this for me. I will be fine after lying down for a while."

Her hands continued massaging him. "Where do you ache?"

Zhang Ye immediately shrugged his shoulders a little. "Alright then, over here."

She smiled and said, "I thought you'd still refuse me for a little longer."

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "Isn't that enough?"

She asked, "Over here?"

Zhang Ye said, "A little further down, yes. Yes, that's it."

She smiled and acknowledged in a soft voice as her hands carefully and gently massaged his shoulders.

"Thanks, Old Wu." Zhang Ye still felt a little awkward. After all, they had only confirmed their relationship a few hours earlier and he was still getting used to it.

She asked, "Do you feel better?"

Zhang Ye nodded and flatteringly replied, "Much better. If it were someone else massaging me, it wouldn't be of any use. But because it's you, I feel better immediately. I could go out now and run ten kilometers without breaking a sweat."

She laughed. "Big Sis even has such capabilities?"

"Of course," Zhang Ye said. "It was that good a massage."

"Alright, then I will do it for a little while more. Don't move," She said.

Earlier, Wu Zeqing had been standing, but now she was already half sitting on the bed as Zhang Ye took up most of the space. She

half sat on the right side of Zhang Ye, her buttocks closely in contact with Zhang Ye's waist. He had already taken off his coat and could feel them directly on his waist. Gradually, he also began to feel the warmth of Old Wu's body heat.

Zhang Ye slowly turned his head and stole a glance at that spot. He saw the lower half of Old Wu in her qipao looking attractively stunning. Her legs were beautiful as well, and she had one leg still in her high heels, while the other was hanging from her foot which was already halfway up on the bed. Because of the posture, each time she pressed on Zhang Ye's back with her hands, her high heel would sway about loosely from her foot and the friction of it rubbing against her flesh-colored stockings would make a rustling sound.

Ding dong.

The doorbell rang. It was the resort's room service delivering the food up.

Zhang Ye felt a light pat on his back. "OK, it's time to eat."

"Oh." Zhang Ye sat up and stretched his waist, feeling much better. He could smell a hint of fragrance on himself, possibly Old Wu's mature scent which he found very attractive.

In the living room.

While Old Wu went to get the food, Zhang Ye quickly opened his

bag and took out a box with embroidered, classical flower patterns on it and then hid it well on himself. When the food was all laid out and the wine was poured, Zhang Ye finally sat down.

Wu Zeqing said, "Don't drink so much."

"You want a glass too?" Zhang Ye blinked.

She smiled and said, "Big Sis doesn't drink."

Zhang Ye raised his glass. "It's OK, you can have tea instead. Cheers."

She picked up the tea cup and touched it to Zhang Ye's glass. "Celebrating your achievement and taking honors for the country by solving Dale's Conjecture."

Zhang Ye said, "Don't say that. Ahem.... We should be celebrating...our relationship."

"That too." She took a sip of tea.

Zhang Ye finished his wine in a gulp and then said, "Old Wu, you've given to me a bracelet, so I would like to give you something too." Saying that, he took the box and placed it in front of her.

Wu Zeqing opened it up and a deep-green jade thumb ring was revealed. Its shine was very beautiful and it glistened brightly in

the light. "Hur hur, you seriously asked them for it?"

Zhang Ye said, "Of course I did, it was the promised prize after all. Why don't you try it on?"

She took it out from the box and wore it on her thumb. "Are you really giving this to me?"

"Of course. You've already given me your token of love, so I have to show you mine too." Zhang Ye laughed. "When we were at Summer Palace Park, you seemed to pay a lot of attention to it, so I knew you must have definitely liked it a lot. That was the reason why I solved the problem, otherwise I wouldn't even have tried to solve Dale's Conjecture since it was so complex."

When Wu Zeqing heard this, she nodded and accepted it without much response. She put it back into the box and said, "Alright then, Big Sis will accept it. I really do like this thumb ring very much."

Zhang Ye was also very happy and boasted, "It's good that you like it. As long as it's something that you like, even if it's a satellite in orbit, I will go get it and give it to you."

She laughed lightly and said, "Why would I need a satellite? Let's eat, or else the food will turn cold."

Chapter 529:

Although it was meant to be dinner, by the time they finished eating, it was only late afternoon.

Zhang Ye finished up the last of his Erguotou and then put down his chopsticks. He was already full. Seeing Old Wu picking up a napkin to wipe her mouth, Zhang Ye stood up and was about to help her with clearing the table when she stopped him. It was just as before. She still did not let Zhang Ye do the chores. She cleared the chopsticks and bowls in a graceful manner and opened the room's door to place it outside for the waiter to clear it.

"Have some tea."

"Ai."

"Be careful, it's hot. Do you want any fruits?"

"...Yes."

"Apple or orange?"

"Orange."

"Alright, Big Sis will peel it for you."

"How about I do it?"

"Don't even try. I'll do it."

Zhang Ye sat down and did not move. Old Wu had already taken care of him extremely well, particularly knowing how to show her love. In the past, Zhang Ye had always been polite with Old Wu, thinking that he should at least help out a little. But each time he tried, it had always come to nothing. Now, he no longer tried to do so and just enjoyed her care. He couldn't even begin to describe how blessed he felt.

This was the first time he realized and felt that Old Wu being older than him wasn't actually a bad thing at all. Although he wasn't sure how old exactly Wu Zeqing was, and he dared not ask either, but it was definitely in the 30s. He had not bothered to check what her age was, but it was likely at least ten years older than his. In the past, Zhang Ye felt that this gap was a little too large, and in his current relationship with her, this was probably the only thing that wasn't perfect. If he had to pick a problem between them, it would be their age difference. But now, he had slowly come to realize that this was actually an advantage of hers as it was exactly because of her age that she was so good at caring for others. She was gentle, mature, understanding, knew how to cook and did not need Zhang Ye to worry about her. This was great. And she was the ideal, perfect woman in the eyes of many guys. So what if she was older? It's not like she looked old anyway.

After a few moments of quietness.

Zhang Ye was eating the orange while Wu Zeqing was using the computer. She looked like she was sending some emails and

settling some work-related activities but was done with it very quickly.

"Old Wu." Zhang Ye looked over and suggested, "Do you want to get into the hot tub?"

Wu Zeqing rubbed her shoulder, then smiled and said, "Yes, I'm aching all over so I will need to soak in the hot tub for a little longer. You didn't bring your swimwear, I bet?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "Yeah, I didn't bring it."

"I'll ask if they have any." She picked up the phone on the study table and made a call to reception. "Hello, do you have any swimwear for sale? ... Yes, a male and a female set...the style does not matter...yes? Oh, knocked off already? ... Alright then, I understand."

She put down the phone and said, "The staff member in charge of the swimwear sales has already knocked off. I guess there's no other way then. Why don't you get into the hot tub first and I'll go after you."

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Why don't you go first? I'm in no rush."

"Aren't you tired after such a long day? Go soak in the hot tub to improve your blood circulation," she said.

Zhang Ye had wanted to suggest that the two of them go

together. It didn't matter even if they were naked inside. Why the need for swimwear? But after thinking about it for a while, he decided not to and said, "It's alright. I want to watch the news first. Say no more Old Wu, you can go first." After saying that, he switched on the TV and starting watching the news.

She nodded. "OK then."

Zhang Ye said, "Soak for a while. Don't rush."

She smiled and pointed to the bedroom. "The hot spring bathtub is joined to your bedroom. Big Sis will use the room first. I'll call you after I'm done."

"Sure," replied Zhang Ye.

Old Wu went inside and closed the door. Then came the sound of water coming out of the faucet. Old Wu was definitely letting out hot water. The public baths might or might not be supplied with water from the hot springs, but these private baths were definitely just using hot tap water. At most, they would supply some sea salt or rose bath milk that they could add themselves. The hot spring was just a concept for these private baths.

Zhang Ye did not have any interest for what was on TV, so he switched it off. His ears perked up trying to listen to the sounds coming from inside the bedroom. Sigh, at first, he was still hoping for a chance to have a dip together with Old Wu, but it looked like that was no longer on the books.

Five minutes passed.

Suddenly, a woman's voice called out to him from inside, "Little Zhang."

"Ah?" Zhang Ye turned around to face the bedroom door. "I'm here."

The voice was not loud since there was a door between them, "Do Big Sis a favor. My towel dropped onto the floor and got dirtied. Same thing happened to my bathrobe too. Could you help me to check if they have extras outside?"

Zhang Ye answered, "Sure, I'll look around."

The woman's voice said, "Thank you."

He immediately went to the bathroom to check and got a new set from the shelves before going back out to the front of the bedroom door. He knocked on it and said, "I've gotten a new set already, how...how do I give it to you?"

The woman's voice said, "The door's unlocked. You can come in and place them on the bed. Big Sis will take them by herself later."

"Alright then." Zhang Ye swallowed his saliva and then pushed open the door. He went into the bedroom. Once he entered, he wildly turning his head to look at the balcony. The hot spring bathtub was very big and Old Wu was inside soaking in the hot

water. From Zhang Ye's angle, he could see the back of Old Wu with her hair tied up and pinned into a bun behind her head. Her shoulders could be slightly seen with condensed water beads on it. It was an incredibly moving sight.

He quickly looked away and placed the towel and bathrobe on the bed.

After setting them down, Zhang Ye saw something that tickled his fancy again. It was Old Wu's clothes that she had left on the bed. On the floor were a pair of neatly placed high heels aligned to a pair of flesh-colored stockings on the bed. There was a long qipao beside them. From this alone, it showed Old Wu's personality. Even the clothes she had taken off were placed neatly in order. The kind of people who would do something like this were usually more serious and virtuous.

"I've placed it here."

"Alright."

"Enjoy your bath."

After closing the door, Zhang Ye exited and sat down.

But before he could warm his seat, Old Wu called out to him again. "Little Zhang."

"Ai." Zhang Ye stood up again and asked, "What's the matter?"

The woman's voice said, "Can you do me another favor? There are two bottles of bathing foam here and there should still be a bottle of shampoo but I don't see any around here."

Zhang Ye said, "There's one in the bathroom. Let me get it for you."

The woman's voice acknowledged him and said, "Sorry for troubling you."

"Don't worry about it." Zhang Ye went to get the shampoo which was in a small bottle, and then came back to the bedroom door. He turned the doorknob and opened it a little and said, "I'm coming in then, Old Wu."

"OK," the woman's voice said.

Zhang Ye placed the shampoo on the bed. "I've placed it together with the bathrobe."

Old Wu turned around and said, "Alright."

Zhang Ye and her exchanged glances at that moment and he coughed lightly before going back out and closing the door. What a pity! All he saw was her neckline and nothing else! Sigh, she was right there but he couldn't do anything about it. Zhang Ye had a fire raging his heart, so he took out a cigarette, planning to smoke one.

Before he could find the lighter, the bedroom door opened.

Old Wu was wrapped in a towel, dripping wet. In her hand was the small shampoo bottle.

Zhang Ye looked at her until his pupils dilated. Even though the important areas were covered up, the towel was still not enough to hide Old Wu's voluptuous body. It only served to make his imagination run wild, especially her chest which seemed to be bursting at the seams of the towel. She was really well-endowed!

"Why aren't you bathing?" Zhang Ye asked.

The barefooted Wu Zeqing could only smile helplessly. She handed over the bottle in her hands to Zhang Ye. "I couldn't get it open. The cap is too tight. You have more strength than me, so help Big Sis to open it."

"OK, let me do it." Zhang Ye twisted the cap but it didn't budge. "Ah, it really is tight." Then he tried again with more strength, and this time, it opened. "Done."

She took it from him and smiled. "Big Sis's bath time has really kept you busy."

Zhang Ye said, "It's nothing. This is a chance for me to do something for you. If there's anything else, just ask."

She looked at Zhang Ye and then suddenly suggested, "Let's bathe together instead."

Zhang Ye was a little stunned. "Is that alright?"

"It's fine. There'll be no trouble if I need something or another. Hur hur, get undressed and get in. If you want to cover up with a towel, just do it. It's up to you." Old Wu was very open about it.

Would Zhang Ye even have second thoughts? He nodded vigorously. "OK, I'm coming in then."

Wu Zeqing had already turned around to go back in. When she left, Zhang Ye immediately took off his clothes and went into the bathroom to look for a clean towel to cover himself up. He wrapped it around his waist and grabbed his clothes and willingly went into the bedroom. He threw his clothes beside Old Wu's stockings and closed the door. He coughed a few times and looked over to the balcony, pondered for a moment, and clenched his teeth before walking over to the balcony.

His heart was racing!

Old Wu actually agreed to let him bathe with her?

Suddenly, something clicked and Zhang Ye wondered. The towel fell onto the floor? Old Wu was such a tidy person. How could she have made that mistake? The resort did not prepare the shampoo for the tub? Wasn't that too careless? And why was the cap of the

shampoo bottle so hard to get open? That even he had to use so much strength to open it? Even when all that was put together, it might still seem coincidental. But Zhang Ye remembered that there were still a few days of his five times reduced difficulty left. Was this the difficulty adjustment die's power again? Did it cause all of this to happen?

It definitely did!

Besides, there was no other possibility!

If it weren't for the reduced difficulty, in the situation when there was no swimwear available, Old Wu would definitely have chosen to bathe on her own. Although in the past, Zhang Ye had seen Old Wu's provocative photos and even taken nude photos for Old Wu, those were still considered as photography-related activities and were a form of art. Bathing together was a different matter altogether and had nothing to do with art at all. If those incidents did not happen, Old Wu would definitely have finished bathing by herself. But because of these minor incidents, she had to get Zhang Ye's help. Old Wu probably could not bear to trouble him any further. This, in turn, gave Zhang Ye such a chance!

It was a divine item!

It truly was a divine item!

Zhang Ye glanced at Old Wu lying down in the tub with a towel wrapped around her. He lifted his feet and plunked down into the water, right across from her. He slowly sat down in the tub, the

hot water enveloping his entire body.

Chapter 530: People Across The Nation Were Stunned!

At the balcony.

IT was 5PM in the afternoon.

The air in the suburbs was much better than the city. The sunset was clear and had brightened up the sky across with it's fiery presence. Occasionally, birds would fly about in front of the window and could be clearly seen with it's pointed beaks, but it was not known what species they were.

As the window was a panoramic floor to ceiling window, the view from the balcony was extremely scenic. The faraway western mountains, the bird's eye view of the resort at the bottom were all clearly seen from here.

They enjoyed the view as they soaked in the bath, with the privacy of the one way window.

In the bath, the two of them were seated opposite to each other.

"Is the temperature OK?" Old Wu asked casually.

Zhang Ye felt a little awkward but answered with a slight cough anyway, "Ye..Yes, it's just right."

She laughed and said, "Big Sis had already been soaking in this water for a while just now. If you mind it, we can release the water and refill it again easily."

Zhang Ye waved his hand and said, "It's good as long as you don't mind about me being dirty. Why would I mind about you?"

She did not bring it up anymore and continued, "So how is it?"

This place isn't bad, right?"

"It's really quite good." Zhang Ye said, "The view is great, the facilities are good but most importantly is the person I'm with is the best. Old Wu, we will come again next time?"

She splashed some water on her arm and wiped it down, "When Big Sis is not so busy, we will see how."

As Old Wu got into the water wrapped in her towel, the towel was wet and stuck onto her skin and this revealed her figure even more. Besides, the towel wrap where it was tucked into under her arm had been loosened by the water's motion. Old Wu would occasionally use her hand to tuck it back in to secure it.

Zhang Ye was also the same. Wearing the towel to soak in the bath was really uncomfortable because it would stick to his legs.

But without swimwear, they could only make do. Using an underwear as a replacement was out of the question as it would be

seen through once it got wet. It would also stick to the skin when it got wet and so that would be as good as not wearing anything.

Zhang Ye was actually thinking of removing the towel, but as Old Wu did not remove hers, he would feel uncomfortable if he went about naked. It wouldn't seem right.

There was silence for a long while.

The water wasn't very hot, so Old Wu turned around to turn on the tap to let more hot water fill the bath. Hualalala. The sound of water splashing loudly while Old Wu gracefully made some motions in the water to spread out the concentrated area of hot water to the rest of the bath. Zhang Ye also moved his legs to help stir the water about.

Gasp.

His leg felt a soft sensation as it came up against Old Wu's leg.

Old Wu was still filling it up with more water, "Tell me when you think it's OK."

"OK." Zhang Ye blinked but did not move his leg away. He let it brush against Old Wu's soft and beautiful leg and then slowly slid it against her leg.

Old Wu did not react much to it.

Although the bath was small, but if the two of them were to put out their legs straight, they would still be able to feel each other.

Seeing this, Zhang Ye continued to use his leg to probe further. His feet was also sliding against Old Wu's calf which did not feel rough at all. It was moderately small and slender, well proportioned to her thigh. He slowly moved forward and continued sliding it against her leg. Hu. The next moment, his sole had already touched Old Wu's knee and up onto her thigh. Compared to her calf, Old Wu was gradually getting more meaty as he moved up. The sensation was...extremely good.

He could only feel softness with his sole.

Old Wu turned to him and asked, "Is the temperature good?"

"Ah, yes. It's very good." Zhang Ye quickly said.

"Good then." She said nodding before turning off the tap. She sat down again in the bath and took the resort prepared rose petals and scattered them in the water.

Seeing no response from her, Zhang Ye continued to take advantage with his leg on her leg. A rose petal floated towards his chest and that fully described what he was feeling right now -- His heart was fluttering with flower petals.

Old Wu was pushing the water towards herself, "Did you watch

the news just now?"

"I watched it a little." Zhang Ye said.

She asked, "Was there any report of you solving Dale's Conjecture?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I did not notice, but didn't the SARFT already ban me?" Having finished feeling with the bottom of his feet, he switched to the top side and continued sliding it against her thigh.

She explained, "That has nothing to do with this. Big Sis used to be engaged in such work as well and knows a bit. The authorities will only clamp down on news concerning yourself and any related commercial activities that you partake in. This time, you've solve a great problem such as Dale's Conjecture and it does not fall under any jurisdiction and guidelines. Even if they wanted to fully stop any news of it, they would not be able to. Don't worry, such big news will surely be reported for sure. In any case, you've won great honors for our country and made significant contributions and breakthrough to the educational field. They might even redact your name from decree #43 in some time. All of this would be possible, so wait patiently as I think you'd be able to get past this setback."

"That would be nice, but how long would I have to wait?"

If it's still some months away, then I still won't be able to do any programs." Zhang Ye said as he continued with his feeling up using

his leg. His toes could already feel the towel ends of Old Wu and if he went further, it would reach the inside of the towel. Seeing it through the water, it was dark and shadowy as there was a lack of lighting, so everything was unclear as it was.

She smiled and said, "That might not be the case, just wait and see how it goes. Big Sis can also help you to check with my friends for some updates. But as for how long until the ban gets lifted, I can't give you an estimate since I do not work at the SARFT."

As they chatted, Zhang Ye continued to take advantage. He was fully satisfied with everything so far, but did not dare to go further than that, so he kept his leg back.

He was covered in sweat by now from the hot bath, but of course a portion of it was due to the excitement from Old Wu. That pair of legs were really too temptatious and alluring.

Zhang Ye looked at her and said, "Are you going to wash your hair?"

She looked at the tray beside the bath and looked like she was choosing something and said, "Will think about it later, do you want some bath foam?"

The bath foam here looks like it's specially formulated to generate a lot of foam. If you want, I'll pour some of it in. We could cleanse our body with it too and then just use the shower head to wash it down when we get out."

"Sure, put some of it in." Zhang Ye said.

Old Wu twisted open the cap and poured it in.

After about a minute, the foam in the bath were getting more and more until it had covered the surface of the water. It had even started accumulating over at Zhang Ye's side, with some getting onto his body.

Zhang Ye used his hand to apply some of the foam bubbles onto his his bodym washing and cleaning himself comfortably. But the lower half of his body was a little difficult to wash as he still had the towel on.

Old Wu was also buried within the white foam bubbles. She was applying them onto her body, neck and arms, looking like a beauty unlike anything on earth while doing it!

Zhang Ye was yearning for her at the sight of this. Up until now, he still could not believe that a beauty like Old Wu had agreed to be his girlfriend!

Well, looks like this bro's personality and charms are getting way too strong, right?

With a beauty by his side, Zhang Ye was feeling a little arrogant. He felt that the five times reduced difficulty had only contributed a little to this matter and it was mainly down to himself being too handsome and talented!

One minute...

Two minutes....

Suddenly, Old Wu reached under her arms.

Zhang Ye was not sure of what she was doing due to the foam bubbles. Then, he saw Old Wu moving her hand and sitting up a little. What followed next left Zhang Ye staring in shock. He saw Old Wu taking out a long towel from below the water and placing it into the basket beside the bath.

She removed the towel?

F**k!

Does that mean she was....naked now?

Zhang Ye could only hate that there were too much foam bubbles which blocked his view now. But he could still make out at the areas where there were less bubbles to be two flesh colored.....

Old Wu still looking very at ease with herself said, "It's a little difficult to wash with the towel wrapped around."

Zhang Ye echoed her sentiments, "Yes, yes. It sticks to your skin and feels really uncomfortable. Well then....I should take it off

too?"

"If you want to." She said without minding.

"Alright." Zhang Ye immediately seized the opportunity to get rid of the towel. If a woman like Old Wu did not mind, what should he feel embarrassed about?

Take it off!

Zhang Ye put his hands under to loosen the knot on his towel, then removed it and threw it out at the side of the bath. The only thing that he was embarrassed about was that he had a reaction below. He was afraid that Old Wu would see it and so, prententiously pushed the water and foam bubbles back at himself, like he was washing his body, but actually using the foam bubbles to cover his lower half of the body so that Old Wu would not be able to see anything. At the same time, this was killing two birds with one stone, as that would have left her side of the bath with lesser bubbles and that would leave him with more to see than he should be seeing.

See!

This is the wisdom of a perv...of a scholar!

Zhang Ye was so pleased with himself, but at the next moment, he heard Old Wu say, "Why?"

There's not enough foam?

Don't worry, there's another bottle here." After saying that, she opened up another bottle and poured it all into the water.

Zhang Ye nearly cried. It wasn't because our military was incompetent, but that the enemy was too crafty!

Very soon, the foam bubbles had once again enveloped the surface of the bath.

Zhang Ye settled down a little but continued washing himself absent-mindedly. He continued to steal occasional glances over at Old Wu and enjoyed the 'scenic view' from near.

Old Wu had started washing her body now. With her hands under the water, she kept rubbing at something with a constant motion which also caused the bath foam to bubble up even more.

A small bubble was expanding.

Poof. It burst when Old Wu came into contact with it.

Subsequently, both her hands shifted to her front. It looked as though she was washing her belly or waist.

Not long after, the water surface moved turbulently as a knee appeared from within the foam bubbles. With that, followed her

long slender legs which Old Wu grabbed some foam bubbles from around her and splashed it onto her leg, rubbing it in a constant motion, looking very elegant.

Zhang Ye was staring by now.

Old Wu looked at him and asked, "Yes?

What's the matter?"

Zhang Ye said, "Nothing."

"Aren't you going to wash?" She asked.

"I'm washing too." Zhang Ye immediately moved a little and splashed some foam bubbles onto himself to show that he was washing, then stopping and volunteeringly said, "Old Wu, you can't reach your back to wash it, why don't I help you?"

Old Wu gently nodded her head, "OK."

Zhang Ye's was a little anxious, but he was also looking forward to this. He made his way to her side slowly through the water. As the amount of foam bubbles had blocked most of his view, he could not see what was going on in the water. When he got over to her side, he tried to support himself but his hand seemed to have held on to something meaty. Without taking time to feel it well, he quickly pulled back his hand and said, "Sorry."

"It's alright." Old Wu didn't say much and just turned her back to face him, "Don't trouble yourself, just lather it a few times with the foam bubbles."

"Sure." Zhang Ye could feel a lump in his throat. He intently soaked up some foam bubbles and poured it over her fair white back, moving his hand up and down, and up and down, lathering her back. He said, "Heh, you've got really great skin, Old Wu. Much better than mine."

She said, "That's because you are always smoking."

Zhang Ye sighed and said, "It's not like I smoke that much."

"It's not good for your body. Quit it if you can." She said.

Zhang Ye who was feeling the warmth from the skin on her back said reactively, "Sure, we'll talk about this again."

Old Wu was the type of person who knew how to care for others and also respected them at the same time. She just mentioned it once to him and did not comment any further, "Alright then, it's time for Big Sis to help you wash your back."

Zhang Ye turned around holding the side of the bath for support as he smiled, "Thank you then."

Very soon, he could feel a pair of hands on his shoulders with a lot of foam bubbles scrubbing over on his back.

Hu! How comfortable!

Zhang Ye closed his eyes in comfort and then felt something at the back of his right hip. It was apparently Old Wu's thigh accidentally bumping into him. As the two of them were squeezed over to the side of the bath and facing the same direction, it was inadvertent that their bodies would bump into each other. But Old Wu who was behind either did not notice or did not feel it and was not bothered by it. She did not move her leg away and Zhang Ye could feel it rubbing against his hips even more clearly now.

It was her thigh!

It was probably the outside of her left thigh!

"I'm done."

"OK."

"Are your shoulders still aching?"

"Just a little."

"Hur hur, then let me help you to massage a little bit more."

"Sure, thanks Old Wu."

"You're welcome."

Then, from behind, a pair of hands gently started massaging him, slowly adding strength to it.

Zhang Ye grimaced in pain but said, "Comfortable!"

So comfortable!

Right, it's sore over there....sssh..." As he was enjoying, he could no longer hold it in. He raised his hand and put it into the water and dishonestly touched the thigh behind his hip. He gave it a hard squeeze. Of course he couldn't cover the entire surface with one hand, it was barely enough to cover the top of her thigh, but the warm and fullness of it could be fully felt.

Since he had his back to her, he could not see her reaction. Zhang Ye was actually feeling quite guilty about it as this was the first time he had directly touched Old Wu in this way,

After a second, there was no reaction from her.

Another second later, still no reaction.

Her hands were still massaging his back as per normal.

"Old Wu?"

"What's the matter?"

".....nothing."

"Hur hur, why did you call me if there was nothing?"

"I was just randomly calling."

Zhang Ye suddenly knew what to do and moved his right hand again, brushing it against her thigh and touching it, then squeezing it and releasing.

That feeling...don't even mention it. His mind was already in overdrive, this was too exciting!

But unknown to him, at this moment on people on Weibo, Tieba, forums, television and all over the country were surprised by a news that no one could have seen coming!

Chapter 531: People Across The Country Were Stunned Again!

The news first originated on Weibo.

A verified user from a certain internet company with the Weibo handle @IAmZhangTao posted: "You all would never believe what I just saw! Holy sh*t! One of the math problems which had troubled the Mathematics world for several decades now, Dale's Conjecture, has been solved! It was solved by Zhang Ye! It's not someone else with the same surname and given name, yes! It's that Zhang Ye that many of you know about! The whole place is in chaos now! It was too awesome!"

Following that, a few others also posted onto Weibo.

@BrotherFengIsInvincible: "What the f**k! It really has been proven!"

@AhMianAhYu09: "Teacher Zhang Ye is too awesome!"

SUHDKF: "It's Dale's Conjecture that we're talking about! I'm going to faint right here in Summer Palace! If I didn't witness this myself, I would not have believed it! In the past, I heard that this Zhang Ye person was really smart, but I could never have expected him to be this f**king smart! Is this person even human? How does he even know math!"

When the news spread, a lot of people thought they were just

spreading fake news.

"Get over it."

"Haha, don't come up with such ridiculous nonsense."

"You all should just go and write some novels instead. How could you all come up with such crazy news and speak as though it really happened."

"Hur hur, ever since Zhang Ye started scolding people everywhere, he has been marked by many of them. Now, he's getting marked so bad that a celebrity like him who dabbles in liberal arts is even being called out as someone who solved Dale's Conjecture? Why don't you say that he has built a spaceship instead!"

"Such utter rubbish! Even a fool wouldn't believe it!"

"Even if you all want to spread rumors, at least put some effort into the technical details. Although I did read news of Zhang Ye being at Summer Palace and even reciting an essay called 'On Horses' or something to scold those Chinese mathematicians. Oh, just because Zhang Ye was present at the International Math Olympiad, you all can claim that he solved a math conjecture? Hur hur, I can only say that you guys are too naive!"

Many netizens began laughing at these claims.

The few posters of those claims were also enraged by this!

"It's true!"

"F**k, why does no one believe!"

"Your sister! Why would I lie about this! I've got photo proof!"

"I've even got video proof! Let me post it!"

Suddenly, when some pictures and videos of Zhang Ye writing equations on whiteboards were uploaded, including the shocked faces of many local and foreign mathematicians, it fueled the unfounded rumors that no one had paid any attention to a new high!

"What?"

"Ah!"

"Are you sure?"

"F**k! I'm uncultured and have never been to school. Don't lie to me!"

As more and more people concerned themselves with this news, many of them still had deep reservations about the veracity of this

news. They still did not believe it until some news media websites and evening newspapers published reports regarding the matter. Only then did they finally know....

Dale's Conjecture had really been solved!

It was even f**king Zhang Ye who had solved it!!

.....

Beijing Television Station.

At Zhang Ye's old unit, the Arts Channel's office.

"Brother Hu! Brother Hu!" Dafei came running towards him with a newspaper in hand.

Hu Fei looked over and said, "What's the matter? What happened?"

Xiao Lu and Hou Ge were also in the office. They looked over not knowing what was going on and why someone was shouting so loudly in the office. Was it an earthquake or a flood?

Dafei, looking aghast, opened up the day's Beijing Evening Newspaper and pointed to the headlines. "Look at this! Teacher Zhang has stirred up something big again!"

"What big matter?"

"Who did Teacher Zhang offend this time?"

They made their way over while asking all kinds of questions. When they saw it, Xiao Lu nearly choked on her on breathing while Hu Fei and the others could only stand there staring with their eyes bulging!

"What?"

"Mathematical conjecture?!"

.....

Peking University.

School was reopening soon, and the young teachers of Peking University were having a gathering. Teachers from all the different departments were all attending this gathering. They had assembled at a restaurant to have a meal together and were seated, chatting and waiting for their food to be served. A television which was switched on and tuned to the news channel but with its volume turned down hardly received any attention from them.

"Teacher Su, will Zhang Ye still be teaching at the Chinese Department next semester?" a thirty-something-year-old male teacher asked curiously.

"Why won't he be teaching?" Su Na asked.

Another female teacher asked, "Isn't he a banned artist now? The SARFT had already banned him, surely that would affect his teaching appointment as well, right?"

Su Na wasn't too sure either, so she said, "The SARFT is the SARFT. Peking University is Peking University. There's no relation between these two institutions so it shouldn't affect Teacher Zhang's teaching appointment. Peking University couldn't possibly stop Teacher Zhang's lessons just because of something like that, right? Besides, if it were done that way, the students would surely have none of it." As she was saying that, Su Na took a sip of water and noticed something. She said loudly, "Turn the volume of the TV up!"

"Ah?"

"What's the matter?"

A few people were startled by this.

Su Na said impatiently, "Turn the volume of the TV up!"

A male teacher who was currently wooing Su Na and seated closest to the TV immediately raised his hand to turn up the volume. When he heard the sound coming from Central TV's news, he was shocked!

"...At the International Math Olympiad held at the Summer Palace. According to sources, Zhang Ye has already made an initial proof for Dale's Conjecture. Fellow Wan from the Chinese Academy of Sciences has also formed a team to verify the details and sent out invitations to the top mathematicians around the world, inviting them to send their representatives to our shores."

The room suddenly turned quiet!

Then, people started exclaiming one after another!

"Ah?"

"What the heck!"

"What?"

There were even some Peking University teachers who were dumbfoundedly sitting down not knowing exactly what was happening. They could not understand how a celebrity from the entertainment circle who taught elective classes at Peking University's Chinese Department could possibly have anything to do with one of the most difficult math problems that this world had ever seen!

.....

There was also a meal gathering for members of the crosstalk world today.

It was organized by Tang Dazhang, and many newcomers and old veterans had been invited. As he was considered one of the top people in the crosstalk world right now, many of those invited had also come for the gathering.

They were all enjoying the food and drinks.

"Come."

"Have another."

"How's that Zhang Ye person doing now?"

"Him? He's probably just sitting around at home. He created such a mess in the crosstalk world and even scolded and messed with so many people online. I guess his reputation is in tatters now. He won't be able to stir up any attention in the future anymore."

"Hur hur, he deserves it."

"That Zhang Ye is really despicable. Because of him, a proper crosstalk competition had to be stopped even before Old Tang could appear on the live broadcast as a judge! Just...what the heck!"

"Alright, let's stop mentioning that now."

"Right. Let's not bring it up again. Have a drink. Let's eat."

Tang Dazhang did not say anything and it was obvious he did not want to talk about it ever again.

Dong dong. Someone knocked on the room's door and came in. A young crosstalk actor had arrived late and was holding a newspaper in his hand. "Sorry about that. I was caught in a jam."

An old crosstalk actor glanced at him and said, "Little Sun, it's not that I want to pick on you, but how many times have you been caught in a jam already?" Looking at his hand, he said, "You even have the time to buy newspapers?"

The young crosstalk actor clearly looked embarrassed, saying, "This newspaper...sigh. I saw it on the way here and the headlines were really too shocking, so I just bought it."

The old crosstalk actor laughed and said, "Let me take a look then. What headline could it be that it is more important than our gathering?" As he said that, he took and unfurled the newspaper on the table.

The headlines stood out.

—"Zhang Ye Solved a Global Mathematical Conjecture"!

The old crosstalk actor was stunned on the spot!

Tang Dazhang and the people around were also shocked!

A mathematical conjecture? He could even solve a mathematical conjecture? Holy sh*t! This person is really too flexible with what he can do! He had just created a mess over in the crosstalk world. Tang Dazhang and company had thought that that would be the last they heard from him as he would definitely be totally banned without a chance left for him to come back. But it had only been a day since then! Just in the blink of the eye! And this grandson had already gone over to the mathematics world and gained such attention!?

He even made it onto the news?

And a headline at that?

.....

The same scenes were playing out throughout the country!

Especially over at Zhang Ye's parents place. It was even more lively!

His mother had gone onto Weibo for a short while in the afternoon to check out her son's activities. By afternoon, she was

already taking a nap with her husband to replenish their sleep on their day off.

They were awoken later by someone pressing their doorbell.

"Who is it?" his mother got up and asked.

His father was also awoken by this and said, "Is it Little Ye? Did he come back already?"

His mother left the bed and changed clothes. Still yawning, she said, "I'll go take a look."

Ding dong, ding dong. The doorbell was still echoing, each time sounding more urgent than the last.

His mother nagged as she went to answer the door, "What are you rushing for?! Wait a moment, I'm coming." Then she opened the door and said, "Who is it?"

Outside the door, more than a dozen people had gathered. They were all reporters and had somehow gotten Zhang Ye's parents address and made their way here!

"Auntie!"

"Hello Auntie!"

"Is this Teacher Zhang Ye's house?"

His mother got a fright as more than a dozen men and women holding some items stood at her door. She did not have a close look at them and thought it was a robbery, so she hurriedly went back into the house and shouted, "Old Zhang!"

His father also thought that their house had been broken into and headed straight for the kitchen to get the cleaver!

The first person to come in hurriedly explained, "Uncle, Auntie, we are from Beijing Television Station. We're ex-colleagues of Zhang Ye. I even met him once before in a meeting!"

"I'm from Huadong Daily News!"

"We're from Weekly News Net!"

"Auntie, will you accept an interview from us?"

His mother and father could finally see clearly that the items they had in their hands were just recording pens and video cameras. They heaved sighs of relief but wondered what was going on. "What interview? Hasn't my son already been listed as a banned artist? They've already banned him!"

A female reporter quickly spoke, "Don't you know about it?"

His mother blinked and said, "Know about what?"

A middle-aged male reporter said excitedly, "Teacher Zhang Ye solved a global mathematical conjecture two hours ago. We even reported it on Central TV Department 1's News Simulcast!"

His father who was confused by this asked, "What conjecture? What are you talking about?"

That reporter said, "A global mathematical conjecture!"

His mother also did not understand this, "Say that again?"

"It's a ma...the...ma...ti...cal... con...jec...ture." That person repeated it syllable by syllable. "It's call Dale's Conjecture and when it has been fully validated, it will be renamed to Dale's Theorem!"

His father was so shocked that he could not react. A father knows best, and knowing his son's character, even if others did not know, how could the two of them not know? He continuously waved his hands and said, "Did you all get it wrong? My son majored in the liberal arts. Since junior high, he had never passed in mathematics. Even if you gave him an addition-subtraction-multiplication math question, he wouldn't be able to solve it, let alone a global mathematical conjecture!"

"But he really did solve it!"

"Why would we lie to you!"

"Teacher Zhang Ye really managed to do something that no other mathematician from anywhere in the world could manage to achieve in several decades! He really won honor for our country!"

"Right! If you don't believe it, switch on the TV or check the news online. The whole country is heatedly discussing this topic right now, yet you claim that Teacher Zhang Ye had never done well in math when he was still in school? Could you let us know in detail about this matter? We are extremely interested to know more and would line up several weeks of airtime for this special report!"

"Zhang Ye was not good at math when young?"

"Does he really not have any talent in math?"

"Then how did he manage to solve a global mathematical conjecture?"

The reporters were clearly intrigued by this declaration from his parents and were already starting to recording the interview either with their recording pens or the video cameras.

The neighbors around were also attracted by the goings-on over here and had all come out of their houses to gather outside Zhang Ye's parents' house. What happened? Did Old Zhang's son get into some sort of big trouble again?

His father just stated matter-of-factly, "I'm wondering about this myself. That's why I'm asking if you all got it wrong."

But his mother quickly stopped him and cleared her throat. "Let me do it instead."

"Yes, you explain it to the reporters," said his father who was still scratching his head. "Hasn't our son always performed poorly in math in school?"

His mother nodded and looked at the reporters, then at the neighbors who had gathered around, and finally said, "Little Ye's math results had always been bad in school."

His father said, "See, you all must have gotten it wrong."

In the end, his mother added a twist by saying, "But why was his result bad? Hur hur, that was because...he was keeping a low profile!"

His father was confused by this explanation.

But his mother kept making up stuff and even boasted, "Ever since he was young, I've always taught my son to keep a low profile and not appear too smart as it would attract unwanted attention. As my son is a very filial boy, he always listened to my teachings. This was the reason why he didn't do well in exams, sometimes even failing on purpose. He was afraid that if his math talent was discovered, he would no longer be able to live in peace and get

along well with his classmates. He just wanted to live like a normal person. Actually, Little Ye's math talent already started showing when he was just a few months old. He takes after me in regards to this and I feel that it's because he inherited my brains that he was able to solve that Dal...Dal something conjecture. Everything that is happening now, I'm not really surprised by it. If I didn't tell my son to keep a low profile, he would probably have solved that Dal something conjecture during his secondary school days!"

Dad: "..."

The neighbors: "....."

Many of the neighbors had watched Zhang Ye grow up. They all knew very well the children of the neighborhood and had never known Old Zhang's son to have such talents. They were all very amazed at what was happening now.

The reporters were also skeptical of this and were at a loss of whether to laugh or cry. They were all dumbfounded by Zhang Ye's mother's explanation!

Chapter 532: People Across The Country Continued To Be Stunned!

At the resort.

Zhang Ye received a call from his mother.

"Mum," Zhang Ye said.

His mother spoke loudly: "Why did you take so long to answer? What are you doing?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I'm taking a bath. Did you watch the news? Were there reports of me on the newspapers and TV? What did they say about me? Was it good or bad?"

His mother laughed and said: "Who would still dare to speak badly about my son now? It's all praise, but let's not talk about the news. A group of reporters came to our house to interview your dad and me, and even interviewed some of our neighbours." His mother was clearly enjoying her 15 minutes of fame. "Wait a minute. I'll let your dad speak to you."

The person's voice on the other end changed. "Little Ye, tell me honestly. Your math results have never been that good. How did you suddenly solve that whatever conjecture it's called?"

Zhang Ye responded in a bragging manner yet also not forget to

flatter his father by saying, "Who am I? I am your son! That talent was inherited from you and mom. As for how I got the enlightenment, I can't explain it, but it was just a moment of brilliance."

His father was almost rendered speechless but managed to say: "But both your mom and I do not have any talent in math at all! So what on earth did you inherit exactly?"

On the other end, his mother said: "Alright, alright, why do you care about talent or no talent? Our son has solved a global mathematics conjecture and brought glory to our country and our people. That is the result, and as the hero's parents, you should be letting our relatives know about this good news instead!"

After he had finished with his parents call, his cell phone rang again.

Zhang Ye looked at Old Wu, showing her his phone. "See, I told you? They're calling again."

Old Wu smiled and said, "Answer it."

Zhang Ye answered, "Old Yao, I knew you'd call."

Yao Jiancai's voice came through and sounded a little startled: "Bro, are you crazy or what! You've just lowered the curtains on the crosstalk world and now you're creating a storm in the Mathematics world already?"

Zhang Ye said, "Sigh, it just happened."

"So that Dale's Conjecture was really solved by you?" Yao Jiancai asked doubtfully.

"How could it be fake? This bro just tried it out and who'd have expected this conjecture to be so easy anyway?" Zhang Ye was in a good mood as he was touching Old Wu's leg while boasting to Old Yao.

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The third call came from Peking University Chinese Department's teacher Su Na.

"What is your brain made of, Teacher Zhang?"

"Hur hur, Teacher Su. My brain is of course made of human tissue."

"We young teachers from Peking University were having a meal together when we saw the news on TV. You've really surprised us all. When we found out about the news, all of us were dumbfounded!"

"Thank you everyone for your concern."

"It seems like you are preparing to leave the Chinese Department next semester to go teach at the Mathematics Department! You didn't even mention anything about it, but your math knowledge is too damn good!"

.....

The fourth call came from the landlady auntie's house.

When Zhang Ye saw the caller ID, he swallowed his saliva loudly and glanced over at the direction of Wu Zeqing. He did not know if he should answer it as they were too close to each other but he was afraid that Old Wu would hear the conversation.

Old Wu smiled and said, "It's from a woman?"

Zhang Ye coughed and said, "No."

Old Wu looked at him as she continued to wash herself. "It's alright, answer it."

Zhang Ye smiled but had a guilty conscience. He couldn't show it, so he quickly answered as though it was nothing and said, "Hello?"

It wasn't Rao Aimin.

Chenchen voice sounded: "Zhang Ye."

Zhang Ye felt relieved. "Oh, it's you, Chenchen."

Chenchen's signature unfeeling voice said, "I watched the news together with my Aunt. From now on, you will do my math homework for me."

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes and said, "You want me to do your second grade math assignments for you? Do you know the status of your Uncle Zhang now? I'm an internationally recognized mathematician! Aren't you making little use of great talent then?"

Chenchen let out a cold laugh. "Hur hur."

Then the line got cut off.

Zhang Ye could not help laughing and saying, "What a wretched kid."

Following that, a wave of calls came in from his friends and relatives. He answered them all and after nearly 20 minutes, decided to silence his phone and put it aside.

As expected, it was a national sensation!

The websites of major newspapers in the country, Youth Daily, Huabei Daily, Beijing Times, even People's Daily had all posted news about Zhang Ye and most of them had reserved their headlines in regards to his news. Videos taken the park visitors in the afternoon that were posted onto Weibo, Tieba, forums, and

some streaming websites, and had all reached the top-ranked list. This news had also already gone viral more than 30 minutes ago and risen all the way to the top post on Weibo!

The excitement!

The craze!

Those two words were more than suitable to describe the current situation in the country!

Even the foreign media had given this a great deal of coverage!

For example, a math magazine in the United States!

A few mainstream media outlets in the United Kingdom!

The news channels in Korea!

Many netizens had screen-grabbed the videos of news reports from the different countries in different languages and posted them online. Some of them even came with translations. Although Zhang Ye's name did not cause that much of a sensation on the international level as every country only reported the news with regards to Dale's Conjecture, there was still a simple introduction of Zhang Ye's name and his nationality. For Zhang Ye, this was a key step that had never happened to him before. Before he had risen to the top domestically, he had already gained some fame on the international scene. This suited his goal of become an

international superstar really well! A math superstar was still a superstar! They were the same and people would start paying attention to him and know about him. This had always been Zhang Ye's goal all along, so he didn't care what industry it was as he knew that his path towards superstardom was destined to be different from the others!

When Zhang Ye heard the good news, he said, "What a bustle of activity!"

A description like bustle was really not enough to describe the situation. It should be called a great reception instead!

Countless people on the internet were screaming!

"Teacher Zhang Ye, well done!"

"That was too f**king awesome!"

"You added a lot of pride and glamor to our country's mathematics community on the global scene!"

"Hahahaha! I heard that Teacher Zhang Ye had slapped a few more faces again when he was there! This really makes me happy! Teacher Zhang Ye seems to have worked hard all his life on one of two things—either slapping faces or getting ready to slap faces!"

"Pfft! Laughing out loud!"

"Solved Dale's Conjecture? That is basically the real thing when it comes to such knowledge! Although Zhang Ye's words might be a bit lacking at times, always offending and scolding people, but this guy's knowledge is real! Unlike other people who only know how to speak about boycotting this or that and not taking any action!"

"You can say that I've been totally surprised today! When I bought the newspaper while on my way home today, what I read left me unable to find my way home! What a shock! It's unbelievable!"

"Everyone's feeling the same, hahahaha. Teacher Zhang Ye has really caused an uproar this time! I love him too much! Do you all know what I like best about Zhang Ye? What I like most about him is...you'll never know what that person will come up with the next time!"

"Mathematical conjecture...it has totally nothing to do with Zhang Ye at all, right?"

"I was shocked too. All I can say is...a wonder, he's really such a wonder. Being able to mess around in the entertainment circle until such a level, I am totally bewildered! He's totally going off the beaten path!"

"After creating a new style of crosstalk, Teacher Zhang Ye is now carrying the banner of the Chinese Mathematics world! When I imagine such a scene, I find it full of comic relief!"

"Teacher Zhang has even snuck into the Mathematics world! To the friends in the Mathematics world, please be careful! Zhang Ye's fan club is currently sending out a red alert to the whole Mathematics world! It's every man for himself from here!"

"Hahahaha!"

"Did Zhang Ye really solve Dale's Conjecture? What's wrong with the world? Is it April Fool's day today?! How could something so bizarre happen! How dramatic even! Teacher Zhang Ye, knock it off. Please, knock it off for real. Continue writing your Legend of Wukong novel and don't keep us waiting around any longer. Why did you even go to the Mathematics world? Damn! Come back and write your novel quickly! Mass updates! And I will let you live!"

The people were abuzz with discussions about him.

Old Wu was browsing through the comments and Weibo.

When she saw a post by a fan of Zhang Ye on Weibo, she showed it to Zhang Ye and the both of them were tickled by it!

It was written as such:

ZhangYeNumber20Fan: "In the past, I thought that Zhang Ye was a radio broadcast host, but later on I found out that I was wrong. He's actually a poet. Then when I had accepted his status as a poet, I found out that I was wrong again. He turned out to be an author. When I accepted his status as an author, I realized that I was wrong

again. He was actually a television host. Then when I had accepted his status as a television host, I found out I was wrong again. He was really a musician. When I accepted him as a musician, I got it wrong again. He had now become an advertiser, so I accepted his new status as an advertiser. But who knew, it turned out to be wrong again, he was now a calligrapher. When I accepted him as a calligrapher, I was once again wrong. He had now become a crosstalk actor. When I once, once, once, once more accepted this new status of him being a crosstalk actor, I realized that I was f**king wrong again. He was really a mathematician! Fact!"

The post got reposted countless times!

"Hahaha!"

"Aiyo, this really hits the sweet spot of what I also think!"

"Pfft! Teacher Zhang is such a tease!"

"I've never seen such a jack-of-all-trades celebrity before! Teacher Zhang, can you not be so multi-talented? I've become so numb from all of these! A mathematician? If you are a mathematician, so be it. Whatever surprises Zhang Ye still has in store, I'll be damned if I'm even surprised by them anymore!"

Chapter 533: People Across The Country... Are Alright Now!

The sun was almost setting.

The two of them had already been soaking in the bath for an hour now.

Wu Zeqing put her cell phone on a rack beside the bath where it would not get wet, laughing gently and saying, "The way your fans talk is really quite funny. It's just like your style."

Zhang Ye laughed, having had his hands on Old Wu's thigh from before she browsed the news until now, slowly moving them upwards. He said, "That's only natural. Since my debut, these friends have been following me all around in my scolding battles. Honestly speaking, sometimes I am really grateful to them because if it weren't for them accompanying and supporting me, I might not have been able to endure through this arduous path. I wonder where I would be now if not for them. To me, I no longer see them as just fans, and I'm not lying because this is what I really feel. It's like they're all my friends, occasionally having some amusing exchange of words. Our relationship is really quite good."

Old Wu said, "That's good. It looks like your reputation will grow again after this."

Zhang Ye also thought so. He said, "Hopefully. I'm still far from becoming a B-lister."

"It's not far anymore." She smiled and said, "In the whole of the entertainment circle, there are many who can sing, act, or host, or know martial arts, but to be able to solve a global mathematical conjecture....Only you, Little Zhang, could do it. Hur hur, other people's celebrity path can be replicated or mimicked, but your path to fame can only be walked by you alone. That is also the reason why so many fans love you. You are unique."

"Heh, I love to hear this," Zhang Ye said, as his hand under the water had already moved up further on Old Wu's right thigh. It was even meatier and had a better feel as his hand was kept busy.

She laughed. "I think we're about done here?"

Zhang Ye nodded. "I'm already sweating all over."

After soaking in the bath for a long time, they were feeling a little tired.

"Yes." She stretched her arms a little. "Big Sis has also had enough of soaking now. Don't massage me already. You've been doing it for quite a while now. My legs feel much better now, thank you."

"Why are you so polite?" Zhang Ye slowly and reluctantly took away his hand from her thigh.

She asked, "Do you want to shower first or should I go first?"

Zhang Ye rubbed his nose with the back of his hand and said, "About that...why don't you go first."

She nodded. "Alright then."

Ah?

You are really going ahead to shower?

Zhang Ye had subconsciously thought that, as he was a little embarrassed to shower in front of Old Wu. In order to shower and wash off the foam bubbles from the hot spring bath, they had to get out and head to the shower area. It would be strange if he just got out of the bath and wiped himself dry with a towel. Zhang Ye did not expect Old Wu to be so open and agree so readily. From this alone, their difference in age and maturity was immediately clear and evident. With regards to these situations, it seemed that she had thicker skin than him.

As he was fantasizing, the sunset was already casting shadows onto the balcony through the full length windows. Old Wu had her back facing Zhang Ye as she stood up gracefully from the bath. She swung her hair back and turned on the shower located two meters away from him. The water came gushing out and splashed all over Old Wu's shapely body.

Zhang Ye sat there appreciating the sight, not even blinking. The flowers in his heart were blossoming at the sight of this.

In front of him, Old Wu's back was still covered with foam bubbles and as the showered sprayed, it slowly revealed her fair and smooth skin. The foam bubbles on her neck also flowed down her back with the shower down towards her waist and gluteal cleft. From there, it split into two streams and continued down her fleshy thighs, dripping and splashing into the shower area.

This scene was truly too touching!

It was too enticing!

Zhang Ye sniffed and could feel the heat with each breath he took.

Even after a few minutes of this scene, Zhang Ye felt like it had only been a few seconds. At the next moment, Old Wu had already elegantly stepped out of the bath and into the area outside. She bent over slightly to pick up a clean towel and dried her hair in front of Zhang Ye. Then, she wrapped the towel around her body and stepped into a pair of slippers.

She looked over and said, "You should have a shower too. Don't soak in the bath for too long."

Zhang Ye said, "Yeah, I will be out in a bit."

He saw her walking into the bedroom which Zhang Ye had chosen and stopping in front of the bed. She bent over to retrieve

her clothings—the flesh-colored stockings, her bra, panties, and qipao—, hung them over her left arm, and then knelt down to hook her high heels up with two fingers. Old Wu's figure was very voluptuous, not plump where she should be slim, but plump and full of flesh where she ought to be, like her chest and hips. When she knelt down, the towel looked like it was about to split apart. From the back, with her slim waist contrasting her wide hips, it emphasized her curves with maturity and gentleness at the same time.

The door closed and she was no longer in sight.

The fragrance still lingered and the bath was still filled with the foam bubbles that had been washed off of Old Wu's body.

Zhang Ye finally stood up and headed towards the shower to wash himself clean. After that, he wiped himself dry with a towel, wrapped it around his waist, and went back inside to change into proper clothing.

When he exited the bedroom, the fragrant smell of tea attacked his nostrils.

Wu Zeqing, who was in her qipao again, waved him over. "Come here, I made tea, some, have some."

"It's fine, I don't need it." Zhang Ye went over and sat down on the oddly-sized sofa.

But Old Wu had already brought it over. "You've got to have it no matter what. After sweating so much, you need to hydrate yourself." She pushed the cup of tea into his hands. "Slowly drink it. It's hot."

"OK, I will listen to you." Zhang Ye could only force himself to take a few sips.

Across from him, Old Wu was holding something in her hands. "Apply some moisturizer."

Zhang Ye waved his hands. "I'm a man. I don't need this. I've never applied something like that before."

Old Wu gave a demure smile and said, "You've just finished a bath so now's the best time for your skin to absorb nutrients. You're still young and have good skin naturally, so you don't know about such things. When you're older, even if you try your best to maintain your good skin, it will be too late. Listen to Big Sis and put some on. It's just going to be on your face."

Zhang Ye said, "It's really not necessary."

"It's just normal skin care products, hur hur. You're a celebrity. Surely you ought to pay attention to such details. It's dry in the winter. The skin on your face will crack easily." Old Wu was already seated down beside him as she used her hand to push his hair back before squeezing some moisturizing cream onto his forehead, cheeks, and chin. Then, she spread it uniformly on his face with her hands in a very caring manner.

"Umm, let me do it."

"Don't move."

"...OK."

"Done. Feels better, right?"

"Uh-huh, it feels fine."

"In the future, always remember to apply some moisturizer after you've washed your face. It's good for your skin. If you don't have any at home, get some from Big Sis. I have a lot."

"Alright."

Chapter 534

Not long later.

It was gradually getting darker outside.

It was a little stuffy in the room so Zhang Ye suggested that they go downstairs to hang out for a little while. It was well-lit downstairs, and he was also feeling a little hungry by now. Wu Zeqing did not say anything. She just put on a coat and they left their suite to go downstairs together. Zhang Ye was wearing a large pair of sunglasses. He looked to his side, then grabbed Old Wu by her hand and held it tightly as they headed to the area behind the resort.

The aroma of grilled fish could be smelled from where they were.

The charcoal stoves glowed with a bright orange fire as many guests, mostly couples, were gathered here. There was a Valentine's Day promotion going on, and as long as they were guests of the resort, they could try the specialty dish of grilled fish for free. There were not many types of fishes available, but they were expensive due to its freshness. It seemed that there was a fish pond around here and the fish were freshly caught for grilling.

Zhang Ye swallowed his saliva and said, "How about we get a couple?"

"Big Sis might not be able to finish one by herself," Old Wu laughed and said.

"That's OK. If you can't finish it, I'll finish it for you." Zhang Ye went ahead holding the key card to their suite and showing it to the staff there before collecting two plates of freshly grilled fish.

One for him and one for Old Wu. They headed for a less crowded seating area, finding a dimly lit corner so that they could have some privacy from the others.

Not far from there, a conversation could be heard.

It seemed like it came from the table of a big family group.

The son said, "Did you all hear about Zhang Ye's incident?"

The mother said, "Yes, your dad and I just watched the news in our room."

"That Zhang Ye is really quite capable," the father said. "He even solved a global mathematics conjecture? He's definitely going to be famous this time!"

The daughter-in-law said, "I've only gotten to know about this Zhang Ye from the news today. Before this, I had not even heard of him. I didn't expect there to be such a smart person in our country!"

The son said, "That's because you've only been interested in

following those western celebrities and always think that they're superior to our country's celebrities. You don't even know Zhang Ye? I've known about him for a long time. See it now? Our country also has such great people, and compared to those foreign stars, he is so much more awesome. Even if I let you pick from among the whole world's stars, could you find one that could solve Dale's Conjecture? Haha, he's really gone and won pride for our country!"

Farther away, a young couple was seemingly discussing this matter as well.

Zhang Ye smiled a little. Hearing all these people who knew of him, he was definitely happy. At the same time, he was also enjoying his food as a whole fish had already been eaten. "Huuu, it's quite hot, but so nice!"

But Old Wu was slowing down as she ate. "Its taste is alright."

"What's wrong? Can't finish it?" Zhang Ye asked.

Old Wu smiled and said, "I can't eat any more. I'm not feeling too hungry."

Zhang Ye took her plate. "It's OK if you can't finish this. Don't force yourself. Let me eat it instead." He did not mind Old Wu's saliva. After he took the plate, he directly bit into the fish.

Old Wu patted him lightly on his thigh while seated beside him. Her hand just naturally rested on his thigh after that.

A short while later, a performer started singing followed by a lucky draw event held by the resort. But Zhang Ye and Wu Zeqing were not too interested in the events and simply proceeded back upstairs to their suite after finishing their meal.

As it was quite cold outside, they had put on warmer clothes to go downstairs. After they returned to their suite, Wu Zeqing went back to her bedroom and changed. When she came out, she had changed out of her qipao into a light flesh-colored bathrobe, tightened around the waist with its attached belt. Her hair was done up in a bun and it made her look even gentler. When Zhang Ye saw this, he also decided to get changed into the resort-supplied bathrobe like Old Wu.

It was still early.

Looking at his watch, it wasn't even 8 PM yet.

"Are you sleepy?" Zhang Ye asked her.

"It's still early. I'm not tired yet," she replied.

Zhang Ye looked around the room and asked, "Then what should we do? Watch TV? Go online?"

Old Wu smiled and said, "If you're still up for it, you should continue your novel."

"I could do that. But if I were to write, then what would you do?" The two of them had planned to come out to enjoy themselves today. Surely he could not leave Old Wu by herself?

She said, "You write. I'll look on from the side."

Zhang Ye's eyes brightened. "Alright then. Let's check out the resort's computer." He walked over, switched it on, and tried it out. It wasn't bad. It was quite fast and came with a new keyboard which felt fine as well. He pulled out the chair and then cocked his head at her. "OK. Then I'll start writing?"

Old Wu also took a chair and pulled it to his side. She raised a leg from under the bathrobe and crossed it over her other leg, revealing a fair bit of her smooth legs. "Come on, Big Sis is waiting to see you work." After saying that, she asked, "Will Big Sis affect your writing by sitting here?"

Zhang Ye quickly said, "Of course not."

"Hur hur, then that's good." Old Wu nodded her head.

With a beauty by his side, Zhang Ye's spirits were raised. He felt like he was on steroids the moment he touched the keyboard. He created a new document and immediately began typing.

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Chapter nine.

In the beginning.

500 years ago.

"Did you know? The sky is but a desert," said Zixia. "It might be made up of exquisite and beautiful things, but the moment it became a part of the celestial heavens, its soul was taken. Did you know?"

No one answered her, because there was no one beside her.

.....

His condition today was really good.

The main reason being because Wu Zeqing was at his side. Knowing that everything he wrote was so anticipated by Old Wu, Zhang Ye felt a sense of tension and did not wish for her to wait too long to see the developments. This was the reason for his speedy typing, as his fingers tapped away on the keyboard as though they were alive. He felt as though he were possessed by the Holy Spirit as he completed the chapter within 15 minutes. Never before had he done a chapter so quickly!

When he finished typing, Old Wu had also finished reading.

"How is it?" He asked.

"Great." Old Wu enjoyed what she had just read.

Zhang Ye was very satisfied as well and proceeded to post the chapter on his blog. He did not wait for any comments and continued to write on after closing the browser so that he would not be distracted.

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Chapter ten.

"What thing rules over all under the heavens?" Monk Tang asked.

"Monkey!" said Sun Wukong.

"No! It's pig!" Pigsy yelled out.

"You're both wrong. It is I," Monk Tang said. "When Buddha was born, with one finger pointing to the heavens and another pointing to the land, he declared so."

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Chapter 11.

Chapter 12.

Chapter 13.

Without rest, he wrote five or six chapters straight.

After finishing, Zhang Ye did some stretches to loosen his muscles and was about to continue writing. Suddenly, he heard a soft, quiet breathing sound beside him. He looked up and saw that Wu Zeqing had already fallen asleep, still sitting in the position with her legs crossed and one hand supporting her head. Looking at his watch, it was already past 10 PM. Only then did he realized that he had been writing for more than two hours, so he decided to stop and just look at Old Wu sleeping, unsure if he should wake her up.

Chapter 535: Unbanned?

The next day.

The sun had risen.

Outside.

Entertainment star Zhang Ye's preliminary proving of a global mathematical conjecture was still being actively discussed. Following the Central TV Department 1's News Simulcast and several major evening newspapers' report on the matter, the major morning newspapers, online media, and even People's Daily were also reporting on the news. This was already Zhang Ye's second time appearing on People's Daily newspaper. Even though it wasn't on the headlines, it still featured prominently on the second page.

The news had shocked everyone!

It was as though the news had been given a pair of wings and made its rounds across the country!

Some news had more of a lasting effect than others. For example, when Zhang Ye went around scolding and picking on people a few days ago, he had created a big stir. But after less than half a day, it had died down and no one discussed it any further. Then, there was the time when Zhang Ye posted his poems. Those had also caused quite a commotion and heated discussions followed, but after a day or two, it too had died down. It did not continue on for long. But this time, it was different. This time, Dale's Conjecture

was a different matter compared to previous times because this was really so sensational that it was unbelievable. It also involved national pride which pushed it further up the list of trending topics. From yesterday afternoon, since it got published in the newspapers until now, it had not cooled down at all and was even becoming more and more heatedly discussed among the people. The number of people who had been shocked by this news was also increasing, and if the trend continued, it looked like the news would still be the subject on everyone's lips for at least three or four more days!

The follow-up reports were also constantly being published.

Fellow Wan from the Chinese Academy of Sciences and several domestic mathematicians had already formed a validation team, ready to start the final checks on Zhang Ye's proof of Dale's Conjecture. On the global stage, several famous mathematicians had departed in the middle of the night or the morning and were scheduled to arrive in China shortly to take part in the verification process.

Shanghai, in some coffee house.

"Did you hear? Zhang Ye has solved Dale's Conjecture."

"Ah? Which Zhang Ye?"

"Don't you know? Aren't you too behind the times!"

"I was sick yesterday, so I didn't watch the news. What's going on?"

"It's the Zhang Ye who used to host a talk show in Shanghai on the online television station, that one!"

.....

Some gym in Chengdu.

"Old Cheng, you're here this early?"

"Yes, I came for a jog."

"Did you watch the news? Regarding Zhang Ye."

"Look at you. How would I not know of such a big news? I've heard about it too many times just from watching the news. Each time they report about it again, I can feel my blood pumping faster and faster. Our country really has talented people! Hur hur, although I don't know who Zhang Ye is, but I think I've seen him on a commercial before. I've got to find out more about him when I get back!"

.....

In Beijing, at a breakfast stall in an alleyway.

"Brother Wang, you're going to work? Why are you so early today?"

"Haha, didn't Dale's Conjecture get proven already? A professor from Math department at the university had been sent to help out with the verification checks, and as the professor's assistant, I'll probably have to work overtime in the next few days. I might get so busy that I won't be able to come back at night and have to stay at work."

"Aiyo, that's so hard on you."

"In the past, working overtime would always leave me exhausted and bitter. But this time, I'm really in high spirits. I won't mind even if I have to work overtime everyday. Did you hear about it? Those foreign scholars have always looked down on our country's standards for mathematics, but now, they are all willingly flying over. Some even came with their students! Do you know why? They are here intending to see if we made a mistake because a global mathematical conjecture that no one had been able to prove for decades finally has proof to it. And it was even proposed by a Chinese person! If they cannot find any mistakes, then they will be here to learn from it, to understand how Dale's Conjecture can actually be proven."

"That Zhang Ye! He's really great!"

"That's right. Do you know where he is from?"

"Where?"

"You don't know? He's a Beijinger! A born and bred Beijinger!

"Oh! Is that right?"

"Hur hur, how can this be faked?!"

.....

The topic was actively discussed all around the country.

Following the discussions, following Zhang Ye becoming the center of attraction, all the past incidents regarding this "Math Hero" were also uncovered. What got the most attention from people was of course in regards to the recent SARFT's Decree #43 listing of banned artists!

There was a big commotion on the internet.

"I really don't understand what the authorities were thinking!"

"A math hero like him, why would they even ban him?"

"Let's see how they will deal with this matter! I'm guessing the SARFT's panicking now! Ban? People's Daily and News Simulcast have already aired footage of Zhang Ye's news! They won't be able to suppress Zhang Ye after what he has done this time! I suggest they lift the ban on Teacher Zhang immediately!"

"Yes, the banned artist list should not have included Zhang Ye in the first place. When he beat someone up that time, he had done so to stand up for someone else. Using that as an excuse to ban Zhang Ye was really forcing it. Now that Teacher Zhang has brought so much honor and glory to our country and might even win an international math award, if he were to stay banned, then that'd really be unforgivable!"

"It's a little difficult to handle. Mathematics is an academic field while the SARFT oversees the publishing and entertainment fields. There's nothing in common in the first place, so even if they do not lift Zhang Ye's ban, no one can do anything about it."

"Although there's no relation, they are both governmental bodies. There should be some way to talk this out. Zhang Ye's has gained much credit, so they really shouldn't treat him this way. Whether it's the Chinese Academy of Sciences or the science and mathematics worlds, I think they would send a representative to communicate with the SARFT."

"That's right."

"I also hope that the ban will be lifted. I love Zhang Ye too much!"

"What an awesome person. Hahaha, I am also a big fan of Zhang Ye now! So cool!"

"Quickly let Teacher Zhang return! The entertainment circle cannot do without him! The entertainment circle without Teacher

Zhang Ye should not be called the entertainment circle anymore! It will only be good with him around!"

"Pfft! Looking forward to the return of the hero!"

"Unban!"

"Unban!"

"Unban!"

The netizens were making an issue of this and were all wishing for the same thing!

.....

Morning.

At the SARFT.

In a certain department's meeting room.

"Sir, the incoming deputy chief is coming here today?"

"Yes, he should be here by the afternoon."

"Regarding the banned artist list, shouldn't we handle it first? Or should we wait until the deputy chief is here before we report it to him? This matter has blown up too much. The Letters and Complaints Department received more than a hundred letters protesting Zhang Ye's inclusion in the banned artists list. It's been a sea of scolding comments and doubts against us online as well. I heard that some leaders from other offices even called to check on this matter?"

"They have called us. Our department is responsible for this matter. Zhang Ye surprisingly proved Dale's Conjecture, considered to be one of the most difficult mathematical conjectures in this world, and has garnered a lot of support through this. I'd already anticipated this outcome yesterday. Let's discuss. How should we handle this matter?"

"Unban?"

"Are we really going to just unban him like that?"

"That won't do. The decree had only been passed a few days ago. If we were to unban him and take his name off, then our department's reputation..."

"The new deputy chief was assigned here from the [CCPPD](#). He's always been aligned to the party's ideology and I've heard that he doesn't have a good temper. His work style is also very tough, so if we were to lift the ban on Zhang Ye without any conditions, then wouldn't that mean that we have admitted our loss to Zhang Ye? When Zhang Ye wrote several of those poems and essay to scold at us, like 'Hold unyielding, no matter where the winds blow'? 'Why

should I lower my face and bow for the influential and the rich, and take away my joyous smile'? I remember each and every word clearly. If we were to lift his ban, then when the new deputy chief takes over officially, wouldn't he be angered? Already losing our composure before we could stamp our authority? The authorities couldn't even handle a banned artist? We have to lift the ban after banning him? If we put it bluntly, doesn't that just mean we were slapping their own faces? If the new deputy chief is angered, then who could deal with him when the responsibility is pinned on our department!?"

"What can we do then?"

"Yes, Zhang Ye has already made such a huge contribution that even People's Daily reported on him. If we ignore this, the people would definitely not take it lying down. Then the management would surely..."

"I have an idea."

"Oh? Xiao Li, do tell."

"We cannot put the ball in the deputy chief's court. We have to handle this matter according to the new deputy chief's principals. So we can only do this, which is to use a roundabout way to lift the ban on Zhang Ye. There has to be conditions attached to this lifting..."

They were all trying to come up with plan!

Chapter 536: Never, Ever Compromise!

Around 9 PM.

Zhang Ye was writing something when the screen of his cell phone on the table lit up. As he had received too many calls from people last night, he had already switched it to silent mode. Zhang Ye glanced over without thinking of picking it up, but when he saw Yao Jiancai's name on the caller ID, he reached for the phone.

"Old Yao?" he said after accepting the call.

On the other side, Yao Jiancai said, "Get online."

Zhang Ye asked, "Go online for what? What's the matter?"

"You'll know when you see it." Yao Jiancai sounded very calm and relaxed. "There's an addendum to Decree #43 that SARFT previously announced. They posted some additional info."

Zhang Ye asked with interest, "What does it say?"

"Take a look at it yourself," Yao Jiancai answered merrily. "All thanks to you, half of this batch of banned artists have some hope of getting their ban lifted."

Zhang Ye asked, "What about you?"

Yao Jiancai answered, "I'm no longer on the list."

"Yo, that's great then, congratulations." Zhang Ye quipped, "Your 'prostitution' label can finally be put to rest. When will you be treating me to a meal?"

"After you settle your own issues."

"Sure, I'll go take a look now."

"When you have your ban lifted, we need to have a good drink together."

After hanging up, Zhang Ye went onto Weibo and directly searched for the SARFT's verified account. Indeed, a post titled "In regards to Decree #43's addendum clarification" was posted earlier and the updated banned artists list did not have Yao Jiancai's name on it. Another six names were also deleted, like the movie star who held a press conference apologizing for his actions and another singer who expressed regret for her past actions during an interview. Scanning through the list, Zhang Ye could still see his own name on it.

The lifting of the ban was beginning?

Base on what reasons do they lift the ban for?

It was only normal that Old Yao would be unbanned as his incident was just a case of misunderstanding. Because of the media

reporting on unfounded truths, Old Yao was banned. But after clarification statements from the police that the case has been resolved with no charges pressed, Yao Jiancai would naturally be the first person to be unbanned when the ban list was refreshed, that was without a doubt. But how about the others? Why did they get unbanned? These artists' misdeeds were already set in stone, no?

Reading further, Zhang Ye finally understood.

Actually, this clarification was to announce the conditions to get unbanned. The artists who had committed misdeeds more than 3 years ago and had shown improvements in their behaviors without any further misdeeds or those who had committed minor misdeeds within 3 years but had apologized could all send in their applications to the SARFT for them to consider and approve before releasing the decision to the public!

The application form for the revocation of ban was also leaked.

Name: XX.

Gender: XX.

Age: XX.

Representative Agency: XX.

There was even blanks labeled "Previous Misdeeds" and "Self

Reflection Statement" at the bottom of the page before an acknowledgment by signature and effective date ended the application form.

Other than Yao Jiancai, the names of those artists who had been removed had committed their misdeeds more than 3 years ago and were apologetic about their actions, hence the automatic exclusion of their names by the SARFT. Except for one artist who had committed his misdeed of soliciting prostitutes within the past year, considerations were made due to the fact that he was unmarried and the crime wasn't too serious, on top of which he had also expressed his regret in the events and so was given the chance to improve on his behavior. This was an example of the clarifications to Decree #43 regarding those who had committed minor misdeeds within the past 3 years and were given the pass to have their ban revoked.

This was what the clarification generally meant and after Zhang Ye had finished reading through the article, he had also fully understood it's meaning. No wonder Old Yao mentioned that it was due to him that he was able to get his ban lifted. But the timing of this clarification was still quite ambiguous as according to the current batch of banned artists, slightly less than half of them were covered by the conditions that would allow them to be unbanned, including Zhang Ye himself, involved in the minor crime of assault. Or it could be perceived as these conditions were actually made directly as a result of Zhang Ye's crimes, which he felt was the true reason behind it!

Why?

Because of the artists who had been unbanned of course!

This addendum clarification had only obviously been issued a short while ago and the application had also just been leaked. The few banned artists who had their bans revoked could not have possibly filled in the form and submitted it beforehand. Yao Jiancai had also not made any mention of this application in the phone call and if he did fill it in and submit it, he would have made any mention of it. From this, it could be said that the other banned artists were in the same situation, so why didn't they need to submit an application before getting their bans revoked while Zhang Ye's name was still on the ban list? Was it because Zhang Ye had not made any apology since the incident? It did not seem like it. If a public apology could replace an application form, then why did this addendum have to state the procedures of filling up the application form so clearly? They even explicitly stated that this would be a required step in the procedures? Yet, in the revocation of the bans on the other previously banned artists, this was obviously not the case. Old Yao and the others did not fill in any application forms and were quickly taken off the ban list!

Wasn't it illogical?

This showed that there was something fishy about it!

It was as though this document was screaming out to Zhang Ye for him to fill it in. It was definitely directed at him and the other names on the list seemed irrelevant.

Zhang Ye knew the reason for this. Why did it seem like it was targeted only at him? Logically speaking, on the list of banned

artists, Zhang Ye was not the one with the most fans. There were others who had a few million fans, so Zhang Ye was not the most famous name on it as there were others who were previously B-list movie stars. Neither was his misdeed the most serious since there were drug abusers on it as well, so he should not have been so targeted if everything was considered. But it seemed it was happening because of one specific reason. The reason was that Zhang Ye was much better than any of these other artists at one, and only one thing—This wretch could really cause trouble!

That Bamboos on the Rocks!

That Li Bai poem!

Going to Central TV to cause trouble with his crosstalk performances and the incidents regarding the promotions of Legend of Wukong!

After he had been banned, Zhang Ye's protest had never stopped. Time after time, he took the bull by the horns and created a stir that got bigger and bigger each time. He was the proverbial thorn in the side as each and every move he made had a big detrimental effect to the authorities. This was exactly the reason why he was targeted and the hidden agenda of this addendum clarification!

They want to revoke the ban on Zhang Ye!

They want to pardon him for his offenses!

But before that, Zhang Ye had to compromise and fill up the application form to submit to the SARFT for approval. They wanted him to guarantee his behavior and admit to his offenses. As of yesterday, Zhang Ye had solved a global mathematical conjecture and his presence could no longer be suppressed, neither was it suitable to do so any longer. But to lift his ban directly would mean that the reputation of the SARFT was at stake! They needed a proper excuse to do so and to protect their reputation so that people would not gossip. This was why they had come up with a reason like this to lift the bans!

.....

This addendum clarification had also caused a big reaction online!

"Wow!"

"Teacher Yao has had his ban lifted?"

"That's great. Looks like Teacher Zhang Ye will be unbanned soon as well!"

"Haha, this is so exciting. The SARFT has finally loosened their grip on this. I thought that Teacher Zhang would have been banned for life. From the looks of it now, we are not far from the day Teacher Zhang returns to the entertainment circle. All he has to do is submit the application? That's so simple. Teacher Zhang, quickly submit the form. Your misdeed was just a minor one. You merely beat someone up and that incident was already a thing of

the past. The honor you have brought to our country's mathematics world cannot be argued with, so just quickly complete the form! The authorities will surely agree to lift the ban on you!"

"Hooray! We can finally see the light at the end of the tunnel!"

Many of Zhang Ye's fans were cheering at this because their Teacher Zhang was finally going to be able to return through sheer perseverance after so long. How could they not be excited by this?

But there were also those who understood the situation.

"You're all looking at this too simply!"

"There are some problems with this clarification. Why did they release this information at this time? It's too coincidental. Clearly, they are targeting this at Zhang Ye. They knew that they could no longer suppress him but still want to keep their reputation, so they made such a move to force Zhang Ye to compromise."

"I see it that way as well. But no matter what, his career should come first so he should just submit the form as a procedure. It shouldn't be a big deal."

"But Zhang Ye has never expressed that he was not wrong in the incident involving Lee Anson. If you want him to submit the application and admit that he was wrong before, it seems unlikely that he will do so. Zhang Ye's temper is well-known to all, so it

might not happen as we want it to."

"That can't be? Teacher Zhang couldn't possibly be so rigid?"

"Yeah, it's just an application form and can't be considered as a self-review statement. Can't he just pretend to be sincere?"

At this time, a D-list celebrity that was also on the list of banned artists named Wu Shaoan posted on Weibo. He attached a picture of his application form and added the following: "The application has been sent. I recognize the seriousness of my misdeed and I promise to never commit them again. I hereby ask for a chance and the authorities to lift the ban on me."

The netizens commented.

"Ah?"

"He's already submitted it so quickly?"

"He acted so quickly."

A few minutes later, another banned artist also sent in his application. He did not post the application details but simply said so on Weibo.

The third...

The fifth...

The seventh...

All of these banned artists had been suppressed for so many days and could no longer bear the consequences. When they saw hopes of being unbanned, they grabbed at it. Even those celebrities who had considered retiring and moving into business reversed their decisions when they saw this clarification. They printed out the application and immediately filled it in before submitting it to the SARFT in hopes that they would be approved.

Eight people!

Ten people!

The number of applicants increased gradually.

The SARFT also posted a statement: "After receiving the applications, the relevant departments will handle them immediately. Principle decisions will be made in no later than seven working days."

Some of the artists who knew that they had no hopes of having their bans lifted also sent out the application form hoping for a miracle to happen. Even if they knew that it would not happen, they knew that they had to express the right attitude as they might have a chance should there be another round of applications. This was to leave a positive image on the authorities.

But only one person did not do anything!

Zhang Ye still did not show any signs of any actions!

"Where's Teacher Zhang?"

"F**k, did Zhang Ye not see this?"

"It can't be! This is such big news, how could he not know!"

"Zhang Ye, come out of wherever you are quickly!"

"@ZhangYe don't mess around any longer, quickly write your application!"

"Yea, Teacher Zhang, don't be so unrelenting. It would do anyone any good. Get past this setback first and return to the entertainment circle first before you think of anything else!"

"Yea, don't try to fight them like this! It's more important to get your ban lifted!"

The SARFT was paying a lot of attention to this matter. So were the media and countless other people!

The news in the past two days had fully been focused on Zhang

Ye. He was the talk of the town and any topics regarding him were highly publicized. So when this addendum clarification was published, some media outlets started hyping it up. All they lacked now was the main character showing himself as everyone waited for Zhang Ye to come forward with his application!

At 10:05 PM, Zhang Ye's Weibo finally saw some action!

"It's here!"

"Ah!"

"Zhang Ye has appeared!"

"Take a look, quickly! Is it an application form?"

Countless people swarmed to his Weibo page!

Then, all of the media outlets and netizens saw a sentence that left them in shock. It was a sentence that they had never seen before but was very well known in his previous world.

On Zhang Ye's Weibo, this was written:

"Fighting the Heavens."

"Fighting the Earth."

"Fighting men."

"What joy!"

Poem titled Self-motivation: Struggle (奮鬥自勉) written by Mao Zedong at the age of 24 in 1917. The poem was later distorted to read as if Mao Zedong said "Fighting the Heavens, what joy! Fighting the Earth, what joy! Fighting men, what joy!"

Indeed, in the original poem, the verses read as "Fighting with Heaven, oh the joy! Fighting with the Earth, oh the joy! Fighting with men, oh the joy!" However, the original verses have been distorted as "Fighting the Heavens," "Fighting the Earth," and "Fighting men." Hence, Mao Zedong was depicted as one who inclined to fight against everyone, and this ideology had been made the guiding principle for class struggle.

Chapter 537: Zhang Ye's The Road Not Taken!

This poem had left everyone dumbfounded!

What did he mean by "fighting the Heavens, Earth, and men"?

What did he mean by "what joy"?

Did it mean that Zhang Ye did not care about the addendum? He was not even intending to submit his application to have his ban lifted? He would not admit that he was wrong to hold Lee Anson responsible for his actions? He would not compromise just because they offered him amnesty? He was seriously thinking of continuing the damn fight?

The netizens were shocked!

"Goddammit!"

"What the hell are you trying to do, Teacher Zhang!"

"Aiyo, why are you still picking a fight. There was a good chance of getting your ban lifted but now that has turned to dust again. Teacher Zhang, could you just compromise a little?"

"Compromise my ass! I support Zhang Ye's decision!"

"Yes, I will support Teacher Zhang Ye's decision no matter what!"

"Zhang Ye should never have been listed on the banned artist list in the first place. Now that he has gotten credit for such a big achievement, how dare you request that Teacher Zhang compromise to your agenda before lifting his ban? Based on what!? Based on what does Teacher Zhang Ye have to bow his head to you! Based on what reasons that could excuse the authorities from apologizing and accepting that they were wrong in the first place? Yet you want Teacher Zhang Ye to take a step back and let you have it easy? F**k! Then who will let Teacher Zhang have it easy!"

"Hehe, seeing that from Zhang Ye really lifted my spirits. I can totally imagine it since it's his style!"

"Hahaha, I'm so happy to see those words of his. The other artists could only think of apologizing and admitting to their misdeeds after they had been banned, but look at Zhang Ye! Not only will he not admit it, he is even looking for a fight while doing so. What did he say in the end? 'What joy!' Pfft! You're even able to treat this like a game! I really have nothing to criticize when it comes to his attitude, it's just so refreshing!"

"F**k, is that really a good idea?"

"What's bad about it! Just fight it out with them!"

"Hai, Teacher Zhang really gives me a headache. He always has me worried!"

"Hur hur, if he could let others not worry about him, then he wouldn't be called Zhang Ye. Many of us like him exactly because of this temper of his!"

"It's done for. This time, he's flipped the table on them and there's no longer any chance of getting his ban lifted!"

.....

SARFT.

At a certain department.

"That Zhang Ye!"

"Supervisor, he's such a hooligan!"

"We've already offered him an olive branch, yet he is refusing to reach his hand out? What sort of person is he!"

"What should we do now? If he won't accept this approach, then how are we going to get him unbanned?"

"Then we should just leave him be! The new Deputy Chief Wang will be arriving soon. We have already done all that we could, so we should just wait for Chief Wang's instructions from here on!"

"I suppose that's the only way now."

"When the new deputy chief arrives, that Zhang Ye will only have further sufferings."

"A newly appointed official will surely flex his muscles a little. Zhang Ye is already on the collision course since even though we stretched out our hands to reach out to him, he refused to grab on! I guess there's no other way then! It wouldn't help even if any of us calls Zhang Ye to clarify this about matter. We have our excuse regarding this matter since we've already tried to resolve it with him. As long as he submits the application form, his ban would be lifted. But since he does not want to do it, then we won't be held responsible for his own decisions!"

.....

When Zhang Ye posted the update, there were great effects everywhere.

Some of the media outlets had already planned to do a coverage on Zhang Ye's news about his mathematical conjecture proof and his past incidents, etc. Some of them even planned to release the news over several issues as they believed that he was about to have his ban lifted by the SARFT. As media workers, they had a keener sense to such news. But little did they know that although they had guessed that the SARFT would offer him an olive branch, they could not guess Zhang Ye's reaction to it! Zhang Ye had actually refused to compromise to the conditions stated by the

SARFT and this had affected the plans of the media outlets greatly!

What should they do?

Should they report about the news or not?

If they were to continue reporting on Zhang Ye's news, then how much coverage should they give to it? What sort of way should the news be expressed in? All of these factors were highly debatable!

In the past, media reports were under the jurisdiction of the General Administration of Press and Publication until it had merged with the SARFT. They could not ignore the regulations put in place by their overseeing authority. Since the relation between the SARFT and Zhang Ye was now at its lowest, the media had to take this into consideration when it came to deciding which reports they should publicize and which not to. For the case of the mathematical conjecture, since it was such a high profile incident and news media all over the world was reporting on it, they could not possibly not mention a word in their publications as well. They would not be able to explain that!

All in all, they could only come to one conclusion.

The conclusion was that Zhang Ye was really a troublesome person!

.....

At the resort.

In the suite.

Zhang Ye was not affected by the on-goings of the outside world. After he posted on Weibo, he went back to concentrating on his novel writing. Beside him, his cellphone which was switched back to alert mode suddenly rang again. Ring ring ring, ring ring ring. He got a call from someone!

It was Yao Jiancai!

"Old Bro! What the heck are you doing!"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I didn't do anything."

Yao Jiancai snappily said, "It was almost certain that the ban on you would be lifted, so why... Aiya, it's just an application form. Why don't I just write it on your behalf? I can even forge your handwriting."

"It's fine, Old Yao."

"Can't you just listen to me, your bro for once?"

"It's not that I don't want to." Zhang Ye said seriously, "But sometimes, if you bow your head once to them, you will find it hard to be able to raise it again. You know what kind of person I

am, the word 'compromise' doesn't exist in my dictionary!"

"You! I've really given up on you!"

"Just stay out of this, Old Yao. You've already been unbanned, so do your job well and buy me dinner sometime. As for me, I will surely continued this with them!" Zhang Ye said optimistically.

"Alright, alright." Yao Jiancai sounded helpless as he hung up the call.

Following that, a text arrived on his cell phone as well.

It was a message from the songstress, Grandma Zhang Xia: "I've seen the news report and saw you Weibo post as well. The application form is not an apology letter. It's not as serious as you think."

Zhang Ye replied: "Grandma Zhang, I know."

Grandma Zhang Xia: "Then submit the application."

Zhang Ye replied: "I really can't do it."

Grandma Zhang Xia: "Alright then. Since you've already decided, I won't say another word."

Zhang Ye: "Thank you for your concern."

Thereafter, a call from Zhang Yuanqi's manager arrived as well.

The first thing Fang Weihong said when the call connected was "Why?"

Zhang Ye laughed. "No reason."

Fang Weihong said pitifully, "You have so much talent in writing lyrics and composing music and Sister Zhang has always wanted to work long term with you. If you are still on the banned artist list, we can't use your songs even if we wanted to. It would surely be held back if we tried to publish it, so speaking selfishly, I really want you to have your ban lifted. Think about your career and your future, there is really no need to do this, no?"

Zhang Ye laughed without saying a word.

Fang Weihong could only shake her head and said, "Forget it, I won't say any more."

Many of his friends had either made calls or sent him messages, mainly asking him "why?".

Zhang Ye could not continue writing because he had to reply to them, so he casually switched on the TV and channel surfed a little before finally stopping at Beijing Television Station's satellite channel, BTV-1. On it was shown Talking Point which was a live

broadcasted program that was presided by a host who also acted as a commentator, discussing the talking points of the latest news with a few other news commentators. Zhang Ye had watched this program before but never paid much attention to it, but today, he did so because they were discussing none other than him.

The headline for this episode was about the matter of the mathematical conjecture. It gradually shifted its focus to the banned Zhang Ye and his latest Weibo post. Behind them on a large screen, many comments from the netizens could be clearly seen. All of these comments expressed puzzlement at Zhang Ye's decision!

A male commentator said, "I find it very strange too."

A female commentator added, "I am curious as I've been following many of the incidents regarding Teacher Zhang and it seems to me that many of his major decisions are made differently from other people."

The host said, "We have managed to get Teacher Zhang Ye's contact number here."

Zhang Ye's contact number was very difficult to get ahold of as most people did not know it and couldn't even contact him even if they wanted to. As Zhang Ye did not take part in any commercial events, he had never left a contact number publicly to anyone. But since Beijing Television Station was Zhang Ye's previous employer, it would be impossible that they would not be able to get hold of his contact number as this information was kept on his file. Besides, they could also have easily obtained it by making a visit to

Zhang Ye's ex-colleagues to find out about it.

The second male commentator said, "Oh, really? We can contact Zhang Ye directly?"

The host nodded. "We do not know if the call will connect though." Then he spoke into his headset, "Could we trouble our director to help us link up with Teacher Zhang Ye via a call?"

Zhang Ye who was watching this had a bit of laugh when he heard that.

Then, he saw his cell phone screening lighting up in front of him and an unknown number appeared on the caller ID. Zhang Ye looked at it and finally decided to answer it.

Coincidentally at this moment, the bedroom door opened.

Wu Zeqing, dressed in a bathrobe, walked out holding her phone in her hand with its screen still lit up. She probably had already seen Zhang Ye's Weibo and knew that he had given up the best shot he had at getting unbanned.

Zhang Ye put a finger to his lips to let her know to be quiet.

Wu Zeqing nodded and went to get a drink for herself.

On the television, the host suddenly said, "It connected."

Zhang Ye heard this voice twice, once on his phone and a moment later, on television. Even though this was a live broadcast, there was still a lag time of about a little more than a second.

.....

On the internet.

Someone exclaimed!

"Damn! Quickly, tune in to BTV-1!"

"What's the matter, what's the matter?"

"Talking Point is on and they've made contact with Zhang Ye! It's a live broadcast! Everyone, quickly go watch it! Don't miss it! The hosts seem like they will be asking questions about Teacher Zhang's refusal to the SARFT's proposal!"

"Really? I'm coming!"

"Quickly inform the others! They need to watch this!"

Zhang Ye's fans and many other netizens turned on their televisions and tuned in to the program.

.....

At Yao Jiancai's house.

"Dad!"

"What?"

"Come quickly! The television program is interviewing Teacher Zhang!"

"Oh? I'm coming, I'm coming!"

.....

Hong Kong.

In a waiting room at the backstage of a television station.

Fang Weihong who was watching television made a curious sound, "Zhang Ye?" Then, she turned around and shouted, "Sister Zhang, do you want to see this? They're interviewing Little Zhang over the phone."

"Really?"

.....

The number of people who were paying attention to this program had increased crazily!

After all, this was the hottest topic currently and the live broadcast program was even able to contact the involved party, so naturally everyone was extremely curious about what Zhang Ye would say during the interview.

On television.

The host had not expected that they would really be able to get in contact with the man of the moment and so had his spirits raised by this. "Hello, how are you? Is this Teacher Zhang Ye? I am the host of Talking Point, Zhao Zhao."

Zhang Ye replied in a calm voice, "Hello."

The host verified again, "Is this really Teacher Zhang Ye?"

Zhang Ye laughed and replied, "I don't dare to be called a teacher, but my name is indeed Zhang Ye."

The host immediately continued, "I'm here with a few of our guest commentators at the live studio venue and we're discussing the matter regarding your application to have your ban lifted. We've also seen many of our netizen friends' comments, including the few of us as well, who have been left puzzled by your decision not to submit it. If you're still on the banned list, then wouldn't it

be really difficult for you from here on out? Can you tell us why you made such a decision? Why you arrived at such an unfathomable decision?"

Wu Zeqing leaned against the wall, drinking her tea and watching the program on television.

Zhang Ye was also facing the television screen. Holding his phone still to his ear, he thought for a moment. He did not know how to answer them, nor did he know how to answer it properly.

Why?

Why?

This question was really not easily answerable.

Finally, Zhang Ye closed his eyes and said very calmly:

“Two roads diverged in a yellow wood, / And sorry I could not travel both”

When they heard this, on the television screen, the host could clearly be seen looking a little stunned. The three guest commentators beside him were also a little taken aback as they looked at each other. Including those seated in front of their television sets, everyone was experiencing a similar reactions!

Two roads?

One was the path of compromise so that he could return to the entertainment circle? The other path was to not compromise and leave his future hanging?

Meanwhile on the broadcast, Zhang Ye's voice continued on:

*“And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;*

*Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear;
Though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,*

*And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black.
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.*

*I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.”*

This poem of course did not exist in this world and was only

known to those in Zhang Ye's previous world. It was a work by the American poet, Robert Frost—The Road Not Taken.

ED Note: The "road less traveled" is something the narrator of the poem tells himself to comfort himself "ages and ages hence [later]", as the two roads are "equally lay / In leaves no step had trodden black" and "worn ... really about the same", not a road that is really less traveled, as is the common misconception.

With regards to the host's question as well as the netizens' and his friends question to him, Zhang Ye did not know how to tell them in his own words as to why he did what he did. He had no way to put it into words! This was why he chose to use a poem instead. He felt that this poem was the only one that could express what he was feeling at this moment!

In the paths that appear at different points of life, there can only be one decision. So Zhang Ye had chosen a path that was less traveled. Perhaps no one else had ever walked down this road and it could be full of difficulties and setbacks. But he would not regret it and he would never turn back! Because this was the path he chose!

What he needed to do was to keep going on and on.

On this path, there should not be any questions or reasons!

He did not want to know how incredibly beautiful and scenic the other path that he did not take would have been!

Chapter 538: Zhang Ye's retort!

On television.

The studio went silent for a second.

Then, the host quickly reacted by asking, "The name of this poem is....?"

Zhang Ye laughed a little and answered, "It's called The Road Not Taken."

The host praised, "Teacher Zhang can really come up with impromptu gems like that. Everyone could not understand your decision before, but after hearing your poem, I believe it is enough to make them understand."

The female guest commentator was so moved by the poem that she looked very emotional and had an expression of sadness as she said, "Teacher Zhang, in the past, after I've heard your poems and speeches or read your essays, my blood would always be surging with adrenaline. It's really rare to hear such a style of poem like today's."

The male guest commentator said, "Yes, we don't usually get that from you."

The other middle-aged commentator added, "I'm still getting used to it."

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, even I myself need to get used to this."

Having unexpectedly contacted Zhang Ye, interviewed him, and even received one of his newly composed works on the live broadcast of Talking Point, the host was already very satisfied. In his ear piece, the director's voice sounded and he stopped probing with further questions to Zhang Ye. He simply said a few words of thanks to Zhang Ye and hung up the call. Since Zhang Ye had refused to compromise and had already chosen his path, with the SARFT as their overseeing authority, it wouldn't do any good if they got too cushy with Zhang Ye. They did not continue to give him any more coverage and stopped right there and then.

.....

Talking Point was an above-average viewership rated program and was broadcasted live throughout the entire country via BTV-1's satellite channel. Today's broadcast was shown on many television screens in countless of homes.

Those who watched the live broadcast also heard this poem.

On the television station's forums and Weibo, the discussion about this topic started to heat up!

"Good poem!"

"What a great 'I took the one less traveled by'!"

"This is truly the depth of a master!"

"Yeah, Zhang Ye has really livened up literature!"

"Some literary people might not even be able to compose a poem with such an artistic mood in their whole lives, but when Teacher Zhang does it, he does it with little to no effort. It's just like cabbage being sold at the market. Whoever wants some will get however much they want!"

"The meaning behind this poem simply means to say that he is taking the path less trodden on! Since Teacher Zhang Ye debuted, every step that he took, his personality, his temperament, all of these could be interpreted from his poems!"

"Support Zhang Ye!"

"Right, no matter which path you choose to walk on, we will walk along with you!"

"Hah! F**k them! Have any of us from Zhang Ye's fan club ever been afraid of anyone before!"

"Who's afraid of who! Come on! If you all don't intend to lift the ban, then don't! In the short life of a man, what's most important is that we live to the fullest! Even if Teacher Zhang Ye is unable to return to the entertainment circle, we will still wait!"

"Agreed! We will wait until we die!"

"+1!"

"Stubbornly waiting until Teacher Zhang, the King returns!"

Of course, there were also a lot of people who disagreed with his decision.

"What a thorn!"

"Zhang Ye's definitely finished this time!"

"Yes. With him proving Dale's Conjecture, he should already be enjoying the fame and limelight. But he ended up not grabbing his chance to get his ban lifted and pushed his luck instead? You might be unstoppable right now with all the headlines focused on you solving the mathematical conjecture, but surely you can't expect to ride this wave all your life, right? It will surely die down after some time, then what will you do? Do you really not intend to return to the entertainment business anymore? If you plan to do so, then at least show the right attitude? Even if you keep pressing it, will you be able to outdo the authorities? If they do not lift your ban, then what can you do?"

.....

At the SARFT.

"Supervisor, Manager Chen!"

"What are you running for?"

"The management wants me to inform you all that the newly appointed Deputy Chief Wang is headed here to inspect our department!"

"Ah? He's here so early? Didn't they say that it would be in the afternoon?"

"It's the welcoming banquet that would be held in the afternoon, but Deputy Chief Wang has already arrived in the morning. He has already reported officially to take over his duties. He intends to go around to understand more about the departments that he would be overseeing and is already on his way right now. He will be here very soon!"

"Alright, we understand!"

"Clean up the area a little!"

"Supervisor, should we report about Zhang Ye's incident?"

"If he asks, then we will report it. We won't be able to hide it anyway!"

.....

Soon after.

The SARFT issued another statement.

To begin, they issued the statement announcing the change of appointments, with Wang Changlei as the new Deputy Chief of the SARFT.

Then, very quickly, the next statement was issued as well. It's unknown under whose order this came from, nor whether if it was due to the live broadcast earlier on BTV-1 or because of the strong support for Zhang Ye on the internet, but the department responsible for implementing the measures of not airing any broadcasts involving banned artists was the one who issued this statement. First, it gave its approval to the banned artists who had submitted their applications online and processed it with quick efficiency. A total of 4 artists had their bans lifted with immediate effect. Next, it repeated and emphasized about the controls on banned artists and how all media outlets are to strictly enforce it without any letup!

Judging from the contents, it seemed like this statement was issued specifically with Beijing Television station's BTV-1 in mind.

The statement also mentioned that any banned artists who did not compromise or had intentions to revolt would be punished even more harshly, as if they were referring directly to Zhang Ye.

"It's beginning!"

"The battle is starting again! "

"The battle has become even more exciting now! It doesn't look like the end is in sight!"

Many of those netizens who were joining in to see the action were cheering on the excitement.

At this moment, the battle of the suppression of banned artists had begun again. It was building up to a climax and it seemed like Zhang Ye's future was looking dim.

.....

At the resort.

The air was clean and not as stuffy as the outside.

"Not a bad poem," Wu Zeqing said as she walked to the sofa and took a seat. She elegantly put down her tea cup and continued, "You're going up against them again?"

Zhang Ye coughed. "You saw it on Weibo?"

Wu Zeqing nodded. "I saw it."

Zhang Ye wanted to explain to her why he did that, but before he could say anything, Wu Zeqing had already moved on to another topic, not bothered by the issue at hand.

She smiled and said, "How much have you written for your novel already?"

"Oh, I've almost finished it," Zhang Ye said.

"You didn't get lazy, right? Let me check it." She sat down beside him.

Zhang Ye opened up the document for her with a smile. "I started writing since this morning. Other than updating Weibo and answering a few calls, I did nothing else. Why don't you take a look at it first?"

She said, "Big Sis will read it on the phone. You continue writing."

Zhang Ye was a little taken aback. "Write it right now?"

She asked, "Why can't you write it now?"

"....Alright." Zhang Ye nodded.

Whenever Zhang Ye was involved in some trouble, his friends or

relatives would always come and ask him about it. They always wanted to know what was going on before criticizing him a little. This had always been the case and everyone was the same, except for Wu Zeqing. She was clearly not the same as them as she did not ask anything regarding Zhang Ye's refusal to submit an application to get his ban lifted. Instead, she chose to supervise him as he wrote the novel and encourage him. This saved a lot of explaining on Zhang Ye's part, and with that, it also comforted him greatly.

With Old Wu, he never had to speak unnecessarily. No matter what he did, as long as he felt it was right, as long as he determinedly stuck with it, Old Wu would surely give her full understanding and support.

Write on!

Zhang Ye began to type away noisily!

Beside him, Old Wu, who had finished reading his latest post, stood up and went to use the suite's phone to make a call to the reception desk. She got them to send some food up, not cooked but raw food. This was also a service that the resort provided and Old Wu began cooking in the kitchen. Her well-honed culinary skills of washing then cutting the ingredients was done slowly and calmly. This was the charm of a mature woman.

One chapter!

One chapter!

One more chapter!

At 12:35 PM, Zhang Ye finally snapped his fingers and laughed out loudly as he posted the last chapter of the main story. Other than the spin-off, this novel had been completed!

Old Wu, who was preparing the soup, raised her head up when she heard this. "You're done with it?"

Zhang Ye stretched his body and said, "I've finished it! It's completed!"

"Are you hungry?"

"I'm very hungry!"

"Hur hur, alright, wait a little while more."

"Thanks for the trouble, Old Wu."

"It's no trouble."

Old Wu lit the stove and started frying some vegetables.

Zhang Ye rested on his chair relaxingly clicking on the mouse as he browsed through the comments online.

.....

On the blog's comment section.

"Wau!"

"Legend of Wukong is completed!"

"Old Zhang's really impressive today! I've already finished reading!"

"With so much happening in these past two days, it seems like Teacher Zhang was not affected by it and wrote his novel at such a fast speed. Just by this, I have to give Teacher Zhang my Like!"

"Teacher Zhang has such high productivity! Look at the other authors who take a few months at least to finish a book of a few hundred thousand words, some take longer and stretch it to a year or even a few years! But see how good Teacher Zhang is, coming up with such an elite piece of work in just a matter of days? And it is of such a high standard too?"

"I'm really very impressed with Zhang Ye. No matter how bad his temper is, he is still doing something with his pen, his mouth, his hands and can deliver elite pieces of work after work to the people. His poems can stir the people, giving them strength. His essays can move the people, making them think. His crosstalk and talk show performances can make everyone laugh and lift their moods, his novels can bring happiness and sadness to everyone, letting them

forget their troubles. Regarding Zhang Ye, while many people have mixed feelings about him, it cannot be denied that he has always been serious about his work. But what about the others? Like people from certain authorities? What are you all doing? All you know is how to talk about how this is not allowed or that is not allowed, talking about how Teacher Zhang Ye should be banned because he is not correct about something. But I would like to throw the question back to you all. What are you all correct about? Eh? What do you all do everyday from morning until night? Eh?"

Then, someone began to compile a list of quotes from Legend of Wukong!

Quote 1: "I want for the sky to not cover my eyes! I want for this land to not bury my heart! I want for all living beings to understand me! / I want for all those Buddhas to vanish from my life!"

Countless people started replying to this.

"This one's good!"

"This phrase is great!"

"This is the most classic one! I love it!"

"Zhang Ye's temper could be seen clearly from this. He is exactly the type of person who would dare play a different tune to the heavens and earth! He was using his novel to let the people know

about his intentions!"

Quote 2: "Even if the Heavens oppress me, splitting the skies, crumbling the earth beneath my feet, I was born free, so who dares claim dominance over me!"

"That was a great one too!"

"I loved that phrase!"

"Awesome!"

Quote 3: "If the gods aren't greedy, why do they not tolerate a little criticism? If the gods aren't evil, why do they put the fates of so many within their grasp?"

"There's so many hidden meanings in these quotes!"

"I've read this phrase a few times over! Zhang Ye's meaning was clear for all to see!"

"It's only Zhang Ye who dares to do something like that. Most people wouldn't dare write something like this at all!"

"These words are Zhang Ye's questions! Right, if you all had no greed, why would you not be able accept a little criticism? You just assume that it is disrespect? You take it as insubordination? If you were not evil, why do you always force people to obey your orders

unconditionally? They can't even air any grievances?"

"Well scolded!"

"This is really satisfying! That's exactly what I'm furious about!"

"I can finally see it, that this Legend of Wukong has been Teacher Zhang Ye's roar of anger from the beginning till the end! This is his retort! Zhang Ye finished his novel right after the SARFT had just released their statement and made their stand. He is announcing his intention of warring against them!"

"Although it's not evenly matched, I will still support Zhang Ye with all I've got!"

"Right! I support Face-smacking Zhang!"

"Everyone, use your actions to support Teacher Zhang! Using a quote from Legend of Wukong: 'I might be a pig, but. I. will. not. let. you. freely. slaughter. me'!"

"Well said!"

"We won't let you slaughter us!"

With the statement issued by the SARFT, Zhang Ye had immediately begun his retort!

The battle had become even more exciting now!

The situation was headed for a deadlock!

Chapter 539: The Difficulty Adjustment Die's Ultimate Power!

In the afternoon.

They had eaten and drunk their fill.

Old Wu was leaning back on the sofa with her phone in her hand, reading the last chapter of Legend of Wukong.

Zhang Ye was holding a toothpick in his hand picking his teeth in a relaxed manner. With one hand satisfactorily on his belly, he mumbled, "I'm so full, the food was so delicious. Huu, I'm sweating just from eating." Looking to the sofa, he said, "Old Wu, you're about to go to the south for your new appointment. When I can't get to eat your home cooked dishes in the future, I'll surely die. Why don't you stay? Otherwise, I will really die."

He was bringing up the same topic again.

Although he knew that the appointment could not be changed, Zhang Ye was still unwilling to let Wu Zeqing go. He wished that she would stay on in Beijing and get posted to some other appointment even if she did not stay in Peking University. That would be the best since he could still meet her. But thinking about it, he also had his aspirations and Old Wu would definitely have hers as well. She had goals that she worked for to get ahead in her job. It wasn't easy working for the government, and even though Zhang Ye had never been an official or a civil servant before, he clearly understood this. For Old Wu to obtain her achievements up

till now, it must not have been easy. This transfer should be rather important for her as even if it was a lateral promotion, it was still necessary to prepare her for her next upward promotion. She couldn't miss this chance.

When he thought of all these, Zhang Ye changed his tone. "Forget it, treat it as I did not say that."

She continued reading the novel, calmly replying, "If you really want to, you can fly over and come visit Big Sis."

Zhang Ye forced a smile and said, "Sure."

"Besides, it's still not confirmed yet. Didn't I mention to you that, as long as the appointment has not been given and if there are some last minute changes, I might still not be going?" she said.

Zhang Ye blinked. "Won't be going? How big are the chances?"

She did not raise her head up and just said, "0.1%."

"That's as good as going for sure. A 0.1% chance is no different from a 0% chance," Zhang Ye said, knowing that he should not talk about this anymore. They were going to be separated soon and only had these few extra days together. At such times, he should only talk about happy things.

Suddenly, she put down her phone and said, "I've finished reading."

Zhang Ye asked, "Not too bad?"

"Yes, the literary standard is still as outstanding as ever. It's like you can write anything quite well," Old Wu praised him and then looked at him. "You're worthy of being my little boyfriend."

Zhang Ye was a little speechless and said in annoyance, "What do you mean, 'little boyfriend'? Just boyfriend will do."

She nodded. "Alright, boyfriend."

Zhang Ye was very proud of this. He went over to the sofa and sat down, holding Old Wu's hand.

Old Wu naturally held his hand as well. "After Big Sis leaves, I won't be able to look after you everyday. Honestly speaking, I am a little worried about you."

Zhang Ye sighed. "It's not worth it."

"When I'm around, I can help you whenever needed. I can supervise wherever you need my supervision." She laughed. "When I'm gone, you just might get into some big trouble again."

Zhang Ye said, "You don't wish to go?"

Old Wu replied, "Yes, I don't really want to go to the south. Hur

hur, but that can't be helped. If the organization has already decided, then I can only follow it. So when I'm not around for the next few years, you have to take care of yourself. If there's anything that you want advice on, you can always call me. Even though I'm older than you, I can't claim that I am smarter or more cultured than you. But at the very least, Big Sis has more experience with many things, so giving you some advice will definitely not be a problem."

"Alright, I understand."

"How do you intend to deal with the trouble with the SARFT?"

"I don't know, I will just take it a step at a time. That has always been how I dealt with things since the beginning anyway."

"Since you've already chosen a different path from the others, be determined. Don't be bothered by what others say of you and remember that I will always be supporting you."

"Thanks, Old Wu."

Old Wu's words left Zhang Ye feeling great and took away all his stress. With such a woman by his side, Zhang Ye felt that even if the whole world were scolding him, he would be alright with it!

Later in the afternoon.

The two of them didn't go anywhere and just stayed in the room

to chat.

Perhaps it was because he knew that they wouldn't have much time left together, Zhang Ye spoke about a lot of things. He chatted with Old Wu about the news, about celebrities, and even gossiped.

He was unwilling to see her go!

They sat together intimately and affectionately!

But life is always full of surprises!

The way some things developed would always be unexpected to everyone. Zhang Ye wouldn't have believed it if you told him that the upcoming developments would be so dramatic! Even for someone like him who had witnessed all sorts of unbelievable situations, he was dumbfounded for a while!

At 1:15 PM.

Wu Zeqing's cell phone rang. She took a call from a department of the organization.

"Hello, President Wu."

"Secretary Chen."

"There's something I should let you know in advance. Regarding your appointment changes this time, I'm afraid that some problems have cropped up. The personnel over at the south did not handle the paperwork properly and there are no more open positions left. You might have to wait a little longer while I try to communicate and sort it out with the organization. Wait for my call. I will try to arrange something as soon as I can."

"Alright, sorry to trouble you, Secretary Chen."

"Don't say that. I had given you the guarantee for this job previously but somehow it did not work out. I should be the one apologizing, so anyway, just wait for my news."

After hanging up, Old Wu said to Zhang Ye, "It seems like your wishes had come true, heh heh. The 0.1% chance really did happen."

Zhang Ye was a little confused and asked, "What's the matter?"

She said, "There are some problems with the new appointment and they told me to wait for further news."

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "Wow, really?"

"Let's go." Old Wu stood up. "Big Sis needs to start contacting some people to find out more about this. I'll have quite a bit to do. Why don't you send me back home?"

"OK, this is more important." Zhang Ye quickly packed up and checked out of the resort with Old Wu.

Zhang Ye was actually feeling a little suspicious and wondered if it could be due to the five times reduced difficulty effect. Up until now, the Difficulty Adjustment Die's effect was still going on as there was a total of a little more than six days. Right now, there were a little less than two days left to go!

Old Wu might be able to stay after all?

That would be great!

Zhang Ye did not think much and could only be happy about it. But the developments of this event would once again leave him dumbfounded over and over again. It was seriously too shocking!

.....

That night.

An incident occurred at the SARFT!

The newly appointed deputy chief, Comrade Wang Changlei, had a welcoming banquet thrown for him after the issuance of the statements to warn Zhang Ye and the television stations. But as a result of overdrinking at the banquet, he suffered a stroke and had to be rushed to the hospital. In the evening, the medical report indicated that he would be unfit for his duties at the SARFT, and as

such, had to step down from his post. It seemed that the procedures for his resignation were already being processed, and according to the online news outlets, the organization had also accepted Comrade Wang's resignation.

The netizens were very surprised at this outcome!

Many people also began ridiculing such an incident!

"Another incident at a welcoming banquet! Isn't this already the second time it had happened?"

"They were even drinking while on the job?"

"What the heck were they doing?"

"F**k, something has already happened so soon after he had taken over?"

"Are they going to change to a new deputy chief again? Who would it be?"

There were not many people who were too concerned about this news as it wasn't something that affected them. But people from the entertainment circle all paid close attention to this as any movement in the upper management of the SARFT would affect the celebrities and entertainment companies very directly. It's like how a soccer player and the soccer team are affected by the soccer associations as those were the authorities who had control over

their livelihoods. An appointment like the deputy chief would surely attract the attention of countless entertainment circle members as even any changes in middle management would already be something that affected them. Including the bosses of the entertainment companies, the cadres of the television station, and those A-and B-list celebrities, all of them would surely have to pay attention to such matters!

A new leader of the overseeing authority, and you don't even know the name of the person? Then do you think you can survive in this field? Definitely not!

And so, everyone from the entertainment circle had their full attention on this matter!

.....

The next day.

A new appointment had been issued.

Comrade He Yi from the State Council Information Office would be taking over the duties from Comrade Wang Changlei.

A sense of surprise rippled through the entertainment circle.

"Deputy Chief Wang is really stepping down?"

"They've already chosen a new guy to take over the appointment?"

"So it really turned out to be Director He. I'd guessed so. Only Director He has the necessary experience and qualifications since he has been in the field of news and publicity for so many years. After the incident involving Deputy Chief Wang, the whole branch must be in a mess. Director He is the only one who can take hold of and control the situation."

Very quickly, a lot of people started reacting to the news.

Some staff from the entertainment companies immediately rushed to handle the public relations. Several bigwigs from the entertainment circle who had links to the SARFT's upper management also contacted Director He or his relatives directly to congratulate him, trying to make a good impression and improve their relations. Such ground work needed to be done early.

But ten hours later, on the evening of the day of his appointment, before Comrade He Yi had even received his appointment letter from the SARFT, a case that the Central Commission for Discipline Inspection had been investigating had a major breakthrough and important evidence was uncovered. As the top party members placed significant attention on this case, the commission sent out their operatives overnight to quickly gather the evidence to press charges against the involved personnel.

Late in the middle of the night, there were rumors of Comrade He Yi being taken away from his home.

In the morning, this rumor was verified by the relevant authority and the case was exposed, involving more than a dozen people of which Comrade He Yi was amongst.

The case caused a sensation!

The entertainment circle was once again shocked!

"What?"

"Damn!"

"How could something like that happen again?"

"How could the past two days be full of happenings like that? How absurd can it get?"

"The SARFT had just declared war on Teacher Zhang Ye and their internal department has already been thrown into chaos?"

"Teacher Zhang really deserves the title of jinx!"

This time, not only people from the entertainment circle had their attentions on this matter, even the commoners could not help but turn their attention to this in shock!

"They're changing people again?"

"..."

"Is there even anyone left to change with?"

"There shouldn't be many who are qualified enough, have done work in the publicity department, and can handle the mess right now, right?"

"Who will they switch to this time?"

"My guess is that they will promote from within the SARFT itself?"

"That can't be. Their department heads and leaders are still lacking in qualifications by far too much. If they were to be promoted to the deputy chief's position, that would be too forced. Although it is called a deputy chief position, the SARFT is a leading role in the ministry and its deputy chief ranking is of vice-ministerial level! If they were to promote from within, that would not adhere to the policies! How can that be right?"

Those who knew how the system worked were all discussing privately. It was not safe to talk about a leading role in a government ministry on the internet. Those who did so were probably just talking nonsense or bragging about their knowledge.

Time slowly ticked away.

The tension and pressing urgency was spreading!

The whole entertainment circle was now concerned about who this third appointee would be and how that person would affect the future of the entertainment circle.

.....

The sun rose.

The morning sun did not arrive until late morning.

Just when the five times difficulty reduction period was in its last minute of effect, the appointment statement was finally released to all in the entertainment industry!

"It's out!"

"Quick, take a look!"

"Who could it be?"

Statement issued in regards to change of appointments:

Comrade He Yi has been stripped of all duties and dishonorably discharged from the party.

Peking University's Vice-President Comrade Wu Zeqing will be appointed to the role of Deputy Chief of the SARFT in effect immediately!

When this news was released, the whole entertainment circle flew into an uproar!

Three seconds.....

Two seconds.....

One second.....

[Ding!]

[Countdown complete!]

[Difficulty Adjustment Die—Five times reduced difficulty effect completed!]

Chapter 540: Return Of The.....Jinx!

On this day.

On the weekend.

The flowers were blooming for spring's arrival.

Zhang Ye had gone back to his parents' house last night. His parents were having a rest day today and his father was in the living room preparing meat fillings while his mother was making dumpling skins for the fillings.

Zhang Ye came out of his bedroom. "Dad, Mom."

His father looked over to him and said, "You're up?"

"Yeah, what's for lunch?" Zhang Ye glanced at them.

His mother turned around and smiled. "Dumplings with pork and leek filling."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Heh, dumplings are great, I will definitely eat more then."

"All you know is to eat. Why don't you help us a little instead?" His mother stared at him. "Go and get me some flour. I don't have enough for the dumpling skins here."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Yes, Ma'am! Edict received!"

The television was switched on and the news was being reported. On screen, a familiar figure appeared. It was Wu Zeqing in her new office being interviewed by the media. As Old Wu was now heading a department that dealt with important and sensitive issues, along with the recent problems that hit the SARFT in the past two days, the media immediately arranged to interview her. Her first day on the job was yesterday. They asked about some of the more pressing issues that the people had, and also asked about the direction of future policies that the SARFT would adopt from now on. For example, the current censorship rules for some television dramas or film productions and whether there would be any changes to them. Wu Zeqing spoke diplomatically and answered all the questions.

This was the interview from yesterday and it was just being rebroadcasted today.

His father who also watched it yesterday asked him out of concern, "President Wu has really been acknowledged this time. Did she get promoted by a rank?"

Zhang Ye nodded, "She's now a leading ministry's deputy chief."

His father also knew a little about politics and government, mainly from listening to others. "I heard that by qualification this appointment should not have been assigned to President Wu. After all, her age is still not there yet and having such a young deputy

chief when there aren't even a few of them around in the whole country, not to mention that she's also a woman? That's even rarer than rare. Looks like your President Wu really has good fortune. This is a promotion by three ranks to a high-ranking official now."

Good fortune?

Maybe everyone would think so, but only Zhang Ye alone knew this fortune was not god sent but was a result of his use of the difficulty adjustment die. Of course he could not tell this to anyone and even if he did, no one would believe him as even he himself was still a little dazed by all this. The difficulty adjustment die had given him great help this time as its effects had been huge. At the start, it was just winning a lucky draw on his cell phone, then came being broadcasted live for his performance, not once, not twice, but thrice! Following that, his success at wooing Old Wu was a testament of just how great the effect of the die was. Everything went smooth sailing for him and when it had done more than what Zhang Ye could have expected from it, something even more surprising happened. Not only did it help the southbound Wu Zeqing stay behind, it even helped her gain a big promotion to the post of deputy chief of the SARFT. This was as good as meat pies falling from the sky!

It was simply unbelievable!

His mother turned to him and asked, "High ranking or not, I just want to know if she can lift the ban on my son. Son, how is your relationship with President Wu back at the university?"

How could it not be good?

We're talking about this bro's girlfriend here!

But Zhang Ye did not spill the beans as he has not yet thought of a way to break this news to his parents. After all, Old Wu was much older than him and he was a little embarrassed to say it at the moment. "It's not bad."

"Is that bad or not then?" his mother asked insistently.

His father said, "When Little Ye went to Peking University, it was because President Wu invited him to go. Even if their relationship was just so-so, at least they know each other. They still have some fate between them and Preside...I should be calling her Chief Wu instead now. To her, it's as simple as lifting her fingers. If she can help it, she would definitely help, right?"

His mother immediately said, "Son, then why don't you quickly make a call to Chief Wu and bring something over for her. Ask her how things are and see if you can quickly resolve the issue. Otherwise, if you continue being in a deadlock with the SARFT, when will you ever be able to head back into the entertainment business? With that terrible temper of yours, it wouldn't be strange even if they never lift the ban off you."

Zhang Ye casually said, "Don't bother yourselves with this matter, I know what to do."

His cell phone began to ring.

Looking at the caller ID, he saw that it was a call from Old Wu!

"I have to take a call," Zhang Ye said before quickly going back into his room and closing the door behind him. He went over to the window and answered, "Hello, Old Wu."

The gentle voice of a woman sounded on the other side, "You home?"

Zhang Ye said, "Yes, at my parents' house."

"You couldn't get through to Big Sis's phone yesterday, right?"

"Yea, I tried calling for a whole day, but it was always busy. Later at night, I was afraid that you might be too tired, so I didn't call."

"The appointment arrived yesterday for Big Sis to take over with immediate effect, so I was a little caught up as many of my old colleagues and friends all called to congratulate me. I had so many calls to answer and my meal appointments are lined up fully as well. And there's also some people from the entertainment companies who came to see me, but I did not bother with them and just let my secretary handle it. My cell phone has been ringing nonstop the whole day too. After I took over here officially, I had to handle some work, attend meetings, stabilize the morale of the ministry, and thus, I didn't contact you because of all that."

"I have to congratulate you too."

"This promotion came as a surprise to me too, I would never have expected it."

"It has to be my credit this time."

"Why's it yours?"

"Because I kept nagging for you to stay behind in Beijing and look what happened? The heavens responded, right?"

"Hur hur, alright, it's because of you."

Suddenly, a young man's voice could be heard on the other side. He sounded very respectful as he said, "Chief Wu, the meeting documents for this morning, you..."

"Let's stop talking here, I have matters to attend to," Old Wu said.

Zhang Ye nodded and said, "Sure, go busy yourself then. I'll hang up now."

An official taking up a new post, and such an important post at that, would of course be busy with a lot of work. Zhang Ye understood this well and hung up. He hummed a melody as he walked out of his room and went back to helping his parents with preparing the dumplings.

.....

Afternoon.

An update from the Weibo account of the SARFT.

"They've issued another statement!"

"Aiyo, quick, take a look!"

Everyone rushed over with their full attention on this announcement as this was the first move that the new chief made after the incidents of the past few days. With this reason behind, it was no wonder that everyone focused on this.

The Weibo update was posted!

A message was also posted up on the SARFT's official website at the same time.

The published banned artists list was updated and no other additional documents or statements were made. It was simply just an update of the list. The policies did not change and the strict rules still applied as usual. But on this list right now, many of those artists previously on it were no longer there.

For example, a male celebrity who was previously involved in tax evasion.

For example, another female singer who had taken drugs two years ago.

And for example...Zhang Ye!

It did not mention anything about an application form and the banned artist list had automatically deleted the names of those artists with minor misdeeds!

Countless of netizens exclaimed!

Countless of industry insiders screamed!

"What situation is this?"

"I didn't see it wrongly, did I? Zhang Ye's ban has been lifted?"

"I can accept this for the other artists who were unbanned. Their cases happened so long ago in the past and the storm had already subsided for them, so lifting their bans were natural. But what about Zhang Ye? It's only been a few days since he posted those poems deploring the SARFT? Just what is going on? Why did they let him off? I can't understand why this is happening!"

"Hahahaha!"

"Great!"

"Isn't the newly appointed chief previously the vice president of Peking University? Teacher Zhang is also a teacher of Peking University, so with that kind of a relationship between them, what is difficult to understand about it?"

"Oh, that's right! What you said is true!"

"When Zhang Ye went to teach at Peking University, I heard that he did so because Chief Wu invited him to. Now that Teacher Zhang has solved a global mathematical conjecture, he has also earned honors for Peking University. Since Chief Wu has worked at Peking University for so many years, of course there are some sentiments for the institution. Even if she doesn't have a lot of dealings with Zhang Ye, she would definitely still be a little biased towards Teacher Zhang. After all, they were both involved in educational work and so it isn't really that difficult to see what's going on here!"

"Tossing flowers to celebrate!"

"How exciting! How exciting!"

"How could there be such a plot twist? Pu!"

"Haha, those who were waiting to witness Teacher Zhang's downfall are probably fuming mad now!"

"Aiya, How can Teacher Zhang's luck be so good! How did it even

end up like this?"

On this day, the tremors spread throughout the whole entertainment circle!

With his ban lifted, Zhang Ye was back!

That fearsome jinx... was back again!!

Chapter 541: Settling Scores!

At home.

At the dining table, the family of three enjoyed their dumplings.

After the announcement of the news of the SARFT's new list of banned artists, Zhang Ye was informed of it by his eldest younger sister who called him. It was only after her call that he found out about the big news and he hurriedly rushed onto the internet to verify it. When he saw it, he suddenly burst out laughing.

His mother asked, "Why did your sister call you for?"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "The SARFT has lifted my ban."

"When did this happen?" His mother put down her chopsticks when she heard this.

"Just a while ago. The list no longer has my name on it." Zhang Ye was feeling in such a great mood that he stuffed two dumplings into his mouth at the same time with his chopsticks.

His father also stopped eating and said, "Does that mean that from today on, no one will be able to stop you from appearing on television, doing your own programs or publishing books?"

His mother said, "Of course, if he is no longer banned, who would

care about those! This is great, it's already been so many days, but my son is finally free now. Little Ye, was it Chief Wu who helped you?"

"It has to be," Zhang Ye said.

His mother rapped the surface of the table forcefully with her hand. "I really like that Chief Wu! Invite her over for dinner some time. I will cook to thank her myself."

His father interrupted and said, "Forget it. Do you even know how high Chief Wu's rank is? Why would she come here for dinner? Do you think she lacks any dinner invitations?"

"That's true, I don't think we can get her here with an invite either," his mother said.

His father looked at him. "Remember to send your thanks to Chief Wu."

Zhang Ye sighed. "I know, the two of you don't need to worry about that."

.....

Later in the afternoon.

Having just had his ban lifted, he received a phone call almost

immediately.

It was not a number he was familiar with, and the voice on the other side was a woman.

"Hello, may I know if this is Teacher Zhang Ye?"

"That's me, who is this?" Zhang Ye headed back to his room to take the call.

"Teacher Zhang, how are you? My name is Li Mei and I'm with Eastern Publishing Firm." She sounded a little cautious over the phone, like a young and inexperienced worker.

Zhang Ye felt a realization as he said, "Publishing firm? Oh, what's the matter?"

Li Mei paused for a short moment before saying softly, "It's like this. I would first like to ask you if the copyright to Legend of Wukong still belongs to you? Our firm has just had a meeting and we agreed that we would really like to take up your novel as our new project, but we don't know if we can have the honor of working with you on it. Yes, you might not have heard of our publishing firm, so I would like you to lend me your ear on this matter. We might not be very well known in our industry or operate on as large a scale as Beijing Education Publishing Firm, but our funding and marketing budgets are definitely not inferior to any of those big time publishers. If you are willing to let us buy your copyrights to Legend of Wukong, then we will assure you that we will definitely devote our utmost to funding and promoting the

novel."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "The copyright has not been sold yet, but I would like to hold on to it for now. There's no rush."

"Teacher Zhang." Li Mei sounded a little anxious now. "If you're free, perhaps we could meet in person and have a chat? I know you're busy, so anytime is fine. I can follow your schedule."

Zhang Ye rejected by saying, "We'll see how it goes."

When the call ended, someone from Huanan Publishing Firm called as well.

It was a man. "Teacher Zhang, we've read your latest novel and we like it very much. Could we discuss the rights of the simplified Chinese version of Legend of Wukong?"

Zhang Ye still said, "I won't be talking about this today, we'll see how it goes."

That man immediately responded by saying, "You can state the price you want for it and I will report it to my management. If they are okay with it, then we can sign the contract. We will start on the promotions immediately to push for this novel's sales. Since the whole country is currently talking about you and you're the hottest topic right now, we would like to make use of this to our advantage in promoting Legend of Wukong. The sales figures will definitely be better than usual, but if we drag this on for too long, then

wouldn't it be a pity? If you're okay, why don't we meet in person instead?"

Zhang Ye did not flat out refuse him. "Let me think about it."

That man said, "Alright then, if you have the intention of selling the copyright, you must remember to contact us. We might not be the top publishers in our industry, but we're definitely a professional team and an old name in the industry."

Four or five calls came in successively and they were all from different publishers.

Zhang Ye just responded diplomatically to them and hung up.

Then, there were also other publishers who probably did not have a way to contact Zhang Ye directly and had to send him private messages over Weibo, using Tieba, and other methods to communicate with him. They all expressed their interest in obtaining the publishing rights for Legend of Wukong. Some of them even offered to buy out the returned copyrights for Ghost Blows Out the Light and Zhang Ye's Compilation for republication. They also stated their offers to him, with some ranging high and others lower.

But Zhang Ye did not reply, not because he did not want to sell the rights. He did not have much money right now and needed it for his living expenses, but after the previous incidents with the old publishers for his works, Zhang Ye had lost confidence in publishing firms. He thought that he had a rather good

relationship with them before things turned sour. When he got banned by the SARFT, they all came to him asking for compensation, stepping on him while he was down. Although Zhang Ye could understand their circumstances as the SARFT was their overseeing authority, Zhang Ye still felt uncomfortable about how it happened, especially Beijing Education Publishing Firm. He burned this into his mind knowing that even though they were also in a difficult situation and were just following orders, the compensation of a few million was still too much to ask for! Hur, they had really burned the bridges back then!

And just as he was speaking of the devil.

At a little past 2 PM, a call from the editor-in-chief of Beijing Education Publishing Firm, Zhang Kui, arrived. When the call was answered, he immediately identified himself.

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Why would you be looking for me?"

Zhang Kui was the person who had initiated the compensation for breach of contract. He had burned the bridge back then mainly because the ban by the SARFT had led them to believe that Zhang Ye would have no more future in the entertainment business and would not be able to make a comeback for sure. As a result, his firm had decided to make Zhang Ye liable for most of the compensation terms to offset any losses as they had already printed many copies of Ghost Blows Out the Light when it was forced to be taken off the rack. But it turned out, rather than a loss, their publishing firm had actually even made a tidy sum on the novel as Ghost Blows Out the Light was very popular. When they asked for the compensation amount, they were actually squeezing

as much out of Zhang Ye as they could.

But who could have expected the matter to develop beyond everyone's expectations? Not only did Zhang Ye not disappear from the public's eye after his ban, he even rose in popularity and was active every day up until just two hours ago, when the SARFT finally removed his name from the ban list. This was clearly not something that Zhang Kui could have considered, and if he had done so, he would not have taken such extreme measures back then!

Zhang Kui had thought through several approaches before the call and said with a laugh in his words, "Teacher Zhang, we probably had some misunderstandings before this. Actually, when we asked for the compensation previously, it was just so that we could answer to our management. You probably understand that we cannot make the decision on a lot of matters just by ourselves. With such strict ban in place, no one in the industry dared to be slow in implementing the measures to enforce upon the banned artists. Hur hur, but now that everything has turned out well for everyone I would like to congratulate you, Teacher Zhang, on your return to the entertainment business. We already expected such an outcome as we know that, with your talents and capabilities, you would come back sooner rather than later. And so, we can now continue working together again."

Zhang Ye curled up a corner of his mouth. "Continue working together?"

"Yes." Zhang Kui continued speaking in his own world of thoughts, "The 3.5 million compensation previously was just a

matter of procedure, but since you've already been unbanned now, we would of course return the fee to you. The firm will re-sign the copyrights to Ghost Blows Out the Light back from you together with your new novel, Legend of Wukong. We will continue working together to promote the new novel well to push it to greater sales and, of course, I will be personally overseeing all of that myself."

Zhang Ye understood clearly what he meant.

Beijing Education Publishing Firm wanted the copyright to Legend of Wukong. As long as he sold it to their firm, they would return the compensation fees and get back the copyrights for the simplified Chinese version of Ghost Blows Out the Light. In other words, as long as the copyright to Zhang Ye's new novel were not sold to them, as long as the copyright to Ghost Blows Out the Light was not resold back to them, then the 3.5 million in compensation would not be returned to him!

They were using money to entice Zhang Ye to force him to sign the contract!

Zhang Ye was still wondering when he would settle scores with them, but little did he expect that they would come knocking on his front door so quickly. They even tried to coerce him into a deal? They tried to get their hands on the copyright to his new novel?

Ha!

Zhang Ye said to him in a direct manner, "Editor Zhang, do you know why I did not even hesitate when I transferred the 3.5 million RMB compensation to you at that time?"

"Eh?" Zhang Kui was taken aback by this question. This question had actually been on their minds all this time and they'd always wondered about it. If it were anyone else, they wouldn't possibly have agreed so quickly to the terms. They either would not agree to pay or just haggle the amount. Never had they encountered someone like Zhang Ye who would pay up without a question.

"Because," Zhang Ye said, "The losses that your publishing firm will be facing soon would greatly exceed that amount! That is the reason why I paid up happily without any hesitation!" This guy had such an vengeful soul! Having been so harshly treated by the Beijing Education Publishing Firm when Zhang Ye was in the dumps, if he did not return their favor, it would not be his style! After taking a chunk off me, I don't need you to return what was taken! I would let that chunk rot in your stomachs so that you will feel sick forever!

Zhang Kui's face sank, obviously not believing what he had just heard. Make a greater loss? What could they possibly lose? Even if they could not get the copyright for Legend of Wukong, they would just not earn any money from it, so what was there to lose? Hur, what an odd claim!

The call ended.

.....

On the other side.

At Beijing Education Publishing Firm.

Zhang Kui laughed it off and began his work for the day. He did not take Zhang Ye's words to heart. Even if it was a pity that they could not get the copyright to Legend of Wukong, they would still be able to operate without it.

However, the matter was clearly not as simple as Zhang Kui thought. Little did he expect that Zhang Ye's words would come true and come true so quickly!

An hour later, Beijing Education Publishing Firm received a rectification notice from the authorities. They also received another, more shocking notice of review!

The whole firm was thrown into a mess immediately!

"How can this be!"

"What? This..."

"Why did this happen?"

More than a dozen published works from the firm had been ordered to be removed from the shelves!

A Widow's Spring.

Milk.

Tang Dazhang's Compilation: Audio and Visual Works.

100 Crosstalk Highlights: Audio and Visual Works.

Etc, etc, etc, all of them were ordered to be removed! Many of the included titles were newly published works and even included Tang Dazhang's crosstalk compilation which they had just bought the copyright for and spent so much on promotions for. The CDs were already printed and packed but not distributed for sale yet. So how could it be banned just like that? They read through the notice and found out that it was because the content was deemed sensitive and also involved some plagiarized works and forbidden words!

An emergency meeting was convened!

The publishing firm's upper management was all called to attend!

Zhang Kui was getting really anxious this time. "How the hell did this happen? Are there even such problems?"

A female deputy editor said anxiously in an unsure tone, "I've just asked them to check and it seems like the authorities have given a

valid reason for the notice. But all of them were just minor issues, besides...those kind of issues have never given us any problems in the past. The other publishing firms are also doing the same, so why did they suddenly review this?"

Another person asked, "How about the other firms? Did they receive the notice to take their publications off the shelf too?"

A youth said, "I've just checked and there's no indication that this is happening to them. The only ones who have received such an order to remove such a large number of publications are us!"

Every one of them were shocked to hear that, "This...."

Zhang Kui screamed, "Contact the authorities immediately and find out if there's any room for negotiations. We must not be forced to take down these batches of audio and visual publications! No firm would be able to bear a loss like this! If necessary, we will follow the regulations and make some edits to ensure that it stays up on the shelves for sale!"

A middle-aged man who was responsible for this immediately headed off to do some public relations. But ten minutes later, he returned to the meeting room with a sunken expression.

Someone in upper management asked, "How was it?"

That person inhaled deeply and said, "It didn't work. Those listed works must be taken off the shelves and no exceptions can be made

even if we edit them. On top of that, we must also carry out the recall immediately!"

Zhang Kui was dumbfounded. "Even edits won't help?"

The person shook his head and said, "We have to wait for the notice before we know when it would pass their review. But someone I know well told me in secret not to hold out too much hope."

Zhang Kui furiously pounded the table. "Based on what are they doing this to us!"

A middle-aged editor said, "Aren't they bullying us!"

"They have just changed their leader and a newly appointed official would surely take some actions, so are we...being used as an example? But then, why does it have to be us?"

A wave of dissent and grumbling echoed through the meeting room. Everyone was panicking!

It was ten excellent publications they were talking about, especially the crosstalk compilation. At the crosstalk competition this year, despite it being called off, Zhang Ye's outstanding crosstalks that were beyond this era had created a new platform for the crosstalk industry and drove up demand for it. Everyone was paying much more attention to crosstalk than before and thus the publishing firm had ridden on this wave and spent a large

amount of money to release this batch of crosstalk audio and visual products. But somehow, it ended up being banned before it even saw any sales! For the Beijing Education Publishing Firm, this was the kind of news that nightmares were made of!

They were finished!

This time, they'd lost a lot of money!

Just counting the number of works and CDs they had on hand would put the amount in the millions! That was just the tip of the iceberg as there was also money involved in obtaining copyrights, promotional budgets, and resource fees to account for. Their loss was immeasurable as it probably reached into the figure of more than several millions! They were likely to lose more than ten million!

Money was not the only thing they would lose as their reputation and brand name would plummet as well. It wouldn't be a surprise if they were to lose a large number of signed authors in the wake of this incident. Why? Because the other publishing firms did not seem to suffer from any of these measures and were operating fine as they were before. Yet Beijing Education Publishing Firm was encountering all these problems? They had works banned one after another by the censor board? This would obviously make the authors feel a sense of unease, as they wondered about the problems this particular publishing firm had. Just staying around would be too dangerous as the banned publications may belong to other authors today, but would their publications be the next one targeted? They will definitely not look to sign with this publication firm for their next work! This would occur if they suffered a loss in

their reputation and it was something that was much more damaging than losing money itself. The foundation of the company itself was shaken to the very core!

Their losses were much more than heavy!!

The female deputy editor suddenly realized, "Could this matter be related to Zhang Ye's unbanning? Our publishing firm had treated Zhang Ye quite harshly at that time when he got banned."

"Zhang Ye?"

"It's because of him?"

"Right, the SARFT's new leader was previously from Peking University!"

"Can this really be because of Zhang Ye's settling scores? How could he possibly be capable of that!"

A few of them were extremely agitated by this suggestion!

Zhang Kui was now thinking of his earlier conversation with Zhang Ye and remembered his pronouncement. Thinking about it now, Zhang Kui's heart turned cold. He did not know if everything that was happening now was planned by Zhang Ye, but he was clear that this matter was somewhat related to him!

The female deputy editor sighed, then paused and sighed again. "I've already said that we should have held back on the compensation figure back then. Even if Zhang Ye had been banned and suppressed at that time, we shouldn't have....He is an unusually odd person and we must never use common sense to make our decisions. Hai, but it's too late to say anything now."

When they previously requested for the compensation, they knew that their firm was not ethical in asking for such a huge sum. It looked like they had made a fatal mistake in doing so as they handled the whole matter too harshly back then! They thus had affected any chance of working out an agreement with Zhang Ye again!

"What should we do?"

"If we really have to take everything off the shelves, then we wouldn't have any funds left to operate the business. We won't be able to recover from this loss and over the coming months, all our authors will leave as well!"

"Damn it!"

"Editor-in-Chief Zhang, please think of a way!"

Unable to come up with any solutions, all of them had to take responsibility!

Zhang Kui did not say a word as he knew there was no way out of

this. At this moment, he felt a tinge of regret. A momentary slip-up was all it took and their publishing firm had to deal with this devastating blow now. Their futures looked bleak and he knew that his position as editor-in-chief was over as well. The reason for all of these outcomes was just because of a mere compensation sum of 3.5 million? Thinking about it now, what damned value was that worth! It was only 3.5 million! This was an amount that no big publishing firms would bat an eyelid at. Yet it was precisely because of this amount that they were going to suffer tangible and intangible losses of possibly more than ten times of that amount!

Was it worth it?

Definitely not!

But at the point in time when Decree #43 was passed, who would have thought that Zhang Ye would be able to get through it without being affected? He even managed to make a comeback to the entertainment business like he had now! If they had known it was going to be like this, would they have asked him for the compensation fee? If they had given him assistance when he was down, not only would they not be affected by all these troubles, they would even have gained the copyright to Legend of Wukong and earned far more money from it. But look at them now! They ended their relationship with Zhang Ye too early and even hit him while he was down. All of that had led to the current situation that they were faced with!

Zhang Kui slammed his hands down on the table again, and said, "Try to minimize our losses!"

"What do you mean?" the female editor asked.

Zhang Kui said, "The copyright fees we paid out! Try to get as much back as possible!"

.....

At another location.

Tang Dazhang was just watching TV when his phone rang.

"Hello, Teacher Tang, I am Xiaoyan from Beijing Education Publishing Firm."

"Oh, hur hur, Xiaoyan, how are you? What are you looking for me for? Has the crosstalk compilation gone on sales already?"

"Not yet. Uh, there are some problems with your crosstalk compilation. The authorities have issued a notice of takedown, so...so we are contacting you now to talk about the copyright fees."

"Takedown?"

"Yes, we just received the notice."

"Your firm wants to recoup the copyright fees?"

"That's right, we..."

"It's your problem if you're unable to publish it. What has it got to do with me?"

"That's because it's down to problems with your works that led to it being taken down. You can't possibly expect our publishing firm to bear all the losses, can you?"

"You don't need to talk about this matter anymore, that's impossible."

"Teacher Tang, you're a leading artist from the crosstalk world, surely this..."

"I've already said it. This has nothing to do with me. I won't return the copyright fee that has been paid to me."

"There are terms on the contract that state that in such a situation, if you don't agree, we can take this to the courts and let our lawyers resolve this."

"Sure then! I'll wait!"

When the call ended, Tang Dazhang had a dark expression and felt disturbingly uncomfortable. Had he not checked the almanac recently? Why did he seem to have so much bad luck these days? When he had learned of Zhang Ye's lifted ban, it had left him in a rather bad mood. Then came another incident that left him highly

irritated and annoyed! There was a chance of going to court? What the heck! Just who the hell have I offended recently!

At the same time.

Several other crosstalk actors who had sold their copyrights received similar calls from Beijing Education Publishing Firm to return their copyright fees.

One of Tang Dazhang's disciples said, "What? That's impossible"

An old crosstalk actor who had previously boycotted Zhang Ye said, "Don't even think about it!"

And then there was the author of A Widow's Spring who was also one of the doubters of Zhang Ye in the literary world. His work was also listed in the take down order from the SARFT. Having his work banned had already left him frustrated, but the publishing firm was now even asking for the return of the copyright payment? He definitely did not agree to do so!

A scolding battle occurred between the affected parties and Beijing Education Publishing Firm.

They tried all sorts of ways to force the repayments!

This incident between Beijing Education Publishing Firm and the affected copyright sellers had even made it to the news by the afternoon of the very same day! Some papers published the news

report in an unnoticeable corner of their publications, stating that many of these disagreements were even going to end up being fought in court and would last quite a while before they could be settled.

.....

At home.

Zhang Ye also found out about the news. Seeing this bunch of people who had looked for trouble with him back then and even insulted him, he could only give a wave of his hands and then move on from it. He thought that nothing interesting would come out of this and just casually hummed a song while sitting in front of his computer, continuing to write Legend of Wukong's spin-off.

It seemed as though his scores with those people were finally settled and done with!

Chapter 542: New Novel's Contract!

Later in the afternoon.

He took a short nap.

The dust had already settled. With his ban lifted and the scores settled with his enemies, all the incidents that affected Zhang Ye had now come to a perfect happy ending for him. As such, the nap he took was exceptionally comfortable and sweet. From the time Decree #43 was passed, Zhang Ye had not stopped to rest for a single moment. He fought against everything with all he had, and was kept busy with scolding battles everyday. Luckily for him, at the disbelief of everyone, he fought his way against all odds and survived

Willpower.

Physical strength.

Mental strength.

Wisdom...alright, it doesn't seem like he had that.

This had been his biggest test since his debut and Zhang Ye had done what everyone else could not. Under this tremendous pressure and oppression, he gave the perfect answer to it all. At that moment, he felt really fulfilled as he took a big step towards his goal of international fame, as though as he "leveled up" through

this experience.

Ji ya.

Dong. The sound of the door closing rang out.

Zhang Ye rubbed his eyes and turned over as he got woken by the sound. He looked at his watch and realized that it was already past 5 in the afternoon and almost dinner time. Feeling well rested by now, he stretched himself in satisfaction and finally got up.

There was a conversation coming from the outside.

"Little Li, come in quickly."

"Auntie, that's not necessary. I'd best be going back now."

"How could you? Quickly, come in and have a drink before you go."

"Then...obedience is better than politeness, thank you, Auntie."

Zhang Ye could hear his mother's voice and another voice of a younger woman that he did not know. It sounded like a neighbour, but her voice was also somewhat familiar.

His father went over and asked, "This is?"

Then, he heard his mother say, "This is Li Mei from Eastern Publishing Firm. I was just coming home from grocery shopping and making my way back when I nearly fell because of the heavy things I was carrying. Luckily, Little Li caught me in time and helped me to carry them up. Later, I found out that Little Li was here because she wanted to look for our son to buy the copyright to his new novel. She checked our address and stood downstairs for almost an entire day, not daring to come upstairs. Hur hur, quickly go and get a drink for Little Li."

Li Mei said, "Auntie, don't trouble yourself. I am not thirsty."

"Drink some even if you're not. Take a seat. I will get Little Ye to come out in a while," his mother said.

Li Mei said, "Teacher Zhang is around as well?"

His mother laughed and said, "Yes, he's napping."

Li Mei?

Eastern Publishing Firm?

Oh, wasn't it the woman who he had spoken to over the phone a while ago? How did she know about this address? Looked like she really spared a lot of thought for this.

With the commotion, Zhang Ye opened his bedroom door, still in his pajamas and saw the person from the publishing firm. She looked about 22 or 23, younger than him, with average looks. She dressed very professionally in a solid colored suit. From the way she carried herself, she probably did not have much working experience.

"Hi," Zhang Ye greeted.

Li Mei turned her attention to him and immediately answered, "Aiyo, Teacher Zhang, how are you? Am I bothering you during your rest time?" Having seen Zhang Ye in person, she became very excited.

Zhang Ye laughed. "No, I just woke up. Thank you for helping my mom bring up the groceries. Here, take a seat."

Li Mei said, "It was just a simple task."

His father and mother also spoke very politely to her, asking her to take a seat and have a drink of water. The two elders were still very friendly and receiving of her despite her being here with a motive. Since Li Mei had helped them out, they would definitely return the thanks. This was also where Zhang Ye took after his parents, having been taught to do so since he was young.

They chatted idly.

Since the family of three did not bring up the issue of the novel,

Li Mei also did not mention it. They just chatted about everything else.

But a while later, his mother stood up and said smilingly, "Take a seat first, Little Li. I will go prepare dinner."

Li Mei quickly stood up and said, "Let me help you with that."

"Eh, you don't need to." His mother waved her hands.

But Li Mei followed closely behind her into the kitchen. "I've been in Beijing for a few years now and have always made my own meals. Even though I can't possibly be a better cook than Auntie, I can still help out with washing and cutting the ingredients. Let me help, let me!"

"Look at this child." His mother laughed helplessly. "Don't dirty your hands. How can I ask you to help out with this? Just stay for dinner, alright?"

Li Mei affably said, "If you don't let me help out, I won't feel good if I stay for dinner."

After a long time of pushing and pulling, his mother finally said, "Fine, alright then. Just wash the vegetables and leave the rest to me."

"Yes, Auntie," Li Mei said happily. She was also very dexterous and quickly started helping out in the kitchen. Her movements

were all very skilled as she looked like she had done such chores before.

Li Mei had come to this place with a task to complete today, but it shouldn't really be considered a task at all. In the afternoon, during a meeting at the publishing firm, news of Zhang Ye's ban being lifted had just come through. The novel Legend of Wukong, which more than half of the editors in this firm liked very much, was added to the agenda for the meeting. The few leaders of the firm thought that they would really like to be able to get the rights to publish this novel, as they felt that it was an extremely outstanding piece of work. Just based on Zhang Ye's name alone, it would be worthy for them to spend a large amount of money to buy it. Sales figures? Compensation? They did not even consider any of this as Zhang Ye's name itself meant good sales figures in this industry. They were one and the same.

But what did Eastern Publishing Firm have?

If they mentioned scale, they were not as large as the top publishers. As for money, they were not ranked at the top either. They were just a medium-scaled publishing firm. For other authors, they might be an attractive option. But for someone of Zhang Ye's stature, they were basically no one. They believed that if Zhang Ye released news of wanting to sell the the copyrights to Legend of Wukong, or if he wanted to cooperate with any publishers on releasing the novel, having been unbanned, many of the country's major publishers would be attracted like bees to flowers and approach him about it. Even if Zhang Ye did not make any intentions to do so, they were sure that many publishing firms had already approached him about it. Therefore, since they knew that they couldn't compete with the others, they did not hold

much hope for it. After the meeting, they just delegated this task to an inexperienced staff member who had been there for only a year.

That staff member was Li Mei.

The leader did not pin any hopes on this task, but Li Mei did not feel that way. She was very serious about it and put her heart into trying to make it a success. The first thing she did was look for a university classmate who was currently working as a reporter. After trying hard to convince her classmate, agreeing to lots of treats, and promising to keep the matter a secret, she finally got hold of Zhang Ye's contact number and his parents' home address. But when she tried to contact him over the phone, she met with a direct refusal from Zhang Ye. However, Li Mei still did not give up. After pondering for a whole day, she finally arrived at this place, waiting downstairs without a clear objective. She felt it awkward and rude to she just make her way to their doorstep. But she got lucky. After she had waited for an hour or so, she saw Zhang Ye's mother downstairs. Because of the mathematical conjecture's news, Zhang Ye's parents had appeared on the news before. Li Mei, who did her research well, naturally recognized her. That was how it all led to the current situation.

Li Mei thought that since her publishing firm could not offer the best amount of money, and were also not the largest scaled firm, then there was only one thing that they could compete on! They could only compete on terms of sincerity!

"Auntie, let me."

"Aiya, didn't I say that you only needed to wash the vegetables?"

"I cut them as well since it wasn't much trouble. It's fine, please don't stand on ceremony with me."

"This child."

"Auntie, why don't you rest for a bit. The floor is wet, so don't slip and fall."

"It's alright, I'll be careful."

"Auntie, if you are buying so many things again in the future, you can give me a call. I don't live too far away from here, so you can always let me know and I will help you. Don't carry such heavy things by yourself again."

"Where do you live at?"

"Xihongmen."

"Wow, that's already over at Daxing district. How is that not far?"

"It's not that far. I can get here by the subway very quickly. Just let me know whenever you need any help."

Li Mei tried to help out with everything in the kitchen and had a sweet mouth. Zhang Ye's mother took a liking to her. His mother and Li Mei naturally started speaking more. They did not stop as

the two of them prepared dinner together.

Finally.

Dinner was ready.

Zhang Ye went to take the dishes from them, "Hand that to me."

Li Mei held onto the dishes and said, "Teacher Zhang, let me. It's hot, I can do it."

His mother beamed and said, "Those two dishes were prepared by Little Li. It looks like she has better culinary skills than me. She's really nice and has a good heart."

"Thanks, Editor Li. We've even troubled you for dinner." Zhang Ye felt a little embarrassed. "Quick, have a seat and let's eat. It must have been tiring."

Dinner began and all of them sat together, enjoying the dishes.

His mother tasted the dish and immediately praised Li Mei's culinary skill. Then, as Li Mei did not mention about the novel at all until now, his mother just went ahead and helped her by asking, "Son, who did you sell your novel's copyright to?"

Li Mei's eyes widened when she heard this.

Zhang Ye who was just putting some food into his mouth said, "I have not sold it yet."

His mother said, "Little Li's publishing firm wants to buy the copyright from you. You're selling it anyway, so talk to Little Li about it and see if the price is right." Then, she turned her head and said, "Little Li, how much is your firm offering?"

Li Mei quickly put down her chopsticks and stopped eating. She spoke in a direct manner, "Auntie, I won't beat around the bush with you. The highest offer that my firm is willing to extend for the exclusive copyright to the simplified Chinese edition of Legend of Wukong is 1.5 million. On top of that, we heard that Teacher Zhang's copyright to Ghost Blows Out the Light and Zhang Ye's Compilation has also been sold back to him. If possible, we would also like to buy them and republish Ghost Blows Out the Light. The sales should still do well since the first edition had not yet fully enveloped the market at the time of it being taken down."

His mother asked, "How much?"

Li Mei said, "1 million for Ghost Blows Out the Light. The compilation series should fetch about 300,000, but we will need to add Teacher Zhang's recent works to it as well. I heard that the copyrights to those fairy tales have been returned as well? Since the North Chinese Youth and Children's Publishing Firm can no longer publish them, if Teacher Zhang trusts us enough, we could also republish them. But as we do not have any experience in the youth and children's market, we can't give any guarantee that we can market it well. This is what I can tell you in all honesty."

His mother nodded and asked, "So the total would be?"

"Altogether, it would be 3 million," Li Mei said so very nervously as she started to notice Zhang Ye's expression.

Zhang Ye did not say a word and just continued eating.

His mother rolled her eyes and gave her son a kick under the table. "So? Is that fine for you?"

Zhang Ye said without much of a care, "That's fine."

Although Legend of Wukong was very famous in Zhang Ye's previous world, the sales figure for it was still unable to compete with Ghost Blows Out the Light. It could even be said to lack by a lot. Besides, the character count for Ghost Blows Out the Light was manyfold more than Legend of Wukong, so it was only fair that it fetched a higher price. Even if it had already been published once, it would still fetch a million easily. Considering the various factors, the offer of 1.5 million for Legend of Wukong was not low, as the novel was already freely available online. Publishing online had its pros and cons. The pros being publicity from early readers which could lead to better physical sales. The cons were that many readers had already finished reading the novel once. Those who thought it was just an average novel would not be enticed to buy the physical copy of it.

Three million?

It wasn't too bad.

When Li Mei heard Zhang Ye agreeing, she was totally stunned. Her hands were shaking from the excitement as she uttered, "Ah? You mean..."

"I will hand the copyrights of those works that you mentioned earlier to your publishing firm. Come back to me with a contract and I will sign it if the terms are OK," Zhang Ye said.

That's it?

Really??

Li Mei felt as though a meat pie had fallen from the sky straight into her lap at this moment. She was feeling a little dizzy and said, "Teacher Zhang, I...I want to thank you for trusting me. Thank you!" Then she turned to Zhang Ye's mother and said, "Auntie, thank you too!"

His mother said, "Quickly eat then."

Li Mei stood up and said, "I will go and prepare the contract right now!"

"This child, why are you so anxious?" His mother pulled her back. "Since Little Ye has already promised you, he will not go and sign a contract with anyone else. It won't matter if you prepare it sooner or later. So just sit down and finish dinner together with us.

If not, I will tell my son to not sign the contract with your firm."

Li Mei could only suppress her anxious feelings for now, and said, "Alright, auntie. I will listen to you." Then, with an improved appetite, she ate the dishes with great delight!

His mother commented, "From your looks, I wouldn't have thought that you could eat that much, but you can."

When Li Mei heard this, her face turned red.

After dinner, Li Mei did not care about Zhang Ye's parents' objections and took the dishes into the kitchen. She washed them before leaving.

Outside.

It was almost dark.

Li Mei walked out of the district with quick steps and hailed a taxi. When she got in, she made a call to a team leader from the firm.

Du du, the call went through.

"Little Li, what's the matter?" asked a middle-aged man on the other side.

Li Mei clutched her fist tightly and said, "Team leader! It's done!"

The team leader was left scratching his head and asked, "What is done? What did you do?"

"The task you gave to me this afternoon." Li Mei's heart kept beating wildly as she could still not believe it herself. "I...I...I have completed the task!"

The team leader was extremely shocked. "You mean Zhang Ye's novel?"

Li Mei said, "Yes!"

"The copyright to Legend of Wukong?" he asked.

Li Mei added, "And Ghost Blows Out the Light as well as the others...I've secured them all! Teacher Zhang has agreed to fully let our publishing firm handle them all. We just need to prepare the contract for him to sign! Everything for 3 million!"

Pa! A loud sound of the thigh being vigorously slapped came from the other side of the call. "That's great! You're great too, Little Li! Well done! Really well done! I will call you back. I need to report this to the editor-in-chief! The contract will be prepared as soon as possible! Little Li, you've won great credit for our publishing firm this time! How on earth did you do it? Good! Good! Good!"

When they delegated this task to her in the first place, they did

not expect any results from it. Otherwise, they would not have asked an inexperienced staff member to handle it knowing that Zhang Ye was such a good writer. With such great works, why did he chose them instead of some other big name publishers? It did not make any sense as they hadn't even expected to meet Zhang Ye in person!

But who could have known that Li Mei would succeed in just one afternoon!?

With these several copyrights to Zhang Ye's novels, not only would their firm be able to earn quite a tidy sum, they would also gain a step up in their reputations having signed a big name like him!

.....

At Eastern Publishing Firm.

"It's done!"

"What is done?"

"We have signed Zhang Ye!"

"Ah?"

"Are you serious?"

"F**k! Teacher Zhang is now an author of our publishing firm?"

"That can't be?! How did it happen? Who did it? Wasn't it too difficult a task? Even a god like Zhang Ye can be signed?!"

"It was Li Mei!"

"Little Li?"

"What? Isn't she a newbie?"

"Li Mei will definitely be promoted this time! Haha!"

The contract was prepared at double-time and sent to Zhang Ye's parents' house by Li Mei herself. This time, she did not come alone. Rather, there were three or four other people from the publishing firm. People from the legal department, the copyright editor, and the editor-in-chief himself were all present for this symbolic contract signing. Eastern Publishing Firm had given the highest order of treatment to Zhang Ye. When the parties both signed the contract, the editor-in-chief went out to make a call and less than a minute later, the payment was already in Zhang Ye's account. Talk about fast! It did not even seem like it took longer than batting an eyelid!

Zhang Ye was quite surprised at this as he had never received payment so quickly before. 3 million before taxes meant that he still had over 2 million. The taxes for copyright sales was less than

income tax, so after the money was transferred to him, Zhang Ye had also resolved his shortage of money issues just in time.

The editor-in-chief and Li Mei spoke in private after that. He had not noticed that there was this new staff member in his publishing firm before and only knew about her after she won Zhang Ye's signature for the contract. They chatted for a while. He thought about what she said, that their firm could not offer anything feasible to attract new authors but they had something else that could. How would they compete with others? They could only do it with sincerity! And so, not only did they pay the copyright fee quickly, they even paid it in full. On top of that, other than the necessary terms of contract breaking, nothing else was included. Yes, they did not include any other terms to show their utmost sincerity to him, as they knew that Beijing Education Publishing Firm had previously caused a big headache for Zhang Ye.

The matter was wrapped up without a hitch!

.....

That night, the news of Zhang Ye signing with Eastern Publishing Firm spread throughout the industry quickly!

"Ah?"

"Eastern Publishing Firm? Who is that?"

"I've never heard of it?"

"I know, it's a mid-sized firm in Beijing. They don't seem like they are large scale at all."

"How could that be? Why did Zhang Ye sign with them?"

"I don't know, but a friend of mine said that the contract included Ghost Blows Out the Light, Zhang Ye's Compilation and even the copyrights to those fairy tales! All of it went to Eastern Publishing Firm! Hai, I'm so envious of them. They've really pulled in a big tree this time, and it's even a money tree! Our firm's boss was still intending for a few of us to form a team to start talks with Teacher Zhang Ye, but even before the team was formed, the show was already over!"

"Our firm was very confident that we would have gotten Zhang Ye to sign over his copyrights to us. It's really unfortunate we were robbed of the chance by Eastern Publishing Firm. They're really the underdogs that no one could have expected to win the race!"

"Who was it that won the contract?"

"I heard it's someone called Li Mei."

"Li Mei? I've never heard of that name?"

"Which great god is that? "

"It's a newbie."

"F**k, that can't be right?"

"All of these experienced editors lost to a newbie?"

"Li Mei?"

Slowly, Li Mei's name started spreading throughout the publishing industry!

In actual fact, only Li Mei herself knew that she did not have it too difficult this time in being able to sign Teacher Zhang Ye. Those who did not know him were biased against him due to news reports. Many subconsciously thought that Zhang Ye's temper was very bad and difficult to approach or communicate with. So they naturally thought that it was going to be an almost impossible task to convince him to sign the contract. But since Li Mei had managed to get in contact and speak to him personally, she knew that Teacher Zhang was not as scary as people claimed. Rather, he was a very friendly and easy person to speak with. He didn't put on the airs of a celebrity and he was even a very filial person.

Chapter 543: B-list!

The next day.

Morning.

At his maternal grandma's house.

When the door was opened, Zhang Ye and his parents were coming into the house. All of a sudden, everyone in the house looked over. Other than his grandpa and grandma, two of his three uncles were here, while two of his aunts were busy preparing meals in the kitchen. There were also three of his cousins who mobbed him as soon as he arrived.

The eldest sister said laughingly, "Brother!"

The second sister giggled and said, "Congratulations on getting unbanned!"

"I heard that your new novel will be published soon?" the third sister said as she pull at his arms. She went on, "I want to reserve 50 autographed copies to give out to my classmates and teachers!"

His first uncle beckoned him. "Little Ye, come in quickly."

His second aunt said, "Little Ye, Tongtong will be taking her university admission exams soon. Why don't you tutor her in

math? She's always been bad at it. If we knew you were so good at it, I wouldn't have invited a tutor for her, hur hur."

"Let the kid come into the house first," his maternal grandma uttered.

Zhang Ye didn't know whom he was supposed to talk to anymore. He could only manage a smile, and went around greeting the elders one by one, "Grandma, grandpa, first uncle, first aunt, second uncle..."

The whole family started chatting.

Today's gathering was suggested by Zhang Ye. He wanted to make up for the time when he wasn't able to join them during the lunar new year. He had really been too busy at that time. First, he went to the venue where the Spring Festival Gala was held, then spent the night at the police station. Following, he was assigned to the Internet Surveillance Bureau before finally getting banned. After that, he joined the crosstalk competition and many other events followed after it. From the beginning of the lunar new year until now, he did not idle around at all and was always busy fighting for his career. Since he did not get to sit down for a meal with his family for the new year, with everything settled and ending on a good note, Zhang Ye decided that he wanted to have a gathering with them. He wanted to treat everyone to a restaurant, but his grandparents refused. Perhaps they'd gotten used to not spending frivolously, or it could also be because their legs weren't as strong as before. So they decided that this meal gathering would happen at home. Other than third uncle who had to work today, everyone else was here.

"Little Ye, you're really doing well!" his first uncle exclaimed.

First aunt also jokingly said to Zhang Ye's mother, "Sis, your son has done you proud again this time."

His mother grinned from ear to ear and demurred, "Hai, it's not too bad, it's not too bad." As she said that, her face reflected a much better mood than her answer.

His grandma held his hand happily as she sat on the sofa, not letting go as she patted on it without stop. She turned her head to Zhang Ye's mother and his uncles. "When I raised you kids so many years ago, it really took a lot out of me. Some of you were so naughty and stole food from other houses or fought in school. I was always so worried and wondered how you'd all end up. But it seems like none of you turned out to be capable anyway. Only Little Ye, my grandson, is good!" Then with a pause, she added, "He has never let me worry about him before."

His second younger sister was almost speechless. "Heh? My brother does not let us worry? Just recently, he picked on so many people on Weibo and scolded them. I still thought that our brother here even wanted to offend all of the other celebrities!"

When they heard that, his uncles and aunties all laughed joyfully.

His grandma stared hard at Tongtong and said, "That's still less worrying than you are."

His grandpa also added, "Little Ye, you must have a few drinks with your grandpa today."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Sure, no problem."

His first uncle asked curiously, "Oh right, Little Ye is considered as an artist from which list now?"

His first aunt thought about it before saying, "I remember he was just promoted into the C-list, right?"

"That was ages ago." His third younger sister laughed. She obviously followed Zhang Ye's news very closely and knew about his celebrity ranking. "When I checked this morning, our brother was close to becoming a B-list star! Although he's still a C-lister for now, he's fourth from the top, so he's not that far off now!"

Zhang Ye said happily, "You know it that well? Even I did not pay attention to that."

His first uncle said in surprise, "Your fame grew so quickly?"

"Of course." His eldest young sister said to her father, "Just those three crosstalk performances and the mathematical conjecture incident was enough to push our brother from the bottom of the C-list to the top. That is one of the most difficult mathematical conjectures in the world. Do you think he wouldn't get famous from that?"

His third sister laughingly said, "Right. When we started school a few days ago, a few math teachers, after finding out that Zhang Ye was my brother, all called me over to see them. The head of department for mathematics even wanted to know about more about him and asked me to introduce them. They were really impressed by our brother. My math teacher even said, in class, that our brother really lifted the reputation of our country's mathematics world!"

His second aunt looked to the side. "Sis, even you and brother-in-law got on TV this time."

His mother said regretfully, "We had just woken up from our nap that day and were in our pajamas. I didn't even comb my hair. If only I knew that the reporters were coming. I would have dressed up a little more."

His father shook his head and said, "You're already so old. Does it matter if you dress up or not?"

His mother angrily said, "What did you say!?"

"I've watched the interview a few time. It's quite good. Sis, you looked great in it." His first aunt tried to mediate. "You were very photogenic."

C-List.

Fourth ranked.

Regarding his rise in ranking in the celebrity rankings, Zhang Ye hadn't expected it. It was really fell outside his expectations. Just a few days ago, he was still hovering at the bottom around the last or second-to-last spot. But after the events of the crosstalk competition, his rank rose to the middle of the C-list rankings. Following that, he solved the mathematical conjecture and that pushed him even further up the list. He got within a step away from the B-list rankings. This surge of popularity was really too fast, especially the popularity that he won after solving the mathematical conjecture. It was really too heaven defying!

From the bottom of the C-list to the middle?

From the middle all the way to the top?

Although these two increases in ranking might look the same, they were really different conceptually. The amount of fame needed was not in the same order of magnitude!

As this was the higher-ranked C-list rankings, the difference between each ranking increased as it went up. A simple example would be: If there were a total of a hundred people on the C-list, the integrated assessment score of the 100th ranked might be 1 point. The 50th ranked would be 200 points and the 10th ranked would be 1000 points. So rank number nine required 1100 points and that was the difference!

So the popularity brought by the crosstalk performances which

had pushed Zhang Ye from the last few spots to the middle of the list rankings, even if it were to be replicated while he was ranked in the middle, would push him up a few spots at most, not all the way to fourth rank. And so, it could be seen just how much popularity the proving of the mathematical conjecture had brought to Zhang Ye. It was definitely many times more than the popularity gained during the crosstalk competition!

It was incredible!

To the people who were from the entertainment industry or those who paid attention to it, Zhang Ye's rise in popularity was truly incredible!

What did Zhang Ye possess that let him do this?

Was it looks? Well, he didn't have any!

Was it experience? He hasn't even debuted for a full year!

Works? None of them were mainstream!

How many of them had reached the A-or B-list of the celebrity rankings by hosting programs? Almost none! But you might find three or four of them if you really looked up their past works. Then how many celebrities had done it through their writings? Not a single one! As for directing, crosstalk acting, calligrapher, painter, literary works, lyricists, none of those that did such things could be seen in the top tier celebrity rankings! Why? Because they

were all unconventional works! Due to the scope of the work, most viewers only paid attention to movie stars and singers. Those were jobs that would gain the most reputation. It was the easiest way to make your way into the top tiers of the celebrity rankings. It was evident if you scanned through the ranking list. Most of those at the top were either singers or actors, or both!

But what about Zhang Ye?

He wrote poems and literature? They were mainly used to scold people!

Talk show? No one knew that such a thing existed in the past!

He spoke about the Three Kingdoms and Dream of the Red Chamber? Many people have not even read the Four Great Classical Novels before!

A global mathematical conjecture? There were many people who couldn't even multiply two digit numbers, so you could say that it was a really dull and dry subject!

And those were the list of Zhang Ye's works and achievements.

Just looking at it, they were works that were more than unconventional, they were f**king one of a kind!

Yet somehow, a person with such average looks, whose works were all more unconventional than unconventional, had actually

defied the heavens and almost reached the B-list celebrity rankings as a rookie who had debuted for less than a year! Many people who were not interested in math, did not listen to crosstalk performances, were not good at literature, or even those who never knew what a talk show was, started paying attention to Zhang Ye and began to enjoy those things that they would never have listened or watched in the first place. It truly made everyone gasp with astonishment!

Since everyone enjoyed music, you can just sing well to let them enjoy it. This was not a difficult task.

If people did not enjoy poetry, did not like talk shows, or hated mathematics, yet you are able to attract them to start liking these things that they wouldn't have in the first place, that would be a most difficult task!

And Zhang Ye did it!

Zhang Ye's surge in popularity this time was known by thousands and thousands of people and industry insiders. Many of them had seen the rankings and were moved deeply by it!

A wondrous person doing wondrous things!

For Zhang Ye to have such great popularity and achievements today, it was truly deserving as something no one could pick a bone with it! Everyone had to be convinced!

Why?

Because what Zhang Ye had achieved, even if you were to look thoroughly through the entertainment circle, going forward or backward several decades, you would not find another person capable of it!

Chapter 544: The Most Popular Celebrity Awards!

Before noon.

At Zhang Ye's maternal grandma's house.

"Brother, where's my new year's money?" his third younger sister asked with her hands held out.

His eldest younger sister also swung her hair back elegantly and asked, "And mine?"

His second younger sister sat up on bed. "Me too! Me too!"

Zhang Ye rolled his eyes. "How long has it been since Lunar New Year? It's been more than half a month already and we can't even consider it a late new year, so what new year money are you talking about? No!"

The third younger sister pouted. "Why not? You haven't been home at all during the new year. So the new year's money was owed to us. You have to give it to us no matter what! Besides, didn't you just sell the copyright to your new novel? And aren't Ghost Blows Out the Light and the fairy tales going for a second reprint too? I heard from Big Aunt already that you've earned 2 or 3 million from this. So hurry up! I'm just waiting for your new year's money to save my life. There's so many things that I want to buy!"

Zhang Ye said, "Don't talk about money. Talking about it will only harm our relationship."

The second younger sister said, "It would harm our relationship more if we don't talk about money, Brother!"

The eldest younger sister blinked several times. "Brother."

The third younger sister tugged at his arm. "Brother..."

"Just give us a little, just a little will do!" the three sisters said peeved.

Zhang Ye couldn't do anything about them and finally took out his wallet unwillingly. New year's money? They might as well take his life! And so, he took out some money and said, "You all said just a little, so I will give you this much. 200 for each of you."

His third younger sister nearly fainted. "You're such a miser, brother. You're almost a B-list celebrity now. How can you possibly hand out only 200? It does not fit your status at all!"

His second younger sister, "....."

Finally, Zhang Ye could no longer bear with the begging of his three sisters, so he took out the remaining 5000 from his wallet and had nothing left. His three sisters excitedly took more than a

thousand each and laughed happily. The eldest was still a little reserved as she did so, but his second and third younger sisters were already laughing crazily. Afraid that the adults in the house would suddenly come barging in, they quickly took the money and hid it on themselves. The second younger sister stuffed it into the pocket of her dress, while the third younger sister, who did not have pockets, took off her shoe and stuffed it under the insole.

If they let their parents see this, then this money was as good as gone. They were afraid of one of the greatest lies that parents say: "Let us save the new year's money for you."

Ring, ring, ring. His third younger sister's cellphone rang.

"Hello. What's up, Lingling?" she answered. "Ah? What awards?...Oh, oh, oh, I remember now. Of course I know about it....It's beginning today? What time? Understood....My brother? Of course he'll be taking part, he's just beside me right now, hehe....Yes....he'll definitely place well. Who do you think my brother is? He'd surely sweep away those bunch of people....I am boasting? I'm just telling the truth....Right, Lingling, you and the others must vote for my brother! Vote when the award polls begin, don't forget....Yes, ask your parents and your sister to vote as well...."

After hanging up.

His eldest younger sister asked, "What vote were you talking about?"

Zhang Ye couldn't understand either. "Awards?"

His third younger sister had an expression full of anticipation as she explained, "It's the Most Popular Celebrity Awards poll that's being held on Weibo. There's one every year and always happens after the Lunar New Year, around February or March!"

"Oh, that awards poll? I know it!" exclaimed his second younger sister when she remembered it. "They were promoting it on Weibo a while ago and many celebrities had already started pulling for votes."

Zhang Ye asked, "Why did I not know about this?"

His eldest younger sister said, "You were busy at that time, so you probably just missed it."

Zhang Ye was still unfamiliar with many things of this world, so he asked for some explanations, "What is the nature of the selection? Is it official? Is there an awards ceremony?"

His eldest younger sister explained, "It's not exactly official, just something organized by Weibo. They hold it annually and it should be in its 4th or 5th year this year. There are two awards One of them is Weibo's Most Popular Celebrity poll and the other is the Weibo's Most Unpopular Celebrity poll. As long as you're a celebrity, you stand a chance to be in the polls. Each Weibo account can only vote once for their favorite celebrity. It starts at noon and ends at midnight."

"There's even a most unpopular poll?" Zhang Ye was surprised.

His eldest younger sister nodded, "Yeah, there is."

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "Then wouldn't those who get into the top 3 for that poll cry?"

After listening to the explanation, Zhang Ye understood that in the entertainment business there were all sorts of polls that were held. This round of Most Popular Celebrity Awards would be considered as organized non-officially by a private corporation, unlike the authoritative awards like the Golden Rooster awards. The rankings wouldn't be considered too reflective of true popularity nor would it mean the celebrities' works were exceptionally good. For example, if there were some hot topic on the day of the polls, a random might end up ranking ahead of an A-list celebrity. Besides, Weibo users were definitely differentiated from those who observed the entertainment business on a daily basis. On top of all that, these polls would not hold an awards ceremony. On the surface, it would not affect the celebrities much even if they were to get ranked at the top since there weren't any awards given out.

But that was just from the view of a layman.

In fact, to those working in the entertainment industry, no matter what sort of poll or award it is, they're all equally important to them, as these are all additional qualifications and glory for them. They are a form of support and affirmation from the audience for them. If they won it, then they would be able to claim that they had such an achievement the next time anyone

asked or even brought it up when they appeared on a program. "So-and-so is so-and-so's award top ten winner" was also a form of popularity. Moreover, with so many Weibo users, this award poll could even be considered as important! As such, many celebrities who had not yet climbed onto the A-list were already pulling for votes since several days ago. They all wanted to be able to claim being one of the best in this Weibo poll to show off their strengths and fan cohesiveness.

Competing on strengths?

Competing on the fans' cohesiveness?

Hur hur, if that was the case, then would Zhang Ye be afraid of other celebrities?

His third younger sister's eyes gleamed. "Brother, are you going for it this year?"

"Of course I am!" Zhang Ye exclaimed without hesitation. "Since you've already let me know about this, then of course I will be aiming for the top. After having been suppressed for so long, today will be the day that your brother, I, will make a reappearance into this world! Using this Most Popular Celebrity Award poll, I will let everyone know that Hu Hansan has made his return!"

The eldest younger sister was taken aback by this, "Who is Hu Hansan?"

Only then did he remember that people of this world had not heard of this great name, so Zhang Ye vaguely said, "It's just a figure of speech, forget it, you wouldn't understand anyway."

His second younger sister positively added, "Then let's hurry up and use this time wisely to pull for votes. It's almost 11:50 AM now and there are only 10 more minutes before it begins!"

"Alright." Zhang Ye logged in to Weibo on his phone and browsed through the awards poll.

Although it was just a poll organized by Weibo, the scale and momentum of it was still very adequate. Weibo was promoting it via the main page and had positioned it in a very conspicuous location. The trending topics indicated that this awards poll had already been discussed more than 10 million times, but whether that was true or not would be another matter. On the list, a few thousand names of public figures was displayed. As the voting had not started yet, the numbers following each name showed 0. They were ordered according to alphabetical order and with Zhang Ye's name starting with Z, his name was also all the way at the back and not on the first page. But Zhang Ye was already satisfied with this as he knew that if his ban hadn't been lifted, he might not even have a chance to participate in this poll.

He browsed through the Weibo accounts of other celebrities.

Heh, there were quite a few people that he knew and friends who were trying to garner votes for themselves.

Yao Jiancai's Weibo was inactive, probably because he knew that he didn't stand a chance of getting voted into the top 100. But Zhang Ye's university classmate, Dong Shanshan, was very active.

Dong Shanshan's Weibo: "'Online Talents' will be ending soon! Did everyone feel satisfied with my hosting? If you are, then please vote for me. Little Shan thanks everyone for their support!"

Below, countless supporters left their messages.

"Ah, Goddess!"

"My sexy Goddess! I'll support you fully!"

"Go, go, go, Teacher Shanshan! We are supporting you!"

"'Online Talents' is great and you're too beautiful! Too sexy!"

"I'm salivating! I love you, Shanshan!"

Looking at the Weibo IDs of her supporters, he could see that Dong Shanshan's fans were generally males since her debut.

After Zhang Ye browsed through her Weibo, he found out that Dong Shanshan's program was also coming to an end soon. Back then, her "Online Talents" had started its run together with "Zhang Ye's Talk Show." But to avoid certain policies from the SARFT, "Zhang Ye's Talk Show" had to expedite its broadcast run to several

per day and thus ended its run much sooner than her program.

Following that.

The Hallyu star, Lee Parkwoo: "Please give me your vote, thank you!"

A newly debuted actor: "It's time for this year's Weibo Celebrity Awards, need I say more? Let's go!"

The crosstalk actor, Tang Dazhang who was currently mired in a lawsuit: "Friends who support crosstalk and traditional arts, please let me see your support!"

Countless celebrities were trying their best to pull for votes.

But Zhang Yuanqi was missing from all of these. Clearly, her name was so famous that she did not even need to ask for votes and support. Or perhaps to her, this platform was not in her sights as she was no longer looking to conquer the domestic market but rather the international one. She was clearly on a different level.

Anyway, the slew of activities relating to the awards poll was very pompous and had attracted a lot of attention.

"Brother! You better hurry up!" his second younger sister nagged at him anxiously!

His eldest younger sister seemed like she was even more anxious than Zhang Ye. "Quickly ask for voting support! It's about to begin!"

Zhang Ye nodded and logged into his own Weibo account. After hesitating for a long time and considering his own status, he felt that if he wrote the same thing as others like "Please give me your support and votes", then it would be too disgraceful and wouldn't show his bearing as a literary person and artist!

Got it!

He'll use that!

He quickly typed in something on his cellphone and posted it onto Weibo.

Follow your own course,

And let people talk!

This [quote](#) came from Zhang Ye's previous world's Italian writer, Dante, and his representative work Divine Comedy. If he remembered it right, it should be a verse in the part of the work called Purgatorio! It was a quote that anyone would know in his previous world! This sentence was also the best response for Zhang Ye, who had been banned for some time. It was also a follow up to his The Road Not Taken that he had recited on the live broadcast previously!

The quote is actually a paraphrase by Karl Marx of the original Dante's quote for the conclusion to the preface for his book Das Kapital as a motto to live by. "Segui il tuo corso, e lascia dir le genti." The [full Dante quote translation](#) says, 'Come after me, and to their babblings leave' which is found in the poem Divine Comedy: Purgatorio, in Canto V, line 13.

See me?

Or not?

There will I stay, to let the others talk!

Chapter 545: Voting begins!

On Weibo.

Many of those who liked Zhang Ye had come online to observe the happenings.

"Wow, Teacher Zhang has finally appeared!"

"Zhang Ye is aiming for the Most Popular Celebrity Awards as well?"

"Haha, there's something interesting to watch again this time. The first battle of Teacher Zhang Ye after his comeback!"

"He's posturing as though he's different from the others! This guy is too good at posturing! He's even using English! But...I like it! Hehehe!"

"Follow your own course, and let people talk'? Well said! How philosophical! Only from Zhang Ye's mouth can such timeless quotes come out as though they were cabbages being sold in the market. He can just throw them out whenever he wants to and we can get as much of them as we want like it's on a one-for-one offer! If we have to narrow it, this has to be Zhang Ye's literary talents!"

"Teacher Zhang, we're cheering you on!"

"We're all supporting you and have voted for you!"

"Right, members of Zhang Ye's fan club, let's do it!"

"This catchphrase is really good, it seems like it's coming from the same direction as The Road Not Taken!"

"The voting is about to begin, let's not lose to the others. We will give our votes for the most popular celebrity to Teacher Zhang! To celebrate the return of Face-smacking Zhang, we have got to vote him up!"

"I'm here!"

"I'm here to support too!"

"Nothing to say except, I support Zhang Ye!"

"Teacher Zhang, you're finally back. We've waited for so long!"

Zhang Ye still had quite a large number of fans on Weibo, in comparison to the average C-list celebrity. The cohesiveness of his fans and their loyalty could even match up to some of the B-or A-list celebrity's fans. In other words, they were all hardcore fans who liked Zhang Ye very much. Even when he was not active before he updated his Weibo with that message, these fans could understand Zhang Ye and came rushing like the wind to support Zhang Ye.

But there were many netizens who also had differing opinions.

"This year's most popular celebrity rankings should still have those Japanese and Korean stars, right? There should be a few top spots that will be taken by them for sure. Zhang Ye has no chance."

"Although Zhang Ye's popularity is quite good, but compared to those top celebrities, it is nothing. There is still a large gap in the quality and volume of votes. If Zhang Ye wants to compete, the only thing he has is the recent coverage he has been getting for the mathematical conjecture that he proved. With the help of that, I think he should be able to place in the top 100 without any problems, but top 50? That could prove a little difficult."

"That might not be necessary. Zhang Ye's a wonder in the entertainment business. He's different from those common celebrities. Even if he were to break into the top 50 spots, I wouldn't be too surprised."

"He's asking for votes a little too late."

"Yeah, so many of the other celebrities had already started asking for votes a few days ago."

"I'm not optimistic about Zhang Ye's chances too. If he can even get into the top 100 spots, I would say he has done well, because that person's style does not have anything in common with the world's 'most popular'!"

If he can get into the top 50 spots, it will be an extremely good result for him. As there were close to 10,000 celebrities' names up for voting, and even included writers, models, overseas celebrities, placing in the top 50 would mean that he was already a top act in the entertainment circle. At least from previous years, those who managed to place in the top 50 were either B-list or A-list celebrities. Even for the B-list celebrities, they did not number many since this poll also included overseas celebrities like the Japanese, Korean, European, and American actors or singers. Many of them would occupy the spots in the top 50, and as such, being placed among them already said a lot.

It was almost 12 PM.

Many Weibo users had already logged on and focused to give support to their idols with their one or two votes. Every account could vote for the most popular celebrity as well as the most unpopular celebrity.

The poll had attracted countless people to Weibo. Zhang Ye was not the most well-known celebrity here and was just one name among many others. He could not compare to those A-list celebrities who got most of the attention, but compared to many others, his Weibo post could still get some attention. Those who liked or disliked him had all seen it!

.....

At his grandma's house.

The 3 sisters were getting busy.

The eldest younger sister sent a message into a group chat with a link and asked, "Is everyone around? Classmates with Weibo, please give your vote to Zhang Ye. Thank you!"

"Hey, Sis Dan!"

"Dandan, I'm coming!"

"Classmate Cao has spoken, so we must support!"

"Alright, I'm casting my vote immediately!"

"Oh, my vote's already been reserved for Brother Yan. Sorry about that Dandan, maybe next time."

The eldest younger sister was quite good looking, good tempered, quiet, and got along very well with her classmates in university. Although no one knew that Zhang Ye was her cousin, many of them still gave her face. Only those who had their own idols that they wanted to vote for could not oblige, but the others were fine with whoever they voted for. Under Cao Dan's call, they went to the polling page to cast their votes for Zhang Ye.

When the second sister saw this, she also followed suit and sent a message to her high school's group chat: "Brothers and sisters!

Weibo's Most Popular Celebrity Awards poll has begun! Please vote for Zhang Ye!"

Her classmates chattered at this.

"Who is Zhang Ye?"

"I don't know this person."

"How can you not know? He was the god who proved the global mathematical conjecture a few days ago. Tongtong, why are you pulling votes for Zhang Ye? Is he your idol?"

"There are so many handsome guys out there, why choose Zhang Ye?"

"Woah, Tongtong, you've got really unique tastes!"

The second sister whined, "Stop talking nonsense and vote!"

A female classmate said, "No, I've already given my vote to Steven, my Caucasian prince!"

Another female classmate said, "Me neither. I'm going to vote for Endo. I love that Japanese hunk! He's so handsome! I've always voted for him as the most popular celebrity every year!"

In the end, none of them gave any face to the second sister.

Cao Tong could only angrily stomp her feet. Unlike her sister, she did not have that much popularity among her classmates and it made her feel like giving up!

Meanwhile, the third sister, Cao Mengmeng was making some calls: "Hello, Dongzi. Don't ask me anything, just get on Weibo now and vote for my brother....What do you mean who is my brother! He's Zhang Ye!"

The room was full of noise and sounded like a big mess of chattering.

Zhang Ye felt a little embarrassed by all the goings-on, feeling as though his stature dropped. He couldn't help but say, "Come on you all, don't go around begging for votes. It's just a few votes, so what effect could it have on the poll? No matter what, your brother is a top C-list celebrity. If I just called out for votes, I would be getting lots of them within a short moment. With all of you going around begging for votes, it makes me seem like I'm not a popular person."

The three of them ignored him, acting like he wasn't there. They just continued looking for their friends to ask for votes.

Seeing his sisters trying so hard, Zhang Ye felt quite touched about it. He felt if he did not try hard himself as well, then he would have let down his sisters!

Canvassing for votes?

He should get to it himself too!

The quote earlier from the Divine Comedy suited the occasion but lacked some charm and impact.

Suddenly, Zhang Ye's doubters appeared on Weibo.

"He wants to compete for this award too?"

"He's overestimating himself!"

"This poll belongs to the A-and B-lists celebrities. What has it got to do with you?"

"Zhang Ye has really been unbanned? His name is included in the nominee list? What the heck is the SARFT doing? This sort of person should be banned for life! If you let him make a comeback, he will surely go around scolding people and cause a mess in the entertainment circle again! The previous time, when he went around scolding the other celebrities saying 'what lousy XX is this,' do you know how many people hated him to the bones because of that? Everyone hated him so badly that they wished they could just silence him!"

Most of the doubters were fans of Zhang Ye's adversaries.

When Zhang Ye saw this, his temper flared and he sent another Weibo post: "Please vote for me!" and added a quirky quote, "...Wear the shoes of others', so that others have no shoes to wear! Walk on others' paths, so that they have no paths to walk!"

When the people saw this post, many of them burst out laughing!

"Pfft!"

"Why does he even have to steal shoes!"

"Teacher Zhang, what are you trying to do!"

"Hahaha, what a great way to let the others have no paths to walk on!"

"Right, those of us from Zhang Ye's fan club must adopt such a stance of imposition! If God blocks us, we will kill God! If Buddha blocks us, we will kill Buddha! I want for the sky to not cover my eyes! I want for this land to not bury my heart! I want for all those countless celebrities to pack up and scram!"

"Get them!"

"Vote for Teacher Zhang!"

"This is the first battle since Teacher Zhang has returned! Let's fight it out with them! We need to get Teacher Zhang a good

ranking!"

"Get ready for battle!"

"Haha, let the tempest come strike harder!"

Zhang Ye's hardcore fans were more than willing to battle it out for him. They'd bled and sweat together with Zhang Ye all the way up until now. There was no trouble they were afraid of. Instead, they craved it. Whenever they saw a battle happening, their eyes would light up—this was a common characteristic of Zhang Ye's fan club. Wherever you looked, whether it be internationally or domestically, you could only find such a fan club right here!

When the other celebrities and their fans saw Zhang Ye's newly posted Weibo update, they were speechless. Especially those fans who had earlier battled countless of times with Zhang Ye, the representatives from...Lee Anson's fan club, Lee Parkwoo's fan club, Tang Dazhang's fan club, etc. They all could only think of one thing, if you have been unbanned and are trying to make a comeback here, do it quietly. Don't go around offending others when no looked to make trouble with you. What are you trying to do here, carpet bombing everyone and talking about walking on someone's path so that they couldn't walk on it? Whose shoes were you intending to wear so that they would have no shoes to wear?!!

Be careful of getting smelly shoes!

Many of them immediately started to counterattack him.

"Pfft!"

"We need to get rid of Zhang Ye!"

"Yeah, everyone, join our hands together and get him!"

"That person really makes my blood boil! His fan club is also asking for it!"

"Hur hur, it's not like everyone has only just gotten to know Zhang Ye. The sort of person he is, don't you all know it well already? He just has a special charm to him—a word from him and everyone will hate him! Look at this, he has just made his comeback recently and he's acting up again! A leopard doesn't change its spots!"

He was getting a mixed reception!

The disputes were renewed!

In everybody's eyes, Zhang Ye seemed to have the innate ability to create trouble. But only Zhang Ye himself knew that his words now didn't carry any other meaning. It was just to ask for votes with some impact behind them, and to hit at those who doubted him. So why were all these people reacting so strongly? It was as though he was intent on declaring war on all of the other celebrities? But he did not have that intention!

Really, this was all just for the sake of art, don't you all know?

Zhang Ye could only shake his head slightly. Wear the shoes of others', so that others has no shoes to wear, walk on others' path, so that they have no paths to walk, what did those words mean? It can't be that none of you can understand it, right? There was a deep meaning to this, a hidden meaning that was the ultimate answer to all of literature. It was not as simple as anyone thought it to be. When you look at it for the first time, that phrase might not seem like anything. But if you looked hard and thought about it, it would dawn upon anyone with a sense of upbringing in literature that...well, that it doesn't have any other meaning to it.

Chapter 546: The Laurel Of The Most Unpopular Celebrity Award!

At 12 o'clock sharp.

Weibo's Most Popular and Most Unpopular Celebrity Awards polling begins.

"It's beginning!"

"The polling system is up!"

"Haha, supporting Heavenly King Chen!"

"Supporting Sister Zhang!"

"This year still belongs to 'Fatty Wu' whose acting was incredibly godly! He fully deserves my vote!"

"Supporting Zhang Ye with one vote! Teacher Zhang has had a difficult year!"

"Damn, I despise your vote for Zhang Ye!"

"Same here, despising your vote for Zhang Ye. I can give my vote for the most popular celebrity to anyone but him. He is even trying to call for people to support him? How is he not embarrassed?"

Going around scolding and offending people with that character of his, as long as it doesn't have the world's 'most popular' in it, I will be willing to vote for him! Come to think of it, Zhang Ye has got such a thick skin. The Korean celebrities, literary world, crosstalk world, and so many others have all been offended by him before. Yet he dares to ask for supporters to vote for him? Go figure! How could any normal person be as thick skinned as him?!"

"I'm supporting Zhang Ye for his role in bringing glory to our country by proving the global mathematical conjecture!"

"Pfft, if Zhang Ye hadn't used 'On Horses' to scold our Chinese mathematics world, I would have voted for him for sure!"

"Willing to give a vote to anyone but Zhang Ye. During the Lunar New Year, that Brain Gold commercial kept playing so much that I vomited more than 10,000 times!"

"To add on, that wretch even tainted the crosstalk and skit competition."

Zhang Ye's current status in the entertainment circle was too eccentric. You wouldn't be able to find another celebrity as controversial as him in this business.

The contention for the rankings began furiously!

Every celebrity used novel ways to canvass for votes. In the blink of an eye, the top 100 names were already out. Of course, they were

not consistently placed as the vote numbers kept changing. Because the rankings were refreshed every second in real time, there wasn't any delay with the rankings. They were seen clearly by everyone. The first page only showed the top 100, and even though the latter rankings could be checked as well by navigating to the next few pages, the netizens were mainly only concerned with the top 100.

On the rankings for the most popular celebrity.

Continuing from her previous post to call for supporters to vote for her, Dong Shanshan suddenly posted another Weibo update that had no text. It was but a picture. It was a selfie, apparently taken at home. Dong Shanshan did not have much makeup on, but her clothing was on the sexy looking side. In the picture, Dong Shanshan posed with both her hands under her chin and sending out flying kisses. From this, it was evident that she had placed great importance on the outcome of this award.

"Shanshan, we're here!"

"My Goddess!"

"Everyone, let's vote together!"

Within the first few minutes, with a Weibo post attached with a picture to canvass for votes, Dong Shanshan's votes kept rising steadily and her name was pushed into the top 100. At one point in time, it even hit 89th place and stayed there for a while before getting pushed out of the top 100 spots before finally settling at

around 300th. As Dong Shanshan had only debuted a short while ago, she was still not at the height of popularity, even though her WebTV program had very good viewership, she was beautiful looking, and had a lot of diehard fans who treated her as a goddess. She was still just an E-list celebrity. Briefly ranking in the top 100 at the start was already an outstanding achievement.

Although Yao Jiancai had risen into the C-list celebrity rankings after the crosstalk competition, since he did not ask for voting support, and with no new works recently, he was placed outside of the top 500.

Similarly, Zhang Yuanqi did not ask for voting support, but being a heavenly queen, even if she did not explicitly state it, she would still have the support of her countless fans. From the minute the voting began, Zhang Yuanqi was already firmly placed in the top 10, hovering between 8th or 9th place.

Lee Anson was currently in 105th place—since the incident at the Spring Festival Gala, his popularity in China had been greatly affected. He didn't even get into the top 100.

Korean singer Lee Parkwoo was in 59th place.

Crosstalk actor Tang Dazhang was currently 233rd.

Songstress Grandma Zhang Xia was in 399th place currently.

Famed skit actress Ci Xiufang's placing was the 421st spot.

It could be seen that Weibo's most popular celebrity rankings varied from the official Celebrity Rankings by a lot. The latter relied more on comprehensively collated data, with specific objects affecting the overall ranking. It was thus the most authoritative ranking list around. It presented the celebrities' overall strengths through the rankings and was recognized by everyone. As for the popularity award poll by Weibo, it was just an unofficial ranking with aims on finding the current "most popular" celebrity. It had more motivation behind each vote, possibly from fan base cohesiveness, mass appeal, or recent news and activities. Of course, it also had a direct effect from whether a celebrity canvassed for votes on Weibo. Because of all these factors, there was such a large fluctuation in rankings making it a much more interesting selection. Otherwise, if the rankings mirrored the official Celebrity Ranking system, then what meaning was there to all of this?

As for Zhang Ye's ranking right now?

At his maternal grandma's house, his three sisters were yelling!

"Brother, I've already voted for you!"

"Seven of my classmates have also voted for you."

"What rank are you at now?"

Zhang Ye had also conveniently cast a vote for himself before scrolling through his phone with his sisters to check the rankings.

Wow, it looked like his canvassing for votes had worked to great effect as there were already 70,000 votes for him! He was currently in 58th place.

His third sister clapped happily and said, "One spot above Lee Parkwoo?"

"It's still not enough," said his second sister. "Our brother has the strength to be within the top 50!"

Zhang Ye laughed and said, "I like what I hear."

His eldest sister said excitedly, "I will ask my classmates if they still have any votes!"

His third sister stood up and said, "My parents are Weibo users too! I will get them to vote!"

Actually, Zhang Ye knew that being placed 58th currently was already a very good result. As he was still only a C-list celebrity, though not far from the B-list, his popularity was still not there yet. There were many others who were more popular than him. Just the number of S-list and A-list celebrities, together with those foreign celebrities that were very popular in China, would already take up the top 50 spots. In fact, there were probably even more than that, so for a C-lister like Zhang Ye to get his current ranking was definitely down to his proving of a global mathematical conjecture. The momentum that he got from that incident had not died down yet. With the constant coverage on the newspapers, the people were still actively discussing about this matter. Just these

past few days alone, the headlines on Weibo were still focused on him. Because of all these reasons, Zhang Ye managed to get a rather good ranking at the start of the voting.

Zhang Ye's fans were out in full force!

"Charge!"

"Teacher Zhang's already in 58th place!"

"Is that all we got?"

"Keep pushing it up! We can't let Teacher Zhang's first battle after his comeback end with a fizzle. We need to kick this up a notch! Only that will suit our usual style!"

"Well said! Let me get my friends to vote too!"

An hour passed.

56th place.....

50th place.....

49th place.....

Votes for Zhang Ye steadily increased as he edged forward in the

rankings. However, it could be seen just how much effort it took for him to climb up the ranks. Those singers, actors, and foreign celebrities had fans that numbered more than 10,000. So being able to move up the rank by one spot took everything from his fans. Luckily, being able to get into the top 50 was already a form of achievement. Before the voting started, no one had expected him to be able to get such a rank!

On Weibo, many of those who disliked Zhang Ye could not bear to watch any further.

"Holy sh*t!"

"That Zhang Ye actually advanced into the top 50!"

"Why did so many people vote for him?"

"We can't let him get up there! We have to stop him!"

"Down with Zhang Ye!"

"Fellow victims of the Brain Gold commercial, let's do this!"

Countless people started taking action. For example, those who Zhang Ye offended before, the crosstalk world, the literary world, and so on, the fans of those who had ever been scolded by him and even those who were here just to have fun, all of them were trying to stop Zhang Ye's advance together! The action they took was to naturally vote for Zhang Ye in the "Most Unpopular Celebrity

Award." Since the two awards were separate, it meant that, even if they voted for him in the unpopular poll, it wouldn't affect the popular poll. If everyone was not able to stop him from rising in the positive rankings, then they could only take it out on him on the negative rankings!

Zhang Ye was eating right now.

In the house, lunch was served. His three sisters were called by the elders to eat. The whole family sat in the living room, but as there were too many people, they were divided into two tables. The tables that drank and the one that didn't.

His grandma asked, "What were you kids doing just now?"

His third sister said cheekily, "Voting for brother on Weibo's Most Popular Celebrity Awards. He's already in the top 50 and the only C-list celebrity there. The others are all celebrities from either the A-or B-list." For Lee Anson, Lee Parkwoo and other foreign celebrities, the Chinese Celebrity Rankings did not include them. Even though Lee Anson was also a C-list celebrity, he was a C-list in Korea, so it was a different matter.

His mother said, "He's ranked that high?"

Zhang Ye who was drinking with his grandpa said, "Of course, your son, me, is no longer a common person. My fans number in the tens of thousands, so my appeal is for real."

His father raised his chin and said, "Alright, stop boasting."

"How am I boasting? It's the truth," Zhang Ye said, not liking what he heard.

First Aunt said, "Ahem, seems like a lot of of people are scolding that Brain Gold commercial."

Zhang Ye waved his hands and replied cheerfully, "First Aunt, just because a lot of people are scolding me online doesn't mean I am unpopular. Actually, they're not really scolding me at all. In fact, they like me a lot. I think you can see that from the rankings, right? If everyone does not like me, why would they vote so many times for me? Would I be able to garner so much support just by saying a few words? Don't be fooled by some criticisms you just see online. They are all fake and come from my enemies' fans trolling me. If you don't believe it, just go online and asked around. I'm sure 99 in 100 like me and support me."

His eldest sister laughed without saying a word.

His second sister rolled her eyes, not bothering to explain either.

Only his grandma agreed, "Yes, no one can compare to our Little Ye."

"See? Grandma is the only smart one around here." Zhang Ye took some food and gave it to his grandma.

Suddenly, his third sister who had been looking at her phone all this time exclaimed, "Damn! What the hell is happening here?"

"What's the matter?" asked his first aunt.

His grandma stared at her. "You gave me a fright! What a loud girl."

Zhang Ye also looked at her with a smile and said, "My ranking went up again, right? What place am I at now?"

His third sister didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "Brother, take a look yourself. When you see it, you'll understand!"

"Heh, you're even trying to make this suspenseful?" Zhang Ye took out his phone from his pocket and browsed to the most popular celebrity rankings, "It's still at 49th. There are no changes?"

Zhang Ye's mother, second uncle and aunt also took out their phones to check Weibo.

His third sister sighed and said, "It's not the most popular celebrity rankings. You should be looking at the most unpopular celebrity rankings instead!"

Zhang Ye scoffed at this. "Why should I be looking at that? Your brother here is a famous national celebrity who is being called 'the celebrity with a conscience' by the people in the industry. How

could I be on that list of ranking?" Saying so, he still proceeded to scroll through the list as he was curious who would be voted into the top 10 of this year's most unpopular celebrities.

Each year, at the Weibo celebrity rankings, people did not pay the most attention to the most popular celebrity rankings but were always more interested in the most unpopular celebrity rankings. Why? This was the kind of mentality that most people had when they sensed trouble for others. Whichever most popular celebrity, most sexy celebrity, most outstanding song, most talked about movie, etc, there were too many of such kinds of rankings around. Whether it were domestic or international rankings, they were usually focused on the positives and it had become the norm for ranking selections. However, a most unpopular ranking selection was almost unheard of anywhere. A green leaf would stand out if it were placed in the middle of a thousand flowers, like a national treasure. These sort of reverse trending rankings were rarer than rare. And so, because of these reasons, everyone adopted a joking mentality when they approached such ranking selections and always paid the most attention to the most unpopular celebrity award, curious to know who would be the unlucky one to walk away with the "honors"!

Last year, the top 3 most unpopular celebrities were a close fight and had a very tight finish. It was settled between 3 directors and deputy directors involved in the scandals of unspoken rules within the film industry.

The year before, the fight for this ranking selection was between 3 people involved in the production of a repugnant viral song, namely the lyricist, singer, and music composer. It was as though the people had come to a common understanding when it came to

voting for them. Their positions were only decided at the very last minute of voting as the voters finally agreed that the lyrics to that viral song was the worst of it and therefore voted the lyricist into first place.

As for this year, there were some discussions earlier about who should be the most unpopular celebrity. The most discussed celebrities slated to be in the top ranks of this award were those who had taken part in the filming of *River*, a movie with big investments and a highly acclaimed director and top actors. But when it premiered, it was so disappointing that everyone could only curse at it from beginning to end. They all felt that this film was basically rubbish and shouldn't be watched, so naturally, the film's director, screenwriter, and main lead became the top contenders for the award. They were also slated to do a clean sweep of the top 3 ranks—Well, that was what everyone thought anyway.

But what happened in reality?

What happened made everyone overjoyed!

When Zhang Ye tapped on the most unpopular celebrity ranking, he nearly vomited blood. He saw his name in bright crimson at the top!

—Zhang Ye!

Votes: 1.91 million!

Mom: "..."

Maternal grandma: "....."

Maternal grandpa: "....."

Second uncle: "....."

His eldest younger sister: "....."

Zhang Ye nearly blew his top, "Why is it my name?!"

His second younger sister coughed and added in an almost speechless manner, "And you're even running away with the lead!"

Following in second place for most unpopular celebrity was the male lead of River. Though he was second, his votes only numbered 87,000. Compared to Zhang Ye, the gap was so large that it differed by two orders of magnitude! Not only was Zhang Ye firmly in the lead, he was clearly in the lead by an overwhelming amount of votes!

It has only been slightly more than an hour?

Almost 2 million votes for the number one most unpopular celebrity?

Zhang Ye nearly threw up his gall bladder as he stood up and hit on the table in anger. "There's definitely vote fixing involved! Those bunch of people are buying fixed votes against me!"

His second younger sister cleared her throat and said, "What are you talking about, brother? This doesn't look like vote fixing at all. This ranking selection has always been fair every year. There have never been any cases of vote fixing before."

Zhang Ye stared at her. "Those were in the previous years, but there's surely vote fixing involved this year!"

His second younger sister, "....."

Zhang Ye scolded, "Those people are really too wicked, they are wicked beyond all compare! A celebrity with a good conscience like me has somehow ended up being voted as the most unpopular?"

His eldest younger sister was wiping away her sweat as she continued checking her phone. "This...The votes are still increasing."

2 million!

2.5 million!

2.7 million!

The voting only began slightly more than an hour ago and the votes for the most unpopular celebrity had actually hit 3 million already? This had totally broken the record for the most number of votes cast for the most unpopular celebrity ranking selection! And with each second passed, the record was broken again!

There were too many votes!

As if countless people were stepping on Zhang Ye!

.....

On Weibo, other users also noticed this anomaly in votes!

Many of those who had something against Zhang Ye were laughing out loud!

"Ahahahaha!"

"How awesome! Great one, brothers and sisters!"

"Everyone's well supporting! This year's Most Unpopular Celebrity Award will definitely belong to Zhang Ye!"

"Hehe, that title was tailor-made for him!"

"Pfft, and we still thought that it would go to one of the people

from River? Looks like Teacher Zhang has outdone himself again. A rubbish movie like that can actually be overtaken by Zhang Ye. Look at the votes! This is truly unbelievable! Teacher Zhang has a few million votes in first place while second place is only at slightly less than 100,000! What pleasure to witness such an outcome! Looks like Zhang Ye getting the Most Unpopular Celebrity Award this year is welcomed by everyone!"

"You're all terrible people, haha!"

"Actually, I'm also Teacher Zhang Ye's fan, but I've also given him a vote for the Most Unpopular Celebrity Award. Hehehe, there's nothing to worry about if I'm just here to enjoy myself!"

"Friend above me, you have left me speechless!"

"Aiyo, I'm dying from laughter! This voting selection is really too funny!"

"Yea, I'm dying from laughter too. If only they held ranking selections for the most unpopular artist every year! How fun would that be?! It would be awesome!"

"Teacher Zhang deserves the title!"

"Compared to Zhang Ye's wickedness, River has been thrown more than ten streets away!"

"Hahaha, can you all not be like this? Teacher Zhang is really

pitiful. If we anger him again, he will surely cause some big ruckus again!"

"That's good! We're just waiting for him to come up with something big!"

"Right, right! Actually, it's not that I dislike Zhang Ye. I only gave him this unpopular vote because I wanted to see him stir up some trouble! How fun would that be! Ha, would everyone give your unpopular votes to Teacher Zhang? Since he has such thick skin, I don't think he will be embarrassed by this. Today is Zhang Ye's day of return to the entertainment business. I believe this award will put him at the forefront of everyone's discussions. So what if it is the most unpopular award? It's still first place anyway, right? It's all the same! He's already in first place anyway!

"Then let me add some fuel for his ascent! Vote cast!"

"I think all of you are more wicked than Teacher Zhang Ye....Vote cast!"

"You're all terrible people....Vote cast!"

"Oh, Teacher Zhang Ye is so pitiful....Vote cast! Don't thank me, just call me a Red Scarf!"

"Pity him yet you still voted for him? Pu!"

3 million!

4 million!

Zhang Ye was leading the way in the Most Unpopular Celebrity Award...by miles!

Finally, even fans of Zhang Ye could no longer do anything about it. By the looks of it, they also decided to cast their unpopular votes for Zhang Ye.

"Vote!"

"Oh, it won't make a difference anyway."

"He definitely won't be able to get past the top 40 on the most popular celebrity rankings. At most he'll settle somewhere between the 41st and 50th spots. I guess if it has to be the most unpopular celebrity rankings, so be it. At least it's still 1st place. Let's help Teacher Zhang break the record! In the past, this ranking's No.1 spot would usually get around 1 million votes, so even if it has to be this unpopular celebrity ranking, we mustn't lose out to the others. We'll break the record and break it by more than 10 times! Only then can we show our reputation as Zhang Ye's fan club! We reject being average!"

"Well said! Since we can't be the best, then we'll be the worst!"

"...I give up!"

"F**k, everyone is so open minded!"

"Could Teacher Zhang be crying because of this?"

Zhang Ye, who was currently having his lunch at his grandma's house, was indeed about to cry. He could not have expected that his cheerful canvassing of votes could have led to this situation. He only did alright in the most popular ranking but took a big lead in the most unpopular ranking! Even his own fans were happily voting for him in the negative ranking awards!

These are my fans?

You guys must be spies!

Not only that, there were also people who laughed at his misfortune and teased him.

Yao Jiancai had come out of his slumber and sent a message to him on Weibo: "@ZhangYe , congratulations, old bro, on securing your victory so early."

Zhang Ye replied: "....."

His old classmate, Dong Shanshan, sent a "congratulatory" message over: "@ZhangYe ,you'll be first for sure, when should I be expecting a meal from you?"

Zhang Ye once again replied: "....."

His fellow colleague from Peking University, Teacher Su Na: "Teacher Zhang deserves the 1st place for this without a doubt."

Teasing!

It was all teasing!

Zhang Ye might as well just ignore them. This bunch of friends was really good at stepping on him when he was down. What do they mean by "I truly deserve to win"? Am I that unpopular!?

On the most popular celebrity rankings, it was still difficult to say who would win it as the number of votes for top 10 places were too close to call and still very suspenseful. However, on the most unpopular celebrity rankings, there was no suspense at all. The first place was Zhang Ye's for sure! Even if the second place got rigged votes, even if the celebrity used money to bribe the official organizers, he wouldn't be able to catch up to Zhang Ye!

That's how big a lead we're talking about!

It was just so certain!

Afternoon turned into night.

At midnight, the voting system stopped and the tabulated data

showed that Zhang Ye received 1.957 million votes and placed 49th on the Most Popular Celebrity Awards poll with outstanding results. Then, with a total count of 21.7035 million votes received, Zhang Ye again placed as overall "winner" of Weibo's Most Unpopular Celebrity Awards poll!

The official numbers were put to the record.

It had been recorded into the annals of Weibo's history books!

When the results of the poll were declared, everyone was once again heatedly discussing the outcome!

"Hahaha, Teacher Zhang had fought and won such a great glory for our country, but you guys actually voted him to the top of the most unpopular celebrity rankings? Is what you've done considered good!?"

"Friend above, if you didn't include the 'hahaha' in front of your post, I would have believed that you were really trying to help Teacher Zhang seek justice."

"So what if it's a loss of face? It's not like this is Zhang Ye's first time being treated as a joke to so many people. He should already be used to this. Look at the Weibo of Teacher Zhang Ye's friends and colleagues. Aren't they all also teasing him? The most unpopular...is still a form of honor. It's not something that anyone can get even if they want it!"

"Teacher Zhang did not take part in last year's awards polling, right?"

"No, Zhang Ye only debuted in the middle of last year, so this is his first year taking part in it."

"Only his first appearance and he has already won the Most Unpopular Celebrity title? I have a feeling that Zhang Ye will be a big contender for this award again next year! Haha!"

"With Zhang Ye's bad temper, that award will probably be his for the next 3 years!"

"Only for the next three years? My guess is that, as long as Zhang Ye is still in the entertainment business, that award will automatically be his from now on! No one will be able to take it from him!"

The more they discussed, the funnier it became!

So it could be said that a person like Zhang Ye...has really poor popularity among the people!

Chapter 547: Upgrade Unlocked For The Game Ring's System!

Late at night.

At Zhang Ye's parents' place.

It was already the deep of night. In the district, almost everyone had turned in. Only the sounds of two cats mewling in the garden downstairs could be heard. The breeding season of cats was beginning again and it was becoming slightly noisier than before.

"Meow!"

"Ouh..."

Zhang Ye, still in bed under his blanket, was browsing Weibo with a depressed mood. Having just won the award and title of Most Unpopular Celebrity, he could only swear and grumble at his luck. He felt that those Weibo netizens were really too wicked. Even if this bro could not get the Most Popular Celebrity Award, surely he did not deserve the title of Most Unpopular Celebrity? Weren't you guys just teaming up against me!?

Heh, forget it.

As long as everyone enjoyed the process.

So be it. If it's the most unpopular award, at least he was still crowned champion, right? If there were any others who wanted the title, they would not be able to get it. It was still somewhat a reflection of being popular. Like those small-time celebrities who really attracted a lot of hate, like those who behaved like they were divas, like those who had terrible acting skills, like those whose singing would go out of tune—even if they wanted to win the title of Most Unpopular Celebrity, they were still not qualified enough to do so, not to mention winning it with a record of more than 20 million votes. This record had broken the previous one by more than 10 times. Zhang Ye fully deserved being the most "Most Unpopular Celebrity" of all time. With all the votes added up from the previous rankings for this award, it would still not be able to surpass his vote total!

Though it might be called the Most Unpopular Celebrity Award, in actuality, if it were truly an award of unpopularity, the people would not remember your name in the first place or even know who you were. So how could they vote for you? They wouldn't even be bothered by you. This award was pretty much similar to the Golden Raspberry Awards (Razzies) in his previous world. So the reason for Zhang Ye being selected for this award was not a true reflection of him being unpopular. It was done more so for entertainment's sake, to make the event more lively. Furthermore, even if it was a title of being the most unpopular, it would still give Zhang Ye some additional fame and reputation points. Compared to being average in the polls, he still gained some positives out of this. He could only make the best out of the situation and think positively this way.

Oh, right.

Speaking of reputation points, he suddenly remembered.

Zhang Ye looked at the game ring on his pinky and remembered that he had not checked it for some time now. If he recalled correctly, the last time he used the game ring was back at Summer Palace during the International Math Olympiad to search through his memory for the topic on Fermat's Theorem, also known as this world's Dale's Conjecture. After he bought a memory search capsule and used it to prove the mathematical conjecture, he had not checked his total reputation points again. The memory search capsules he had used to write Legend of Wukong were eaten earlier, before he went on to prove the mathematical conjecture. As the pace of events was too messy, he had forgotten all about it.

But this was his greatest asset.

Zhang Ye's focus immediately shifted from the Weibo polling awards back to the game ring's reputation points. He estimated that he would have gathered a large amount of reputation points this time. He was excited by the prospects of this since he hadn't played the lottery draw in a long time now. After having had his ban lifted and being able to start work again, he knew that he needed to gain some items to help him in his future endeavors. With a spot on the B-list Celebrity Rankings so close, Zhang Ye was full of energy and confidence!

Activating the game ring.

He brought up the virtual screen.

The display looked as the same as always, with the menu listings:

[Items]

[Merchant Shop]

[Lottery]

After them, [Reputation Points]: 224,570,003.

Since it was possible that people from all over the country were noticing Zhang Ye's new or old works, his reputation points were increasing constantly. For example, the recent Legend of Wukong, the Weibo Celebrity Rankings, or the essay "On Horses" and poem The Road Not Taken from the past few days, and so on.

+3!

+2!

+11!

+8!

+6!

It continually added the relevant amount of reputation points in

real time.

During the times when he had no new works, this counter would increase less often with a lower rate.

Zhang Ye was not too shocked by the 200 million reputation points he had gained. By now, he had already been expecting it. However when he saw it, he still felt a sense of surprise. He knew that some of these reputation points came from the novel Legend of Wukong and some other written works, but they probably did not form the main bulk of it. The majority of the 200 million reputation points should be due to him causing a sensation when he proved Dale's Conjecture. Although math had never been something that most people paid attention to, or rather, it was something that people did not bother about. But with Zhang Ye proving one of the top ten most difficult math problems that had eluded even the world's brightest mathematicians, even those who didn't know what a mathematical conjecture was or had never heard of Dale's Conjecture would understand just how unbelievable this achievement was. With that kind of admiration, shock, and praise, all of that had naturally propped up Zhang Ye's popularity. It, in turn, became reputation points for him through the game system.

200 millions worth of reputation points!

This was the largest amount of points that Zhang Ye had gained ever since he had the game ring. Compared to what he had earned in the past, this was on a whole different level!

It was too much!

So much that he did not know how he should spend it!

Zhang Ye was smiling very happily. Just as he was about to bring up the next screen, and his fingers touched the virtual screen, the command did not go through but up came a notification message.

[System update detected.]

A system update?

The system could even be updated?

Zhang Ye was a little stunned and could not react.

The message automatically closed before a detailed description appeared.

[Update instructions]: Upgrade conditions have been met. The upgraded system will require 200 million reputation points. After the upgrade has been completed, there will be improved lottery functions and special category item rewards.

[Confirm] / [Cancel]

Finally it gave two options to choose from.

Zhang Ye could not process all of this right now. An update of the system? Because he had gained 200 million in reputation points, he had reached a milestone that had unlocked the upgrade notification? Was it because he had not brought up the game ring's virtual screen before this, therefore only receiving the notification now? And this upgrade came at a price of 200 million reputation points? Damn it, this bro had gone through so much before amassing such a large number of reputation points. And now, almost all of it would be required if he wanted to upgrade the system? What a scam! Do you even know how much can be done with 200 million reputation points? How many lottery draws that can be bought with that? With this upgrade, he would be back at the state before his liberation again after just one night? What kind of improved lottery functions after the upgrade are we talking about? Doesn't he have the lottery draw function already? Oh right, he suddenly remembered that in the past the lottery draw usually gave him a treasure chest that was usually labeled as "(Small)". That would mean that there were still treasure chests other than that? What about the special category reward? What kind of reward was it?

There wasn't enough information to enable his decision!

There was totally no way to judge or decide what he would do next!

Zhang Ye felt hesitant. He clenched his teeth, and then, finally clicked on [Cancel]. He really could not bear with the amount of reputation points required. After he canceled the update, the message minimized to the bottom right corner of the virtual game screen and turned into an exclamation icon. Zhang Ye tried to click on it and the message reappeared. Then he clicked on [Cancel] and

it minimized back to its place again.

He needed some time to consider it.

He wanted to give it some thought first. So he decided that he would go ahead for 2 turns at the lottery draw before he made any decision. With so many reputation points, he wanted to spend some of it first, like a tycoon would.

He began his lottery draw.

His mind kept sweeping through the thought of his reputation points as he clicked on the lottery draw screen. He bought a chance for the spin at 100,000 reputation points, then clicked on the additional stakes and added 19 to it, spending a total of 2 million reputation points.

The wheel started spinning!

The needle quickly passed through the different areas of rewards!

After about ten seconds, it slowed down, nearly to a stop!

Consumption Category...

Stats Category...

Finally, it went back to the Consumption Category and stopped there!

Zhang Ye was just trying his luck in the first round and did not care too much about what items he got. He just wanted something good. He was looking forward to it quite a lot as he brought up his inventory to retrieve the 20 Treasure Chests (Small) and open them. With a flash of brightness, the treasure chests opened to reveal a green liquid, containing a test tube and a seal with a wooden cork. The inside glowed with a mysterious aura.

[Strength Potion (Small)] x 20: Effective immediately after consumption. Increases physical strength.

Since strength was something that could recover or lost, this potion did not have any time constraints but was instead considered a one-time usage consumption item.

20 bottles?

It felt like just a so-so item.

Zhang Ye lightly shook his head, not fully satisfied with what he received. But he wasn't too disappointed either. After thinking about it a little, he decided to go for another draw, but this time with a little twist. Naturally, he opened up the merchant shop to use his trump card.

[Lucky Halo].

Activate!

A dazzling white ring of light appeared over his head suddenly, emitting a mysterious and radiant glow.

Reputation points -10,000!

Reputation points -10,000!

Every second used up 10,000 reputation points. It was a very extravagant item!

It was good that Zhang Ye was "rich" at the moment. As such he wasn't too bothered by it. He immediately went back to the lottery draw screen and bought a chance at the draw, similarly adding 19 additional stakes like the first time!

The lottery draw began!

The needle spun!

1 revolution...5 revolutions...10 revolutions...

Because of the Lucky Halo's effect, Zhang Ye had some expectations for this round of the lottery draw. He was hoping to get something from the Special Category, something that he could purchase from the Merchant Shop. No matter how good an item

was, it was much harder to get again after the first time. If it was limited by that, then of course it couldn't compare to those that he could easily get from the Merchant Shop. Those were the items that he would never mind having an unlimited supply of!

Special Category!

Special Category!

He kept wishing for it, hoping that the Lucky Halo would make his wish come true!

The needle was almost coming to a stop as it got closer and closer to the smallest area of the Special Category!

But when it had just moved into the Special Category area, the needle seemingly gained that last bit of strength! It moved a little more and ended up in the Stats Category area!

20 Treasure Chests (Small) appeared.

[Fruit of Agility] x 20: Takes effect after consumption, increase agility of user.

Zhang Ye immediately switched off the usage of the Lucky Halo and sighed. This time, it didn't seem like the Lucky Halo helped him much. At the key moment, it couldn't fulfill its purpose. Thinking about it, and according to his past experiences, the Lucky Bread should be a similar item to the Lucky Halo, except that it was

a consumable item while the latter could be used as long as Zhang Ye had reputation points. There was a fluctuation in the effectiveness of the luck of both items as there was a limit to how much good luck it could give to its user. For example, when he used it alongside the Difficulty Adjustment Die, if the Lucky Halo had given him maximum luck, he would probably have rolled a ten times reduced difficulty effect rather than just five times reduced difficulty. So from this round of lottery draw, the limits of the Lucky Halo could be seen and it couldn't possibly always be so effective and fulfill its promise with every use.

And so, the unsatisfactory outcome of the lottery draws this time might be down to this factor. There were only those few factors which could affect it. From the looks of the system update message, it seemed like there was also an upgraded version of the lottery draw system. Did this mean that he had no choice but to spend 200 million to receive the delivery of the system update?

To receive the update or not?

Should he do it or not?

Zhang Ye was now faced with a conundrum that all women faced when they discovered that they were pregnant!

Chapter 548: New Lottery Draw!

He decided to eat the fruits before he would decide on whether to upgrade the system.

He swallowed each Fruit of Agility one by one into his stomach.

These Stats Category fruits were very delicious and did not take up any space in the stomach, so there was no feeling of fullness. After it's put into the mouth, it changes into a heat flux that spreads through the body. Zhang Ye took just two minutes to eat all twenty Fruits of Agility, and then casually lifted his elbow and moved it about a few times. He threw a few punches at the air, and could actually feel quite an effect. He felt that his movements had sped up from before, not because of his muscular strength increasing, but because he had an increased flexibility and reaction rate. After his brain had given its signals, his body reacted much more nimbly. Having eaten so many Fruits of Agility, he felt his body getting lighter. It was a very pleasant feeling.

Unfortunately, it did not seem like there was much use for this.

First, it did not seem like it would help his career since his job didn't require him to be agile. Second, it was only a little important to his self-defense since his main martial arts style was Tai Chi, which wasn't dependent on agility. It instead used a style that was relatively "slower" and did not require him to be too quick.

If he had to insist that these agile fruits could help him in something, it would be the time when he offends others and gets

surrounded and attacked by thousands of people. Then he could to depend on this item to help him escape.

Well, at least it can be used for emergencies.

After he was done, Zhang Ye didn't carry on with the lottery draw. Instead, he lit a cigarette and pondered for five minutes. With a final affirmation of his eyes, he decided to update the system, mainly due to his curiosity. As the system update was there, if he didn't update it, something would always feel wrong and he'd keep thinking about it. Besides, Zhang Ye was getting more and more popular now, his ranking in the entertainment circle becoming higher. The few items in the merchant shop and the existing lottery draw system were no longer able to satisfy him.

Like before, when the Lucky Bread (Small) helped him create the accidents and opportunities that led to him winning the Silver Microphone Awards. The Lucky Halo also helped to get Zhang Ye's "Woman Flower" playing at Lee Anson's concert and disgust him. It even helped him roll a five times reduced difficulty effect when he used the Difficulty Adjustment Die. Based on these previous experiences, these items had all helped him a lot and were very effective. But right now, and even in the future, this bit of luck might no longer be enough to help Zhang Ye as much any further. Furthermore, the Lucky Halo was not always effective or useful when he needed something to go his way. This did not mean the Lucky Halo or Lucky Bread (Small) were getting lousy. Rather, because Zhang Ye was moving to a higher level now, the situation required a different magnitude of effectiveness.

Like how the "Invisibility Potion" did not work on clothes.

Like how the "Red String of Fate" broke when a slight situation occurred.

Or even the "Unlucky Sticker" that was only effective for five minutes and other Consumption Category items that were similarly limited to a short effective time.

These items all had many restrictions in their functionality. However, since Zhang Ye's demand levels before were low and he had limited situations in which he could use them, they still weren't too bad when used. However, like today's lottery draw, it seemed like they had become a lot less effective.

It was time to upgrade!

200 million? Fine, 200 million it shall be!

Zhang Ye's heart felt like it was already bleeding. He clicked on the exclamation icon at the lower right corner of the game interface and a system upgrade message popped up!

[Confirm] / [Cancel]

This will hurt!

He could feel the pain of losing all those reputation points at once!

He clenched his fist and firmly pressed down on "confirm"!

[Starting System Upgrade.]

[200 Million Reputation Points will be consumed.]

[Upgrading, Please wait.]

[Upgrading Process: 1%... 12%... 17%...]

After approximately half an hour, the system upgrade process finally moved slowly towards 100%. The game interface closed with a swish before reopening almost immediately. But this newly reopened interface did not look the same as before. The option selection items had changed slightly and another new option selection was now added to it.

[Reputation Points]: 20,048,211.

[Inventory]

[Merchant Shop]

[Lottery Draw (One)]

[Lottery Draw (Two)]

Zhang Ye clicked to go into Lottery Draw (One). In it, he could see that this was the same "Lottery Draw" interface as before and only was only labeled with an extra "(One)" in its name. To get a chance at the draw, it still required 100,000 reputation points to activate. So it seemed that Lottery Draw (Two) was obviously the newly added option, and was the upgraded lottery draw which the system message mentioned.

He clicked on it!

After choosing the new option, a completely different interface popped up.

Inside Lottery Draw (Two), an interface similar to a slot machine appeared instead of a wheel and needle design. It had a bit of a 3D effect and there was a lever handle on the side. However, unlike a normal slot machine, there was only one middle window viewing panel instead of three. For example, instead of a "7-7-7," it could only show one "7." At this moment, the window was showing a blank icon, and the top and bottom, though partially hidden, said "Consumption Category" and "Skills Category" respectively.

It was a brand new lottery draw system!

Zhang Ye was a little unsure, but when he saw the purchase option, he casually pressed it to try. Although he was mentally prepared and expected the new lottery draw system to be different from before, he still nearly swore when he saw the required reputation pointed needed for this upgraded Lottery Draw (Two).

[Ten Million Reputation Points]

[Yes / No To Confirm Purchase]

Ten million! Why don't you go and rob a bank instead!

Although the saying goes that you get what you pay for, it was still too much!

Immediately after that, the system brought up a notification message: [Upgraded system. A reward has been activated. For the first time running of the new lottery draw systems, you are entitled to make a spin with a 100% chance of getting a Special Category item (limited to one time).]

You will definitely draw a Special Category item on the first spin? This gave Zhang Ye some comfort as otherwise, the 200 million reputation points would have just been a waste! Using so many reputation points for a system upgrade plus a chance to get an item that could be bought in the merchant shop? Who knows if this will be worth it!

Draw!

Let's see what will be gotten from drawn!

Zhang Ye took a deep breath and clenched his teeth as he pressed

on Lottery Draw (Two) and spent those ten million reputation points. He purchased the lottery draw rights, then put his hands onto the virtual screen. It was just like the inventory storage. He could feel the physical space from within as he held onto the handle lever of the slot machine!

He pulled and let go!

The slot machine's lottery wheel window started spinning very quickly!

Special Category!

Special Category!

It was still showing the Special Category!

There were no more "Consumption Category" and "Skills Category" icons shown on the slot machine's window as this was a reward spin given to him by the system! It was guaranteed to give a Special Category item!

And of course he would be fine with it.

The machine was clattering as the icons within the window showing "Special Category" cascaded. It was going at a very fast speed and rolled on for some time before it started to slow down. It slowed down gradually until a click sounded, and the window showed one of the Special Category items.

Clatter!

The slot machine rang to signal that a prize had been won!

The prize was announced: [Congratulations Player, you have received Lucky Halo (Upgraded) purchasing rights at the merchant shop. The previous Lucky Halo purchasing rights will be overwritten by the new version.]

What?

Upgraded version?

Zhang Ye's eyes twinkled with joy. He cried out in happiness. Earlier, just now, he was still whining about how his luck could not sustain his career development anymore. Now he had gotten himself a great gift? He immediately went off to the merchant shop to check on the item. It turned out that the "Lucky Halo" icon had been replaced by an icon that showed an even larger off-white halo. It was labeled clearly: Lucky Halo (Upgraded)!

[Effect: Increases the luck factor.]

[Price: One hundred thousand reputation points for every second it is in effect.]

Needless to ask, this upgraded halo was definitely more effective

than the normal version. He could tell just from the paying price. The normal version only cost ten thousand reputation points for every second in use while the upgraded version cost one hundred thousand reputation points with every second it was in effect. If the price were equal to the effectiveness of the item's effect, then the upgraded version would likely increase tenfold in effectiveness over the normal version. This was like a free meal dropping out of the sky for Zhang Ye. It was such an ultimate trump card. The only drawback was that the price was really too high. If it was a hundred thousand reputation points per second, then in one minute, six million reputation points would be spent?

The greater the ability, the greater the cost.

Zhang Ye decided to not care about it for now. Having an extra trump card was always good. Then, after checking and seeing that he still had a little over ten million reputation points left, he decided to go for another shot at the lottery, obviously still choosing Lottery Draw (Two).

Purchase!

Start lottery draw!

Along with the reputation points spent on operating the slot machine, most of his 200 million reputation points had now nearly been emptied.

The icons on the window kept spinning at a very high speed!

[Empty]

[Consumption Category]

[Consumption Category]

[Stats Category]

[Empty]

[Skills Category]

The icons cascading in front of Zhang Ye's eyes had no pattern. It was different to Lottery Draw (One)'s compass mechanism as every icon did not have a fixed arrangement, and were randomly assigned. Some categories were even right next to each other or repeated every other category. It all seemed completely random. There were also a lot of "Empty" icons. Obviously, if the draw landed on one of these, then the ten million worth of reputation points were as good as having gone down the drain. This "Empty" icon basically just meant that there was no prize for it. Occasionally, the slot machine showed a glimpse of the "Special Category" icon, but a faint glimpse of that category was all there as to it and he couldn't see it anymore after that. It was difficult to even glance at it again, so just wonder how low the probability of getting a Special Category item was.

Soon, the spin started to slow down!

Zhang Ye took a deep breath as it was about to stop!

Click, the icon for the Stats Category moved into view as it reached the result zone, then with another click, the "Empty" icon moved into the result zone. Above this "Empty" icon was another "Empty" icon. When Zhang Ye saw this, he shuddered with fear!

Move along!

Quickly, move!

Click, the second "Empty" icon came into the result zone!

Seeing that the slot machine was about to stop spinning, he nearly wanted to kick it a few times with his leg in a bid to get it the icon to move on! Don't stop! Move along!

Bba!

Finally, the "Empty" icon moved away at the very last moment and slid down inside the window. The next icon that came in its place was the Consumption Category icon. With a final click, it moved into the result zone and stayed still!

It's a Consumption Category item!

The slot machine disbursed the won item!

A golden treasure chest flew out from the slot machine and moved directly into the inventory at the upper left corner of the game interface. Zhang Ye quickly opened up the inventory and took out the treasure chest with his hand, then placed it on his bed. Although this treasure chest was also golden in color, it was bigger than the Lottery Draw (One) treasure chests, much bigger in fact. It measured about one meter in length and half a meter in width and height.

The name for this item was: [Treasure Chest (Medium)]

Medium sized? Then that would mean that apart from the small- and medium-sized ones, there could also be large-sized treasure chests?

Zhang Ye didn't think too much of it for now and just flipped open the treasure chest's lid as he wanted to know if the ten million reputation points used for the draw was worth it or not. He wanted to know what kind of prizes could be won from the upgraded Lottery Draw (Two) and the differences between it and Lottery Draw (One). When he finally opened the treasure chest, he could only see a tiny, heart-shaped, red object on the inside. It looked crystal clear and full of vitality, glittering in the soft and translucent light as it rotated continuously in its spot.

What was this?

It seemed to be quite beautiful?

When he bent over and took the red heart into his hand, an

explanation for the item popped up.

[1-Up] x 1: Gives an extra life to the player.

Zhang Ye was confused when he saw this. 1-Up? Now he even had...an extra life? The games he played before in his previous world like Contra and Super Mario, as well as many other console games, had this sort of a design. An extra life meant an extra chance. He would never have expected that he could also get an extra life. Then did it mean that if he got hit by a car while walking on the road and died, he could be revived on the spot?

F**k!

Then this item was too powerful!

If it were really like this, the ten million reputation points spent would definitely be worth it!

Whether it really had such an effect, Zhang Ye did not know, nor would he dare test it out. Get on the road and get run over by a car? That was basically just seeking a quick death. But from this prize, it could be clearly seen that Lottery Draw (Two) was not a improved version of Lottery Draw (One). For example, one hundred thousand reputation points to draw an Unlucky Sticker that could be used for 5 minutes, while ten million reputation points would gain you an Unlucky Sticker that worked for 500 minutes? It was not a change in quantity, but the quality and level of the prize. The items that could be gained from the newly upgraded Lottery Draw (Two) were of a whole different level of

usage!

Like the 1-Up!

Like the upgraded Lucky Halo!

If it were won from Lottery Draw (One), don't say ten million reputation points, even if he spent one billion or ten billion reputation points, he wouldn't be able to get those prizes. Just for reason alone, the 200 million reputation points spent on upgrading the system was already worthy in itself. At last, he could find some comfort in this.

Yes, only just a little comfort.

200 million!

It still hurt him very much!

Zhang Ye carefully placed the 1-Up item into his inventory and did not go on with the lottery draw anymore. He didn't have enough reputation points to continue doing so anyway, so he closed the game interface and lit a cigarette. The system upgrade was really a timely arrival for his future career development as it had laid out a bright path for him to walk forward on. It made him look forward to the future with even greater expectations now, but the only thing was...the 200 million reputation points hadn't even been his for long and he had already spent it!

In the bedroom, he kept mumbling to himself.

"Ah, 200 million!"

"200 million!"

"Well, alright, it's pointless to keep rambling on any further. Reputation points can be earned back if there aren't any left. It's no big deal. Who did you think I, Zhang Ye, am? What storms have I not been through before? I only keep rambling on like this because I have nothing else to do. Even if I lie down now, I won't be able to sleep. I'm only complaining a little and besides, it was just a little bit of reputation points. Spending a little is normal. Do you really think that I would keep rambling on for the rest of my life? You really think I see it with such importance? You really think I wouldn't be able to snap out of it? Haha, then I'll tell you that... Yes! I! Really! Couldn't! Snap! Out! Of! It!"

200 million!!!

Chapter 549: The Most Sought After Elective Class!

After the game system had been updated.

Total Reputation Points: ~100,000.

Skills: Trivial amount.

Stats: Trivial amount.

Merchant Shop Items:

1. Memory Search Capsule.
2. Taiji Fist Skill Experience Book.
3. Lucky Halo (Upgraded).

Inventory Items: Difficulty Adjustment Die (1), X-ray Vision Eye Drops (1), Pause Game (1), Strength Potion (20), 1-Up (1).

This was all that Zhang Ye had up until now. After taking note of his inventory items, he went to sleep. After so many days of rest, it was about time to prepare for his next job.

.....

The next day.

In the morning, Zhang Ye woke up much earlier than usual. He was heating up the milk in the kitchen and boiling a few eggs. One of them even cracked, but it still got cooked in any case as he somehow managed to finish making breakfast.

His mother who had just woken up, was surprised to see him, "Oh, did the sun rise from the west today?"

"Little Ye made breakfast?" his father said as he walked out from the bedroom.

Zhang Ye laughed. "Just eat, you two."

His mother found fault with him by saying, "The eggs cracked, didn't they? Next time, add some salt before boiling them. Then the water's temperature wouldn't get too high."

"Enough. It isn't every day that Little Ye cooks for us, yet you're picking on this and that," his father said as he walked to the bathroom to wash his face. "I'll have the cracked one."

Zhang Ye sat down and said, "No, I'll have it instead."

He switched on the television and the morning news was already

halfway through its report.

"Yesterday, the Japanese Prime Minister..."

"To negotiate on on issues regarding economic and trade cooperation..."

"Turning to a new page on the relations between China and Japan..."

The news went on for quite a long time. At the end, it even gave an overview of the past two years of icy relations between the two, China and Japan, and how it was slowly thawing again. In this world, many of the historical characters and events had some slight changes to them, but the overall major events in history were still similar. For example, the Second Sino-Japanese War and the Nanking Massacre. Some historical events slightly differed in name and time of occurrence only.

He did not listen to the news too seriously as he wasn't interested in these matters.

After his father had washed his face, he came over to eat. "Eh, there even an education cooperation? There will be people coming from the Japanese universities? There will be a meeting at Peking University today?"

Zhang Ye who also heard from the news, said indifferently, "I guess so."

"Son, don't you have to go to school now?" his mom asked.

"I do. Today is the first back-to-school day for Peking University. They already informed me yesterday. But there won't be any classes until a few more days. I haven't even thought of what I will be speaking about for this semester. Since I am in charge of an elective course, I guess there's no rush for now, since Peking University has allowed me free reign when it comes to planning for classes." After Zhang Ye had been unbanned, he had not taken up any new roles or jobs yet, and there wasn't a need to rush to do it as well, because he knew that Peking University's "Appreciation of the Classics" class was still his first priority that he needed to handle. Any other things could wait.

His mother instructed him, "Then you better dress well and neatly. Don't be late."

"I won't be late," Zhang Ye said.

His father also added, "Lecture well. Don't deceive others or slack off."

Zhang Ye laughed. "Rest assured, I won't lead my students astray."

After breakfast, Zhang Ye went downstairs to his car and drove straight for Peking University.

When the car had almost reached its destination, he saw quite a number of students going in and out of the school. Some of them looked like they had just gotten back today, like they had just gotten off the train and headed straight here. Some were carrying large bags and luggage, while others had their parents come along to help them with their belongings. Since the area was considered a university zone, with several universities all located close to each other, the school reopening was staggered. Some a day earlier and others a day later, so it led to the streets being very busy with many students choosing to come back today.

He drove in through the main entrance.

When he just got into the campus grounds, Zhang Ye's car was immediately recognized by someone.

"Look, it's a BMW!"

"That license plate belongs to Teacher Zhang!"

"Teacher Zhang!"

"It's Zhang Ye! I need to get a few photos with him!"

The Peking University students were very excited and kept peering into the car. Some of them even shouted.

Zhang Ye had only just won the most unpopular celebrity award and had initially felt a little depressed. But when he saw the

students showing him so much support, the gloom of it suddenly went away. Look, what most unpopular celebrity award were we talking about? This bro was still as popular as ever! His mood was extremely good because of this. This illustrated just how wonderful a place school could be. At this place, he could find good memories, he could find youth spirit. Seeing all these cheerful and smiling faces, Zhang Ye was also infected by the positiveness of it. Compared to the entertainment industry, he definitely liked the school more.

Yao Jiancai's daughter, Yao Mi, was also in the crowd. She waved at the car with all her strength. "Uncle Zhang! Uncle Zhang!"

The twins, Li Ying and Li Li, who were basically inseparable from Yao Mi, were all from the same class and had a very good relationship. Li Li said, "I wonder what Teacher Zhang will be teaching this semester. I'm so looking forward to it."

Li Ying threw his hands up in resignation. "Whatever he teaches, we won't be able to sign up for Teacher Zhang's classes anymore. We have already gotten the credits for the 'Appreciation of the Classics' elective last semester."

Yao Mi said, "If it's a public class, then we could join in too."

Zhang Ye did not notice them and slowly drove the car away.

Only then did Yao Mi stop waving. She looked to her side and said, "Let's go. I'm going back to the hostel first. I heard that there will be many Japanese university students coming in the

afternoon. They are even holding some kind of a welcome ceremony for them and we are required to attend it. How meaningless! What's the point of welcoming that group of people? I get annoyed when I see them!"

Li Li quipped, "When did you become a nationalist as well?"

"I've always been one, didn't you notice?" Yao Mi said, giggling.

Li Ying helplessly said, "Our relation with them last year was pretty bad, but it turned better this year. Aren't the media and so many others advocating a Sino-Japanese friendship?"

A Peking University student who was passing by them said, "Bah, what friendship could there be with them? Why would they bother holding a welcome ceremony anyway? I'd rather think of how I can sign up for Zhang Ye's 'Appreciation of the Classics' elective class!"

"Eh, you signed up as well?"

"Yeah, I signed up at the end of last semester."

"Me too. I heard that the enrollment has already been filled."

"Right, I wonder how it will turn out. With so many applicants, they couldn't possibly accommodate us all."

In the past, Peking University's elective classes had always required the students to sign up beforehand or at least be surveyed to find out the interest in it. The elective classes that did not get much interest would be adjusted and the classes rearranged. However, it was different this semester as Zhang Ye's elective class had become one that was up for grabs due to the sensational Dream of the Red Chamber talk last semester. On top of that, with Zhang Ye's popularity also increasing to a point that was unimaginable, it seemed that 80% of the students were all registering to join the class. This would definitely not be arrangeable by the school.

.....

Peking University Chinese Department.

Upstairs in the teachers' office, many people were also discussing this matter.

The Chinese Department Dean, Chang Kaige, was surrounded by several teachers who taught other elective classes. Su Na and a few other Chinese Department teachers didn't know whether to laugh or cry as they watched them.

A middle-aged teacher who was handling the liberal arts elective course said in anger, "Old Chang, in the past, whenever the elective course applications have filled up the quotas, they would stop taking in new applications. Why is it that your Chinese Department's elective course is exempted from this? Just how many people have applied up until now? The students are still able to send in their applications? Just what sort of a class are you all holding with so many people?!"

Chang Kaige was former classmates with the person complaining to him and had a good relation with him too. "Old Hai, there was a problem with the application system previously. That was why the issue occurred."

Another female elective course teacher said, "Still, shouldn't you have left some for us?" As she said so, she felt very unfairly treated and distressed. "Right now, basically every student had applied for 'Appreciation of the Classics.' You might not have seen the number of students who have applied for my course, but there's only nine of them! Nine! How am I supposed to teach this semester then?"

Another male teacher said, "Only 11 applied for my course! I might as well field them as a soccer team!"

The female teacher said, "It was the same last semester when Zhang Ye held his public classes. All of my students skipped class to go attend his class. How do you expect me to conduct a lesson then!?"

Everyone complained and looked very frustrated. It would be a wonder if they weren't. If an elective class had too little applicants, they might have to stop the class for the semester.

Chang Kaige smiled as he tried to appease them. "Dear teachers, I've already reported the situation to the school leader. As for how this will be handled, I'm sure they will let us know soon. Don't worry about it. Teacher Zhang Ye's class definitely won't be able to accommodate so many people. I'm also certain that there won't be

any public classes held like last semester."

At this time, Zhang Ye was just walking into the teacher's office. When he saw that there were so many people around, he smiled at them and greeted, "Dean Chang, Teacher Wu. Yo, Teacher Su Na is so early as well?"

Su Na made a signal to him.

Another young teacher of the Chinese Department also smiled while nudging Zhang Ye's attention over to the other side.

When the the female teacher who taught the elective course saw him, she suddenly said, "You're finally here, Teacher Zhang. The elective application has already ended but your elective class has too many students applying for it. Surely you wouldn't be able to take such a large class, so why don't you send 50 of them over to me."

The middle-aged liberal arts elective course teacher said, "Little Zhang, I won't beat around the bush. Can you spare me 30 students?"

A few teachers did not hold back and just started asking for students.

Zhang Ye said in surprise, "Ah? We can even decide like that?"

Chang Kaige said in a speechless manner, "You can't ask for

students this way. It's not right. We still need to let the students choose for themselves what elective classes they want to attend. I suppose when they reapply for the electives, all these issues will be sorted out very quickly."

It was a mess over here.

Zhang Ye, who was still a little unsure of the situation, turned around to ask.

Su Na covered her mouth and giggled, telling him in a whisper, "2,100 students applied to join your elective class. Most of them are second and third year students, while quite a few are freshmen, so the other elective classes had almost no applicants. Some had at most a dozen or so, and that was already quite a high number for them. When I arrived at school today, I overheard that there was even one elective class that only had two applicants. I guess that's the reason why all of them are here looking for you."

Zhang Ye was a little anxious as he was wondering why that bunch of teachers had come looking for him and sounded so aggressive.

Over 2,000 applicants? And that was only for one elective class?

This was, in the full history of Peking University or any other institute of higher learning, something that had never happened before! Too many! This number of applicants was totally unbelievable!

There was no other way! Zhang Ye was too popular!

Finally, when the Chinese Department's Secretary, Zhen Shuquan, came back with the chancellor's answer, it was announced that only applicants up till the quota limit were allowed to join Zhang Ye's class. The rest would be required to reselect their choice of elective class.

Only then was the matter resolved.

Otherwise, these elective teachers really would have ended up surrounding Zhang Ye to pick a fight with him!

Chapter 550: The Youngest Associate Professor In The Country!

In the morning.

The other elective class teachers left the Chinese Department's Teachers' Office.

The teachers of the Chinese Department started chatting again once they had gone. After the winter break, they definitely had a lot to catch up on, but most of the focus was still on Zhang Ye. This was because, in just a short winter break period, Zhang Ye had caused so many incidents, such as taking part in the Spring Festival Gala, beating up someone, joining the crosstalk competition, getting banned, solving a mathematical conjecture, getting unbanned, being voted as Weibo's most unpopular celebrity, etc. This was why everyone was so curious about all that had happened

Teacher Wang smiled and said, "Little Zhang, you are really something."

Teacher Li said, "When did you begin your research into math? Haha, you've really garnered face for the Chinese Department. Just a few days ago, Dean Chang even joked about how our Chinese Department had hidden talents that could take over the jobs of those at the Math Department."

Zhang Ye waved it off. "You're too generous with your praise."

A teacher asked, “Has Dale’s Conjecture really been proven?”

“That’s for sure.” Su Na smiled and said, “Mathematicians from all over the world are here in Beijing to do the verification work now. Although they have not concluded the verification of the proof yet, it seems that there are generally no problems with it. They’re just doing some final validations on the details.” Having said that, she looked over to Zhang Ye. “Teacher Zhang, don’t forget to give treat us to a meal when the proof is accepted.”

Zhang Ye nearly cried. “I don’t even have any money left in this pocket of mine.”

Su Na rolled her eyes. “Don’t try that. I know that you’ve already sold the copyrights to Legend of Wukong. Although I don’t know how much you got for it, it has to be at least upwards of a million.”

Professor Zeng, who had a very good relationship with Zhang Ye, had just walked into the office and heard their conversation. He laughed as he said, “In my opinion, Teacher Zhang getting an associate professor title this year is definitely on the books!”

Su Na nodded. “Yes, there’s a really good chance of that.”

Zhang Ye chuckled. “Come on, I don’t have the qualifications to become an associate professor.” Actually, he really hoped to get it as well, even though the title of professor did not matter in the entertainment industry. It still sounded nice and would be considered a good qualification anyhow. So if he had the chance,

Zhang Ye definitely would like to become one.

The Chinese Department's colleagues continued bantering about the matter. Zhang Ye's proving of the global mathematical conjecture had not only become a topic of conversation for them at the Chinese Department, but was also the topic of conversation throughout Peking University.

After about 10 minutes.

The Chinese Department was about to begin their meeting and all the teachers had gathered into the conference room.

Secretary Zhen did not attend the meeting. The Chinese Department Dean, Chang Kaige, who was chairing the meeting, did not start until the last person, Professor Yan, who had arrived late, walked into the room.

Chang Kaige raised a tea cup and took a sip of tea before putting it down again. He smiled as he looked at everyone, and then said, "School has started and it's a new semester again. After such a long break, I hope that every one of us can hit the ground running as classes will begin tomorrow. Let's not be too relaxed anymore. Alright, enough with the cliché speech for now. For today's meeting, I would like to touch on the welcome ceremony that will be held this afternoon. As all of you should know by now, we are hosting a delegation of Japanese university principals, expert academics, and students at our Peking University today to discuss key exchange and cooperation projects. It is very important. There will be staff from the television stations and reporters present as well. The welcome ceremony will be held at the Centennial Hall, so

if our teachers don't have anything important scheduled today, they must attend the event. This was instructed by the chancellor, so unless you have something so important that you can't attend this ceremony, please seek leave approval from either me or Secretary Zhen. Is that understood?"

"Understood."

"We'll definitely be there."

"No problem."

Quite a number of teachers and professors were nodding at this.

Chang Kaige said, "As for the students, get some volunteers. Otherwise, if that's not enough to fill the seats, I will need every one of you to select some students and then consolidate their names into a list. Remember to remind them to follow the rules, to not boo or create any trouble. They're already university students. Students these days all have a mind of their own, especially when it involves a sensitive issue like the Sino-Japanese relationship. We must ensure that the welcome ceremony finishes without a hitch. Yes, but of course, since our Peking University students are all of the highest standards, this is just something that you all need to remind them about."

Professor Zeng said, "In such a setting, I'm sure the students know their limits."

Chang Kaige nodded. “Hur hur. Finally, there’s one more issue to discuss. The chancellor has given us, the Chinese Department, the task of giving a speech at the welcome ceremony. Since we’re in the profession of the Chinese language, this task is naturally ours to carry out.”

Speech?

Another speech?

When everyone heard this, their instinct was to look over at Zhang Ye. They couldn’t help it since, previously, at the National Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala, Zhang Ye’s closing remarks had left everyone in shock. The “Ode to Young China” was even published in the People’s Daily the next day and was considered to be a sensation. Compared to Professor Yan’s speech, it brought about a much more refreshing view and was considered to be far more outstanding. As such, at the mention of a speech that was to be given later at the welcome ceremony, the first person who came to mind was Zhang Ye.

Although Zhang Ye was the youngest teacher in the Chinese Department, had the least qualifications, and did not even come through as part of the academia system itself since he had only become a teacher through his work in the professional industry, when it came to the quality of giving speeches, none of them in the Chinese Department dared to claim that they were better than Zhang Ye at giving one. Even if “Ode to Young China” was not mentioned, there was still the example of “The Last Speech” that Zhang Ye had given at the Shanghai SARFT’s press conference. It was an irrefutable fact that none of them had or were even near his

standard in giving speeches.

With one Zhang Ye sacrificed!

Thousands and thousands of Zhang Ye will stand up!

Just thinking of each and every word from that speech would leave a person's blood boiling with passion!

However, Zhang Ye looked reluctant to partake in this ceremony, or rather, unwilling to do so. For a speech that carried political undertones, he knew they would definitely require him to speak along the lines of promoting good Sino-Japanese relationship. Yet for a nationalist like him, it would already be a good thing if he did not go looking for trouble with these foreigners. How could they expect him to praise the friendship between China and Japan? That was basically impossible, so whoever wanted to do it could instead of him!

Chang Kaige, who seemingly had expected that Zhang Ye would not want to do it, said, "I'd already given this task to Professor Yan a few days ago. Old Yan, is the script ready?"

Professor Yan said expressionlessly, "Yes."

Chang Kaige looked very reassured and did not ask for the script to check it.

The previous time, even though it could be said that Zhang Ye's

speech had made Professor Yan lose quite a lot of face, everyone knew that it wasn't because Professor Yan's speech was lacking. As the theme had already been set beforehand, even if it were someone else giving the speech, they would have encountered the same problem. The main issue at that time was due to Zhang Ye not following the routine. That left Professor Yan in a passive and embarrassing situation. However, since the speech this time was imbued with a political undertone, Chang Kaige tasked Professor Yan to handle it, knowing that it was in much safer hands compared to Zhang Ye's.

The meeting went on for a little while more.

Finally, Chang Kaige said, "Alright then, actually there is one more issue to bring up." He looked at Zhang Ye and said, "It regards our department's Teacher Zhang Ye and his promotion to the rank of associate professor. Ever since Teacher Little Zhang took over the elective class for 'Appreciation of the Classics,' the results he had shown can be seen by all. He has received lots of attention from society and attracted many good reviews from the the academic world. At the same time, he has also helped our Chinese Department gain back the top spot in the national university rankings. Though I understand this was down to the hard work of everyone, but the final 'shot at goal' is to Teacher Zhang Ye's credit."

Before he could finish, Professor Yan, who was already frowning, immediately interrupted and said, "Dean Chang, I don't agree with that. Zhang Ye is too young. How can a young man in his early twenties be an associate professor? Let's not talk about Peking University alone, you won't even find this anywhere else in the country! Besides, Zhang Ye's academic research is still considered

to be controversial within the industry.”

Zhang Ye looked impassive, as though the matter did not concern him. He did not say a word.

Professor Zeng frowned and said, “Why are you always harping about age? We are in the field of education and academics, so shouldn’t we be looking at results instead? Shouldn’t we be looking at the standards of teaching instead? If we were to base this on age, then we shouldn’t be looking at any other things during the title selection every year. You’re thirty? No way! You’re forty? Wait a little longer! Oh, you’re fifty? Alright, you shall receive the title! It would be over if we just base this on age. What’s the point in that?”

Professor Yan said, “Old Zeng, don’t take this out of context. Besides, we have no more positions for the title of associate professor to be awarded anymore this year. The allocations are all used up!”

Professor Zeng said, “If there’s an outstanding teacher, I’m sure we could make an exception.”

Professor Yan smiled coldly. “Zhang Ye’s academic research can be considered an outstanding contribution?”

Professor Yan and Professor Zeng squabbled over the matter for a while.

Chang Kaige came in to smooth the situation out by saying, "Alright, how this matter will be decided is not up to you all. It is not even up to me. I have already discussed this with Secretary Zhen and we have nominated Little Zhang and sent in his application. Whether or not it will be approved is all up to the chancellor's decision." He had only submitted the application but the determination of the appointment was still subject to many other procedures.

Professor Yan was still highly against it. In the past, Zhang Ye was invited by President Wu and had her backing. But now, since Wu Zeqing had been promoted and transferred to another institution, Zhang Ye no longer had anyone to back him. Being the more qualified and experienced professor of the department, Professor Yan had become much more direct in the way he spoke, "This nomination does not follow the procedures. Dean Chang, I still disagree with it. The title of associate professor should not be given out so easily. Besides the allocations have already been used up, so nominating him will only bring more inconveniences to the school lea—"

At this time, a middle-aged man suddenly walked into the conference room. As the conference room was located in a much bigger suite, the doors were not closed.

The man in his fifties looked quite imposing. As he came into the conference room, he immediately said, "There are no more allocations in the Chinese Department? No problem then. We still have a spot in the School of Mathematical Sciences!"

Chang Kaige was taken aback. "Dean Pan."

“Dean Pan?” The other teachers were also taken aback.

The person who had walked in was the Dean of the School of Mathematical Sciences, Pan Yang!

Dean Pan was a rank higher than Chang Kaige, therefore the way he spoke to him was less restrained. “The doors were open and I simply overheard what you were discussing when I stepped in. Old Chang, don’t worry about Little Zhang’s associate professor title. We will do an application over at our School of Mathematical Sciences since we still have an allocation for one more associate professor nomination. And it won’t need to be scrutinized. I’d already signed the documents this morning to nominate Little Zhang, but we will need him to be transferred to our Math Department!”

Professor Yan was shocked.

Chang Kaige also could not react in time. “Math Department? That won’t do, Dean Pan. Little Zhang is the backbone of the Chinese department....”

Pan Yang said, “Little Zhang can still continue teaching in the Chinese Department. I don’t care about that. What I want is for him to listed as a teacher for our school. After he joins our Math Department, we can decide at a later time again whether or not he needs to lecture on any of the main courses. However, as long as the Math Department holds any symposiums or open seminars, we will need Little Zhang to attend as a member of our faculty. We can

discuss how to work this out again at some later time since I am just letting you all know in advance.

Zhang Ye blinked a few times.

Su Na and the other Chinese Department teachers also looked at each other curiously.

The School of Mathematical Sciences was here to steal one of their personnel? F**k, Zhang Ye was really highly sought after!

Chang Kaige shook his head and said, “Holding the duties of being a teacher under two departments, there are prior examples. But to do so under the Chinese and Math Departments? That is unheard of! Dean Pan, I cannot agree to that!” He was treading carefully on this subject. Although this was being proposed as a concurrent post, if they went along with it, the Math department might just snatch Zhang Ye away from under their noses and make him theirs.

Besides, who had ever concurrently held the duties of a teacher in both the Chinese and Math Departments? These two disciplines were poles apart! If he really went ahead and held a concurrent post like this, not only would the appointment seem strange, it would be seen as a wonder of wonders!

Dean Pan said, “The procedures are already being handled as we speak. I have already discussed this with the chancellor and even though this has never happened before, we also know that there has never been a case of any Chinese Department teacher proving a

global mathematical conjecture before. Since it's just the holding of another title in another school, it shouldn't be a big matter! In any case, we will definitely be taking Little Zhang into our School of Mathematical Sciences. Such a young and world-class mathematician like him must not waste his talents in the Chinese Department!"

Chang Kaige was almost left speechless by this. "What do you mean by wasting his talents? Teacher Little Zhang's literary standards were meant for the field of Chinese language. This is where he is most suited to be."

Dean Pan looked at him and said, "I didn't say that Little Zhang has to quit his work over here. I've always stressed that this would be a concurrent posting."

Finally, Secretary Zhen, who had been working on the application, had also made his way back due to this issue. In the end, the matter was escalated all the way up to the chancellor's office.

The School of Mathematical Sciences insisted on having Zhang Ye transfer to their school.

The Chinese Department did not want to let go of Zhang Ye no matter what.

After much wrangling, one of the chancellors finally made the decision based on Zhang Ye's talent in both mathematics and literature, as well as the strong wishes of the School of

Mathematical Sciences of wanting him. They approved Zhang Ye's concurrent position in both the Math and Chinese Departments. They also agreed to the exception of making Zhang Ye associate professor under the School of Mathematical Sciences. Even though there were still some formalities to be completed, the title of associate professor was as good as sealed!

The news got out.

Peking University, which had just restarted its school term, was getting lively again!

“Associate professor? Really?”

“Is that for real? Teacher Zhang is going to become an associate professor?”

“He's too young! Not only will he be the youngest in Peking University, he's going to become the youngest associate professor in the whole country! How old is Teacher Zhang? 24?”

“The key here is that he is going to become an associate professor in the Math Department! Teacher Zhang has been grabbed by the School of Mathematical Sciences! He is going to teach both literature and mathematics!”

“Wau, Zhang Ye is going to teach in our Math Department?”

“That's great! I wonder which years he will be teaching!”

Not only were the students of Peking University fervently discussing this issue, even the teachers of the various schools started talking about this with great interest. Having been teachers for so many years, this was still the first time they had heard of such a case like this!

Chapter 551: The Country's Sixth World-Class Mathematician!

Peking University.

On campus.

“Eh!”

“Is that?”

“Yes, it looks like Zhang Ye!”

“It's him! Snap! Quickly go over!”

Zhang Ye was surrounded by four or five media reporters in the allée beside the artificial lake. They were originally here for the Sino-Japanese University Exchange due to be held in the afternoon and had coincidentally bumped into Zhang Ye, the most discussed person of the moment. Naturally, they wouldn't miss the chance to interview him and had him surrounded almost immediately.

One of the female reporters quickly switched on her recording pen and pushed it towards Zhang Ye's face. “Teacher Zhang, we have just gotten news that not only will you be teaching your Chinese elective classes this semester, but you will also be teaching in the Math Department as well? You've even been promoted to the position of Associate Professor in the Math Department? Is that

true?”

Zhang Ye laughed. “I think so.”

The female reporter smiled dryly. “Think so? Are you sure?”

“It should be.” Zhang Ye continued being vague with his answers.

“Well, then congratulations in advance,” the female reporter said.

Beside her, a male reporter from Youth Daily asked, “Teacher Zhang, no, I should call you Professor Zhang instead. If I have not remember wrongly, you’re only 24 years old this year. Having preliminarily proven Dale’s Conjecture recently and brought glory to our nation, and becoming the country’s youngest professor as of today, I wonder if you have any thoughts about all of these? In the welcoming ceremony to be held later, will you be giving a speech?”

Zhang Ye did not joke around this time as he was considered to be an associate professor after all. He was even on campus. And different situations called for different responses. “I just want to show my gratitude. This glory is not mine alone, it’s because of everyone’s support for me. As for the ceremony later, I might be giving a speech, yes.”

Another middle-aged reporter immediately asked, “What would it be about?”

“About math.” Zhang Ye continued answering them for a few more questions after that before he excused himself.

Several other reporters were still chasing him, continuing to throw several questions out at him as he left. But Zhang Ye still had other matters to attend to at the Math Department since he had just been appointed as a teacher of the department. He wanted to familiarize himself a little. On top of that, the validation team for the proof to Dale’s Conjecture had also arrived and it included Xin Ya and several other mathematicians from around the world. Zhang Ye could not just totally ignore this matter since he was the one who had proven the conjecture. Furthermore, he had instructions from Dean Pan Yang to represent the Math Department in the afternoon’s welcoming ceremony by giving a speech, so he had to do some preparations.

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Around 9 PM.

In the teachers’ office of the Math Department.

When he arrived, Zhang Ye immediately noticed some familiar faces.

Wu Zeqing’s childhood friend, Xin Ya, who was chatting with a foreigner, immediately turned around and smiled at Zhang Ye. “Yo, isn’t this Teacher Zhang?”

Zhang Ye waved to her from where he was. “Hey, Professor Xin.”

Xin Ya smirked and said, “I heard you’ve been doing well recently.”

“Hai, how could I be doing well. I’ve been so busy lately that I don’t even have time to go help out with the verification process of the proof to Dale’s Conjecture,” Zhang Ye said, knowing that Xin Ya still bore a grudge against him for making them look bad at Summer Palace. But since they were already a little familiar with each other by now, he managed to speak as though nothing had happened. He even showed some concern by saying, “I heard that you’ve all been working hard, day and night, without rest for almost a week? Don’t forget to rest. If it’s too much, you all should just put it aside for the moment. It’s more important to watch your health.”

Xin Ya said, “Thanks, Teacher Zhang, for your concern then. The verification of the proof is already in the midway stage, so when will you be able to come over to help us with it? With your help, we will surely be able to increase our pace exponentially. That way, everyone can finish up earlier and go home for well-deserved rests too.”

Zhang Ye laughed, “Soon, soon. I will go over sometime.”

Xin Ya stared at him, knowing that this person had no intention of contributing to the effort in the verification process.

Dean Pan Yang walked in at this moment, laughing out loud and saying, “Professor Xin, don’t be too hard on Teacher Little Zhang. I can vouch that he is really going to be busy now that he has to teach both Chinese and Math. His new novel will be on sale soon too, not to mention he still has his own hosting job to work on.”

Zhang Ye nodded, agreeing. “Yes, yes.”

Xin Ya rolled her eyes at this. Actually, she had already given up on the idea of him helping them out. A glorious task like this, if it were any other person, they would have already rushed in to oversee the verification process. As it was a rigorous process to validate the proving methods, if anyone picked on some issues here or there, or found a logical error in the formulas, then the whole proof would be invalidated. But Zhang Ye was just so assured and took it in stride, letting others handle all of this. He did not even bother to call them and ask about the progress.

Zhang Ye’s love rival, Peking University Math Department’s young mathematician Han Henian, also did not look too happy. He stood there but did not bother with Zhang Ye’s presence. He felt that this person was such a scammer. Having caused such a big commotion, he washed his hands of the matter totally and left it to them to work tirelessly on the verification. Han Henian had already not gone home in four or five days, spending all his time at the Institute working and ending up with those dark circles under his eyes. Even though this was for the sake of their country’s glory, with their work as the mathematicians involved in the verification process also being credited, they still could not stand the sight of the author of the proof leisurely releasing novels or being mentioned all over the news on Weibo. It was like they were eunuchs, more anxious than the emperor himself. (The person

involved is calm and collected, but observers are very worried.)

Having exchanged a few words over here.

A few more people standing further away had taken notice of Zhang Ye by now. They stopped their conversations and looked over. Two foreigners who probably knew Xin Ya were part of this group of people, while there were also other foreigners who were not presently here. They could have been arranged to wait at a different location or had not arrived yet. Most of those who were here were mainly teachers from the School of Mathematical Sciences. There were teachers from the Math Department, professors from the Probability and Statistics Department and also teachers from the Science and Engineering Department. They were all very curious about Zhang Ye. Everyone was watching him with different looks.

Some looked kindly at him.

Some looked with admiration at him.

Some of them lightly nodded at him.

Dean Pan Yang clapped his hands to get everyone's attention and then put his hand on Zhang Ye's shoulder. "Let me introduce everyone, well, actually, he needs no introduction. This is Associate Professor Zhang Ye. Everyone should be quite familiar with him. Starting today, he will be a part of the team in our School of Mathematical Sciences at Peking University!"

Before Dean Pan had finished, the sound of applause already started.

Bba bba bba. The clapping and laughter of the teachers from the faculty sounded out, welcoming Zhang Ye.

“This is Director Yan.” Dean Pan introduced Zhang Ye.

The middle-aged man put his hand forward, “Professor Zhang, welcome.”

Zhang Ye shook his hand and said, “Thank you, Director Yan.”

“This is Professor Lu.” Dean Pan introduced yet another person who was the next closest to them.

Professor Lu had small eyes and they looked squinty as he smiled, “Teacher Zhang, I’ve been looking forward to your arrival. With you joining us, the quality of our School of Mathematical Sciences will have been further reinforced!”

“You’re overly praising me. It should be my honor instead,” Zhang Ye said.

Dean Pan moved on, “This is Han Henian, Teacher Han.”

Zhang Ye took a look at his love rival and said cheerfully, “I already know Teacher Han.”

Dean Pan said, “Oh yes, you two met at Summer Palace.”

Han Henian forced himself to say, “Welcome.”

After a full round of introductions and Zhang Ye greeting them, two young math teachers even took out a book each to ask Zhang Ye for his autograph. It wasn't known whether they liked Zhang Ye's achievements in the literature or his work in mathematics. But since they wanted it, Zhang Ye couldn't possibly reject them. This moment of asking for autographs had momentarily tickled quite a number of people's funny bone. Everyone was teasing the two and the atmosphere in the teacher's office was very good and relaxing.

Soon after, Dean Pan said to Zhang Ye, “Come, let's go for a short walk.”

Zhang Ye acknowledged him and followed Dean Pan outside, walking as they talked, “Dean Pan, why don't you look for someone else to do the speech later? I don't have anything to say and have not thought of anything to say.”

Dean Pan said, “You're a famous broadcast host who dabbles in Chinese literature. How can that be a problem for you?”

Zhang Ye said helplessly, “I just don't know what to say.”

Dean Pan reassured him, “Just say anything. You can even share

your experience of being successful. There will be quite a lot of people at the ceremony since this is the Sino-Japanese University Exchange and Cooperation. The general population is also paying attention to this, so you representing the highest standards of Peking University School of Mathematical Sciences is the most suitable choice.” Having explained his choice, he took out a script for him and said, “If you really don’t have anything to say, then you can use this to read according to this. It’s fine. I got someone to prepare this.”

“Oh, I’m not that good. My educational standards are just so-so.” Zhang Ye took the script for the speech and lowered himself in light of the dean’s praise. “I’ve only been a teacher for a few months now.”

Behind them, Xin Ya suddenly appeared, looking for them.

Dean Pan spoke unreservedly about him even in Xin Ya’s presence. He squinted, smiled, and said, “Only the capable can be teachers. In recent times, there are only five mathematicians who are Chinese and can be labeled as world-class without controversy. And you! Are the sixth!”

Zhang Ye said, “That can’t be? Dale’s Conjecture is still currently undergoing validation.”

What did he mean by that?

With that and he’s already considered a world-class mathematician?

Xin Ya walked up beside them and said, “Even if any problems occur in the validation of the proof to Dale’s Conjecture, your title as a world-class mathematician is assured. Two days ago, the World Mathematics Association released the list of the latest top class mathematicians. Your name was included on it. This means that all the Mathematics Associations of the world have already given you their affirmation. If there are any future breakthroughs in mathematical conjectures or research, the World Mathematics Association might invite you to take part in its discussions. There’s a total of 204 world-class mathematicians on it. Even Dean Pan and I are not on it.”

It seemed like Dean Pan and Xin Ya had a good relationship as well, probably communicating often themselves. “Professor Xin still has hopes to make it onto the list. I heard that research for the new study that you’re working on has already started?”

Xin Ya shook her head. “There are some key areas that we’re stuck on, so it’s still quite far away.”

Dean Pan said, “If there’s anything that I can help with, just let me know. The research labs over at Peking University should be much better equipped than what you have.”

Xin Ya smiled and said, “I’ve been waiting to hear that, but rather than the equipment...” she glanced at Zhang Ye. “...maybe I will need to borrow Teacher Zhang from you instead when the time arises.”

“I can’t make a decision about that.” Dean Pan laughed.

Xin Ya looked to Zhang Ye for a response. “Teacher Zhang?”

Zhang Ye immediately replied vaguely, “We’ll see, we’ll see.”

Xin Ya was however, in no rush to get him to promise anything. She knew that it would take some time, so she said, “In any case, I’ve already told you. When we’re finally done with the verification process for Dale’s Conjecture, we’ll look for you again. Don’t avoid me then, hur hur. You can’t avoid me anyway, you know. I have a guaranteed way to find you.”

That’s true, Old Wu’s your childhood friend. Even if I could avoid you, do you think I could avoid Old Wu?

Zhang Ye could only helplessly cough, He said, “We’ll discuss this when the time comes.”

Chapter 552: A Small Conflict!

After a while.

Xin Ya received a call and spoke in English for a short while. Then, together with Dean Pan and Zhang Ye, they proceeded back to the office to receive about a dozen foreign guests.

A middle-aged Caucasian man looked at Zhang Ye and said, “Zhang?”

Xin Ya then introduced them in English, “This is Professor Zhang Ye.”

The Caucasian man replied very passionately, “Zhang, I’m finally able to meet you in person!”

“Hello,” Zhang Ye said not knowing who he was but shook his hands anyway.

At the other side, a man who looked like he was in his forties, and was probably English, walked up to them. He did not say anything except to ask directly about a question he had regarding Dale’s Conjecture. It seemed like he was unsure about a formula used in the proof.

Xin Ya and Dean Pan both introduced Zhang Ye to him.

“This is Oxford’s Doctor Firth.”

“This is Cambridge’s Professor Baker.”

This is Professor Kato from Tokyo University.”

“This is...”

Zhang Ye went through another round of introductions again, occasionally answering a few questions about Dale’s Conjecture. Of the group, he had met two of them before during the International Math Olympiad that was held at Summer Palace. As for the others, this was his first meeting them. They were obviously very interested in Zhang Ye and asked him a lot of questions. Professor Baker even directly invited Zhang Ye to join him at Cambridge University. Dean Pan and the others from Peking University Math Department looked slightly irked by this, but of course Zhang Ye did not agree. Professor Baker was of course disappointed, but still told Zhang Ye that he was welcome to visit at any time and to stay in contact. This was probably because he was extremely interested in Zhang Ye’s solution to Dale’s Conjecture and hoped to work with him in the future.

Only the Japanese Professor Kato seemed to be asking questions not related to the mathematical conjecture.

Kato spoke in English, “Where did you graduate from?”

Zhang Ye looked at him and answered, “Media College.”

Kato looked at him and probed further, “Who was the teacher who taught you mathematics?”

Zhang Ye answered, “There were many. The one from kindergarten, primary school, secondary school, university, which one are you interested in?”

Kato continued, not believing him, “Was Dale’s Conjecture really proved by you on the spot at the International Math Olympiad?”

Zhang Ye laughingly replied, “If it wasn’t proved by me, then was it proved by you?”

Dean Pan frowned, thinking what the heck was Kato trying to imply?

Xin Ya looked over and commented, “It seems like Professor Kato really has a lot of questions to ask.”

Kato smiled and explained, “I was just curious and did not mean anything else. Most mathematical conjecture proofs are a long-term process of research and trial and error. It is also usually made by the effort of countless teams of mathematicians or even generations of people who worked hard together to make strides towards proving them. The solving of Dale’s Conjecture was too sudden.” Other than him, a few other Japanese mathematicians were still doubtful of how a young man only 24 years of age could have independently proven a global mathematical conjecture. They felt that if the person who proved it was an American or an

English person, then they would definitely accept and believe it. However, since this person was Chinese, it made them even more doubtful. Even if the truth was already placed before them, they would still not be able to accept that the Chinese had such a high standard.

Zhang Ye gave an unfriendly glance to Kato.

The teachers of Peking University Math Department did not like what they had heard.

Xin Ya said to Zhang Ye, “Professor Kato has raised many questions and doubts about your proof during the verification process. Although all of his doubts were disproved, Professor Kato’s diligence is worthy of learning.” She spoke as though she was praising him, but there was actually a lot of sarcasm in it. In these days of the verification process, a few Japanese, Korean, and American mathematicians had been creating a lot of unnecessary workload for them by nitpicking on many details, saying that there were some issues here or logical errors there. In the end, when everyone checked it, they found no errors at all. A lot of time was wasted in this way and slowed down their work drastically, leaving Xin Ya and many of the participating Chinese mathematicians with a lot of opinions of them.

When Han Henian saw what was going on, he tried to calm the situation, “The welcome ceremony will start soon. Why don’t we all move to the hall since this place is quite packed with so many of us here.” Although Kato had already arrived in China much earlier to take part in the verification process of the proof to Dale’s Conjecture, he was here today as a member of Tokyo University

for the exchange. He was also a member of the Japanese delegates that came to China for a political visit. He was the leading man today and Han Henian did not want the situation to become too awkward. He thought of the bigger picture since there was also a political agenda involved in the visit.

“Let’s go.”

“Yes, let’s head over to the hall.”

“It’s about to begin.”

Kato did not make any further comments and looked at Zhang Ye along with a few other Japanese mathematicians before they followed along with the rest. They went downstairs, Dean Pan leading them there.

Xin Ya whispered to Zhang Ye, “Don’t be bothered by him.”

Behind them, a Peking University teacher also heard them and said, “If Teacher Zhang was Chinese-American, these Japanese would never have doubted him. They’re seriously looking down on us!”

Xin Ya said, “Let’s leave it.”

“You two go on first,” Zhang Ye said. “I need to find a quiet place to memorize my script.”

Xin Ya nodded and said, “Alright, see you in a while then. Remember to go to the front seats in the auditorium. You have a reserved seat there.”

Zhang Ye did not feel aggrieved by the situation. Even back in his previous world, he never had any expectations of the Japanese to begin with.

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Downstairs.

Zhang Ye was wearing his sunglasses and looking for a quiet place to sit down. It was already spring, the weather turning warmer and the greenery sprouting again, beautifying the entire scenery of the lake.

His cellphone rang.

It was his mother. “Son.”

Zhang Ye replied, “Mom, what’s the matter?”

“What are you doing now?” his mother asked.

Zhang Ye lifted up the speech in his hands and said, “I’m reading a script since they’re making me give a speech later.”

His mother sounded very excited, “My colleagues read the news online just now and told me that you have been appointed associate professor? Is that true?”

Zhang Ye said, “Yes, it’s true. I was thinking of telling you when I got home later.”

His mother said, “Oh wow, my son is really so capable!”

Zhang Ye boasted, “Of course. Don’t you know who my mother is?”

His mother laughed. “I like what you said. You have really made your father and me proud again. We even have a professor in our Zhang family now.”

“It’s only an associate post, but when Dale’s Conjecture has been verified, who knows? My full professorship might come very soon as well. You may not know, but your son is really popular right now. A university in England even invited me to join them, but I rejected them.” Zhang Ye was the type to only mention the positives and not the negatives. He continued, “Alright Mom, I can’t talk now, I need to finish memorizing my speech. Those amateurs might be fine with just going on stage and giving a simple speech, but I’m a professional host, so I can’t do it so simply. That would be such a loss of face. Talk to you when I’m home.”

“Alright, go busy yourself then. We’ll talk later.” His mother ended the call.

Zhang Ye held his cellphone and lowered his head, seriously reading through the script Dean Pan had handed to him earlier. He was not sloppy in the task given him and also wished to do his best. Zhang Ye had always set very high standards for himself and diligently performed to the best that he could manage as long as it was within his control. Even for a simple task like going on stage to give a speech, he found no disadvantage in reading the script a few times over.

Chapter 553: A Big Conflict!

Some distance away.

There were some students noisily playing basketball. As there was no basketball court where they were at, the few Peking University freshmen were just casually passing the ball around. A girl's voice could also be heard laughing cheerfully as they played.

“Pass it to me.”

“Haha.”

“Watch out for the lake, don't throw it over there.”

The birds were chirping and students were enjoying themselves, playing around.

This kind of a setting made Zhang Ye feel very relaxed. He did not use the memory search capsule for this as he managed to memorize most of the script after reading it a few times. The script basically did not carry any substantive information and was just a simple report of results to showcase the Chinese mathematics world's strengths while also touching on the Japanese university delegation's arrival and cooperation. It also talked of what they could work on together in the field of mathematics. There weren't too many words and it was easy to memorize too.

Suddenly, behind him, something happened.

“Hey!”

“The ball is getting away!”

“Watch out, there’s a car!”

A few people shouted, not too loudly!

Then, the sound of a vehicle braking could be heard. Even though it was not too screeching, the sound still came from out of the nowhere and shocked Zhang Ye. He turned around to where the sounds had come from and saw three tourist buses stopped in the middle of the road. A basketball slowly rolled across the road in front of the bus ahead before bouncing several times down the staircase and ending up in the garden where a willow tree stood.

A female student of Peking University quickly went over to pick it up.

The other male student said, “Oh, sorry, I’m sorry!”

Meanwhile another university freshman looked at the bus driver apologetically and said, “We’re sorry, the ball slipped out of my hands. It’s my fault.”

Around them, some students who were just passing by also stopped in their tracks and looked over to them before quickly

turning back to carry on to where they were heading.

But at this moment, a window on the left side of the second bus opened up and a young person, probably a student, put his head out and said, “%^&*(@.”

He obviously did not speak Chinese, saying what sounded like Japanese.

Another student on the bus looked out and appeared to utter a few words as well.

The Peking University freshman looked up. “Japanese?”

Inside the bus, the Japanese students all looked at him. “%^&*(@.”

The second and third buses were also full with Japanese students. All of them suddenly seemed to be exchanging words in Japanese, not only pointing at the person who was playing with the basketball earlier but also the surrounding Peking University students and even teachers, seemingly talking about them. Seeing how these Japanese students looked at them without much respect, they knew for sure that whatever they were talking about right now was definitely not good.

Suddenly, a year 3 female senior who was with her boyfriend at the garden area stared hard at them and stood up, shouting, “Those people are saying that students from Peking University

have such low standards!”

When a year 2 male student heard this, he swore and said, “Damn! Did they really say that?”

The female senior said, “Of course! I majored in Japanese! They’re all students from Tokyo University!”

We have low standards?

We, students of Peking University, had low standards?

With this, all of the Peking University students who were present at the scene could not take it any longer!

“How can they say such things!”

“Who are you all referring to as having low standards!”

“Isn’t this just a simple matter of the basketball causing a small delay! Those students have already apologized, so what does that have to do with standards? Even stereotyping all of us at Peking University?”

The surrounding Peking University personnel were now blocking the 3 buses.

The female freshman who went to pick the ball up was furious now. You could have insulted just me, but how dare you insult all of us at Peking University? That's unacceptable! "Is this the delegation from the Japanese university? Why does our school bother holding a welcome party for people like them? What kind of standards do they have! To talk in such a manner! How dare they insult us when they're in our Peking University's campus? Saying that we have low standards? What about yourselves! Look at the standards you have by saying such things about us!"

There was a translator who had come along with the Tokyo University entourage and also students who knew how to speak Chinese in the group. They translated to their fellow schoolmates in the buses and some Peking University students probably went too far with their words as well, thus leaving the Tokyo University group unhappy with what was said as well. A war of words began!

The two sides were arguing noisily!

The first bus ahead impatiently honked its horn continuously. Di, di, di, di, di, di, di! In this bus, there weren't too many young people on it. Most of the passengers onboard were people in their thirties or forties, quite obviously the important heads of this Japanese university delegation. For example, a principal, a head of department, a member of the Japanese education world, or a Japanese journalist.

Finally, the doors on the first bus opened and a middle-aged man got off. He had a dark expression as he waved his hands like he was swatting flies and said hostilely, "Get out of the way! What are you all doing!?"

“Teacher Bai?”

“Teacher Bai!”

Many Peking University students knew him as Teacher Bai Yi, a teacher of the Japanese Department in Peking University. He specialized in the study of Japanese culture and was assigned as one of the persons-in-charge of the receiving party for the Japanese university delegation. He was also one of the people who spearheaded this project for the cooperation and exchange between the Chinese and Japanese universities. As Bai Yi's wife was Japanese and also a well-known teacher in Tokyo University, Bai Yi had enjoyed good relations with Tokyo University. In the language of the Chinese people, this meant that he was the son-in-law of Tokyo University. The rare exchange and cooperation between Peking University and Tokyo University could only have been possible with him as the matchmaker.

Bai Yi shouted, “Get back, all of you! Do you all even know what situation this is! What day is it today? Such an important exchange and cooperation event is being held! Why are you all causing trouble over here!”

A Peking University freshman stubbornly said, “It was they who started to insult us first!”

Bai Yi stared at him. “Which faculty are you from? Which class?”

When the freshman heard this, he turned timid and stopped

talking!

Seeing that many of them no longer said much, Bai Yi pointed at the girl holding the basketball. “If you are playing basketball, go to the basketball courts. Why were you playing over here for! The ball nearly got under the bus! What if the bus overturned because of that? Are you going to be responsible? Go back, all of you! This is ridiculous!”

Another two people got out of the first bus. A man and a woman who had journalist tags hanging from around their necks came forward, and without a word, started snapping pictures of the Peking University students who were blocking the front of the bus. They even exchanged a few whispers in Japanese, talking about something similar sounding to what those Japanese students had said before about standards!

Bai Yi was taken aback when he saw this. He looked at the Peking University students with a cold stare but was more worried about what had just happened. He quickly went to the two and spoke in Chinese, “Reporter Honda, I think it was unnecessary to take those pictures, right?”

The reporter named Honda also replied in fluent Chinese, probably because they were the kind of reporters who were foreign correspondents. He said, “We were just taking some photos in case we needed them. Don’t worry about it.”

Bai Yi was indeed getting a little worried. “You mustn’t use that. This was just a one-off case, our Peking University students still have very high standards of behavior.”

The two reporters merely acknowledged him but continued taking photos.

A year 2 student got angry and raged at them, “What the f**k are you taking our pictures for!”

Bai Yi was getting even more annoyed than him. “You’d better shut up!”

“Teacher Bai!” said that Peking University student pointing his fingers at the Japanese. “Those people keep saying that we have low standards and continue to insult us, so why can’t we say a few words ourselves?”

“Right!”

“Why!”

“They are even photographing us! What is the meaning of that!”

More and more people had gathered as many other Peking University students, who had received news of what was happening here, made their way over. Peking University’s personnel were very united. Without even finding out what the situation was about, they followed along with the others who were here before them to surround the buses!

Bai Yi angrily said, “You all threw the basketball into the path of the bus first! Does this even make any sense now?!”

A female Peking University student cleared her throat and said, “What makes you think that was on purpose? It was just an accidental slip of hand and we also came forward to apologize immediately. We even apologized more than once! So why did they have to insult us? Not only that, they even insulted Peking University? They’ve basically insulted everyone from here! If they just insulted me alone, I could bear it! But they shouldn’t have insulted our whole school!”

People from Peking University were very proud of their alma mater and this was a very difficult thing to explain in words!

Those Peking University students who had just arrived on the scene finally understood the situation when they heard that. One by one, they became agitated and started trading insults as well!

“These bunch of Japanese!”

“Coming to our school and insulting us?”

“I would rather welcome a fart than welcome them! Let them go back to where they came from!”

“Coming to Peking University to insult Peking University? Just who are the ones with the low standards here!”

“Get lost! Go back to your country! It’s not like we begged you to come anyway!”

With the history of hatred between the two countries, many people already did not harbor any good feelings in the first place for the Japanese. Furthermore, these were all youths who were hot-blooded, and angry youths in their twenties who were forced to take part in some welcoming ceremony for the Japanese guests. When these guests arrived, they still showed disrespect for their school and insulted them, so naturally tempers flared and many of these those who were there informed their friends to come over to the scene!

“Hello? Wang’er, come quickly!”

“The foreigners are looking for trouble in our territory!”

“Come over quickly! Something’s happened over here! At the garden on the west side of the artificial lake!”

Phone call after phone call. Soon the lakeside was surrounded by over a thousand students. As this area was not far from the student dormitories, everyone made their way here very quickly and a crowd had formed!

Finally, a middle-aged Japanese person stepped out of the first bus. He looked to be the person-in-charge of the delegation and had an expression of displeasure. He looked at Bai Yi and obviously had a lot of questions for him, but who could have expected such a situation to have happened.

Bai Yi was about to explode from his anger as well. He had pushed hard for the exchange program to happen this time. But something so unhappy had occurred even before the exchange could officially kick off. Although this wasn't likely to affect the cooperation and exchange of both sides, it had still stained all the effort they had put in so far. Bai Yi explained to the Japanese side quickly and offered them his apologies, "It is our negligence that this is happening and have caused you, our guests, to be frightened unnecessarily. I will handle this promptly!"

The middle-aged Japanese man nodded before getting back onto the bus unhappily.

Chapter 554: Troublemaker Zhang Ye!

The conflict was gradually getting bigger and bigger.

The number of people who were blockading the road kept increasing!

Yao Mi, Li Li, and Li Ying, along with a few other classmates who were supposed to be headed to the hall to get seats, had also been called over by their friends. When they understood the situation here, what else could they say but to also start their scolding those people!

“So numbing!” Li Ying said.

Li Li said angrily, “They came to our house and bullied our family?”

Yao Mi pointed at the buses and said, “You are the ones with truly low standards! Your whole family is low quality!”

The straight-A student, Senior Song from Zhang Ye’s elective course last semester, was here as well. She did not scold anyone but there was a dark expression on her face. She said, “In the past, it has always been a crossing of swords on a diplomatic level. No matter how ruffian or shameless they are, at most there would be an argument over the internet. Now that we’re holding a ceremony to welcome them, these people are still the same and even scolded and looked down on us on such an occasion. What is the meaning of that? They even walked right up to our doorstep to

scold us?”

The class troublemaker, Senior Zhou, led the protests, “Get out! Peking University does not welcome you all!”

“Right!”

“Get out!”

“Get the hell out of here!”

Everyone protested loudly!

The Japanese students in the second and third buses did not show any signs of weakness either. Although they had less people, they also had their pride. When they were faced with this situation, they scolded the protesters back in Japanese!

Bai Yi anxiously said, “Get back, all of you! Get back now!”

At the beginning when there were less people, Bai Yi could hold back the students with just his voice. But when the number of people protesting increased, Bai Yi could no longer do much. No one bothered with him anymore. He had lost his position when he did not stand up for the Peking University students after they had been insulted by the Japanese students. He even apologized to the Japanese delegates? Putting our status beneath theirs? Are you a teacher of Peking University or Tokyo University! And so, the Peking University students had their trust in Bai Yi plummet!

The three buses were blocked by the people and could not move.

Zhang Ye, sitting cross-legged at the long bench in the garden, was observing all of the goings-on but did not go forward to do anything. Since the Peking University students did not suffer any loss and were already surrounding the Japanese, if he were to go forward now, should he be calming the situation down or joining in the scolding as well? Both were not viable options, so he might as well just stay where he was.

In this conflict, it was difficult to assign blame to either side. The Peking University students should have been more careful and not caused the incident of the basketball slipping from their hands. But after having apologized for their wrong, the Japanese students should also have not insulted them. Both sides had their fair share of the fault, together with Bai Yi not effectively doing his duty as a Peking University teacher. And the most obvious problem was the existence of nationalistic differences—all of these were the contributing factors that inspired this conflict!

There were over a thousand students by now, so the teachers and heads of the school were naturally alarmed as well. As a large portion of the teachers were in meetings or had already proceeded to the hall, most of them arrived late!

The first one to turn up was a leader of Peking University who shouted out from a far distance away upon reaching the lake, “Make way!”

A big group of teachers following behind also rushed over angrily, with Professor Yan from the Chinese Department being one of them. Looking at their expressions, it could be seen that the situation here was giving them all a headache. Before all this, the chancellor's office had specially instructed each faculty's teachers to perform their duties diligently. They were to ensure that everything would go smoothly during this Sino-Japanese University Exchange program, but who knew that such a big incident had already occurred when the guest had just arrived!

Su Na had keen eyes and spotted someone familiar. "Teacher Zhang?"

Professor Yan also saw Zhang Ye and got even angrier. "Zhang Ye, the students are making such a mess here! Why are you still not doing anything and just sitting around over here!"

Zhang Ye replied in a serious tone, "I was waiting for a chance to make my move."

Professor Zeng, "....."

Professor Yan, "....."

Waiting for a chance my ass! He definitely did not intend on getting involved. Since no one got hurt and there was no fighting, with the Peking University students scolding so passionately and happily, he wanted them to enjoy themselves a little longer. A chance to scold the Japanese in a face-to-face encounter was so rare. Yes, that was what Zhang Ye thought to himself, but as a

teacher of the people, he definitely could not say that out loud.

Su Na, who understood Zhang Ye better than any of their colleagues, also thought to herself that with Zhang Ye's temperament, you all are still expecting him to go stop the protest? Hur, you won't even know which side he will stand on!

A Peking University teacher said, "Stand back! Everyone, quiet!"

Yao Mi was still scolding with her hands out, pointing to the bus window, "You! You shorty! What are you looking at! That's right, I'm scolding you! This is infuriating! How dare you spit at me!"

Professor Yan halted the protest by saying, "Who dares to continue shouting!"

With that intervention by him, many of the protesters immediately quieted down. As there were a lot of Peking University teachers present now and many of them were even the main subject teachers of these students, most of them did not dare go further than what they did already.

The school's head teachers said, "What is this nonsense! This is absolute nonsense!"

Su Na also pulled a student back, "Zhao Mian, stop it!"

Professor Zeng looked over to his own students and signaled for them to stop it.

Gradually, the Peking University students all calmed down but many of them were still staring at the people on board the buses.

Sensing the situation under control, Bai Yi walked over to the teachers in a rage. “This bunch of students! Do they even know the graveness of the situation? Find the protest leaders! Those guilty will be severely punished!”

The teachers who had just arrived also understood the situation. One middle-aged woman who taught sociology and felt sorry for her students said, “It’s just a small misunderstanding. I don’t think there’s a need to mete out severe punishment for this. We should just criticize them and let them learn from this instead.”

However, Professor Yan disagreed, “The effects of today’s behavior are grave. We need to teach them a lesson and give them an ideological education, so punishment is definitely necessary!”

Another teacher said, “Indeed, this is not acceptable!”

A deputy director from the Office of School Leadership said, “If we hadn’t stopped this in time, it would have gone out of hand for sure!”

The Sino-Japanese cooperation at this time was prioritized as very important by Peking University. The Japanese Prime Minister was also making a visit to China and heavily emphasized the new developments between the two countries in the media. With such heavyweight backing behind this matter, what they were most

afraid of was precisely anti-Japanese sentiments like that. The news of students blockading a bus full of Japanese students greatly highlighted such sentiments and was taken very seriously. At a sensitive time like this, this could even be implicated as a diplomatic issue and become a complicated matter.

As a result, a Peking University leader immediately looked for the Japanese delegation's person-in-charge on the first bus to explain the situation, resolving the matter privately. A few other Peking University staff members also communicated with the Japanese reporters to persuade them to not report on this matter.

With the incident over.

The rest was only rehabilitation work.

After Bai Yi sought the approval of the school's head teachers, he was ready to mete out the punishment to those involved. But it was impossible to do so on so many people. There were thousands of them, so he decided to only find those leaders of the protest or those who had scolded most fiercely to set an example for punishment!

"You!" Bai Yi looked around and picked out a freshman out of the crowd, "Were you the one who threw the ball onto the road?"

The freshman was frightened by this singling out. As he was from a poor family in a small county of the city, him making it to Peking University had already been a difficult task. When he heard that he would be punished, his face turned pale.

Bai Yi looked at him and said, “It was you, wasn’t it? I remember that it was you!”

The freshman was about to falter.

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, “It wasn’t him.”

Bai Yi looked over. “Eh?”

“I was seating at the garden all this time and I saw everything very clearly,” Zhang Ye said frankly.

Bai Yi frowned. “I remember that it was him. He was wearing a baseball cap.”

Zhang Ye shook his head. “The one who was playing basketball was indeed wearing a baseball cap, but it’s a blue cap.”

“Really? Uh.” As there were too many people there, students of similar ages, all with a nose and two eyes, so it was normal that they couldn’t differentiate the students apart too easily. It would be more of a shock if someone could really remember what or who they saw in that crowd.

Not far away.

No matter how Yao Mi looked at him, she still found Bai Yi

irritating. She whispered in a low voice, “He can’t even remember a face, how lousy. This Bai Yi only knows how to make things difficult for Peking University students. So what if he has a Japanese wife. Does that make him truly Japanese? He’s just working for them!”

But Li Li voiced some doubts, “That can’t be.”

The elder brother of the twins, Li Ying, said, “Why?”

Li Li explained, “When Dongzi called us just now, she mentioned that it was Chen Dahai from her class who caused the basketball incident Isn’t that person Chen Dahai?”

Yao Mi was stunned. “Do you mean...”

Li Li nodded. “Yes.”

Yao Mi slapped one of her legs. “So even Uncle Zhang remembered it incorrectly!”

“Ah?” Li Li nearly fainted when he heard that. “Don’t you get it? Teacher was here since the beginning. How could he have gotten it wrong?”

Yao Mi still couldn’t react well. “What do you mean?”

Li Ying thought it through and then took a deep breath before

explaining, “Mimi, do you remember that when Teacher Zhang spoke about Dream of the Red Chamber, he did so without the help of a script? He just closed his eyes and could describe the chapter and passage of Dream of the Red Chamber without getting it wrong, right down to the punctuation. With a memory like that, do you think that Teacher Zhang would get it wrong when the person is standing right in front of him?”

Hearing that, Yao Mi finally understood what he meant. She said loudly, “You’re saying that...”

“Shh.” Li Li quickly covered her mouth. “My grandaunt! Don’t say it so loudly!”

Yao Mi immediately nodded and looked at Zhang Ye with stars shining in her eyes.

When the freshman heard Zhang Ye defending him, he was also stunned. Not me? How could it not be me? It was me! I was the one who accidentally threw the basketball out! Why is Teacher Zhang Ye...thinking up to there, the freshman suddenly understood. He stared at Zhang Ye and thought that he saw him surreptitiously winking him. At this moment, his heart was warmed and his eyes turned red!

Teacher Zhang was lying!

He knew very well that it was him! But blatantly said that it wasn’t!

A teacher was actually lying so that he could defend him!

Other than being moved, the freshman did not know how to react or feel!

Chapter 555: Shielding The Helpless!

At the scene.

A few teachers went around “catching” those involved, while Professor Yan questioned them.

Having let the baseball-capped student escape, Bai Yi couldn't just let the issue slide like this. Because a big incident like this had happened, he had to find a few of those who were accountable to set an example to the others. He scanned the crowd looking for people while the Peking University students all sought to hide themselves from him, some of them feeling guilty. Bai Yi looked hard for a while and found one as he pointed at a male student in the crowd not far away from him. “You, you scolded and insulted the most fiercely just now, spouting curse words and all! That is unacceptable!”

The student looked down on the ground.

“What's your name!? Which faculty are you from?” Bai Yi interrogated coldly.

When he knew Bai Yi was going to use him to set an example, probably with a heavy punishment, the 3rd year senior, who was cursing so much earlier that sparks flew, became so nervous that his back was drenched in sweat. “I...I...” he said, panicking.

Bai Yi questioned him, “What's your name?”

Then, Zhang Ye blinked and said from afar again, “Teacher Bai, are you looking for the person who was standing at the side window of the third bus, scolding someone?”

How does this concern you again? Bai Yi frowned. “This is he.”

Zhang Ye waved his hands and said very assuredly, “It’s not him. He looks like that guy but it’s not him. They are both wearing white tops, but that person was wearing jeans instead. I remember it clearly and he has already run off to the side of the lake.”

Jeans?

Seriously? I remembered wrongly?

Bai Yi was almost speechless. “Teacher Zhang, you seem to have pretty good memory!”

Zhang Ye laughed. “It’s not bad. We broadcast hosts usually handle scripts quite often and even have to do unscripted hosting sometimes. So we get to train our memories very often as a result. Believe me, Teacher Bai, when it comes to memory, it’s not that I want to boast, but I don’t think there are many here better than me.”

If it were anyone else who said it, their colleagues might just brush it off as boasting, but because it was Zhang Ye who said it, everyone believed him. Not mentioning other examples, when

Zhang Ye was giving his lectures on Dream of the Red Chamber or when he did his “Talk Show” in a live broadcast, he had not used any script at all. So what did he depend on? Clearly, he depended on his superb memory. The teachers of Peking University were all used to reading from a textbook or notes when they taught their classes. Without the need for them to go off script, their memories were clearly not as good as a professional host like Zhang Ye. This was something they too would admit to.

Bai Yi was also a little unsure about it, and when Zhang Ye assured him that he got it wrong, he also started doubting his own memory and couldn’t argue about it.

Over a dozen of the Peking University teachers looked at Zhang Ye.

Those Peking University students also looked over at the same time. Even if the teachers could not recognize the students, they themselves were classmates or dormmates, so how could they not recognize each other? Would they forget? By now, they all realized that Teacher Zhang Ye was actually protecting them. Then, many of them started to disperse, especially those who had scolded very fiercely just now, knowing that it was smarter to just leave the scene!

“Let’s go quickly.”

“We have to leave now!”

“I’m making a move first!”

“Wait for me!”

With so many people leaving, the teachers couldn't possibly hold them back one by one.

Professor Yan looked at one female student. “She's should be one of them, right?”

An old professor beside him muttered, “I think so, I think I saw her scolding just now.”

Bai Yi also saw the girl and had quite a deep impression of her from earlier. He grasp the 3rd year student by her arm and said, “Don't you try to leave! Stay here! You were the one who spat at the bus just now! Don't you know that there are Japanese university delegates on the bus? Ah? Are you trying to revolt!”

The 3rd year female student looked stunned and put on an innocent front saying, “It wasn't me.” In actual fact, she knew clearly that she was the one who led a few others to spit at the bus.

Bai Yi did not waver this time, “That was you! Come with me!”

The girl was getting nervous. “Teacher Bai, don't pull me!”

“May I interrupt?” Zhang Ye waved at them. “Well, the one who spat at the bus wasn't her.”

What?

Again!?

Finally, Bai Yi could not longer stand it and he stared at Zhang Ye angrily. “Not this one again? Teacher Zhang, are you creating trouble on purpose here?”

Zhang Ye did not look too friendly either. “Teacher Bai, why are you accusing me of making trouble when it is you who has a bad memory?”

Bai Yi said, “I saw her myself, clearly!”

Professor Yan also said flatly, “I saw it too, it was her!”

The girl immediately looked to Zhang Ye, her eyes signaling for help!

Zhang Ye’s tone was very firm. “But I saw it clearly myself too. It wasn’t her. The girl who spat was shorter than her. Her eyes are not this big either,” Zhang Ye said as he appeared to be recollecting what he saw. “I think I saw her just now too, but she went ahead with the crowd and left already. It was just a short moment ago.” As he said that, he randomly pointed in a general direction.

Bai Yi clenched his teeth and said, “Then look for that person and

bring her here!”

Zhang Ye shrugged. “Oh, there are so many people around, where do you expect me to start looking? You should know that I’m a new teacher here and have only been at Peking University for a few months. I’m not that familiar with the students here and might not be able to recognize them again. If you bring me the photos of all the students, I might be able to give it a try, but you know, a person usually looks different when photographed, so that would not work either.”

“Don’t bother looking. This time we definitely did not identify her wrongly!” Professor Yan said without even looking at Zhang Ye. He added, “A few of us teachers can vouch that we saw her spitting at the buses, clear as day. Bring her to the office!”

The girl was almost in tears by now.

Zhang Ye’s eyes narrowed. “I’ll say this again. It was not this student. If the student committed a mistake, then they deserve to be punished. But if it was because of your failing memories that you can’t identify the right person and just want to get a scapegoat to answer to the superiors, then that is surely unfair to the students!”

A staff member from the Office of School Leadership said, “It was obviously her. I saw it too. What do you mean by saying that we’re just catching her to use her as a scapegoat? Teacher Zhang, you can’t talk like that!”

Su Na stepped forward to speak for Zhang Ye, “There were so many people at the time and so many girls had ponytails too. It’s not uncommon even if you all identified her wrongly. If you can’t conclusively prove that it was this student who spat, then you shouldn’t take her away and directly deal punishment to her.”

Professor Yan said, “I did not remember wrongly! Little Su, stop giving me trouble!”

Su Na was also not happy at this. “Professor Yan, what did you mean by that? Did I offend you?” What you say was correct but what others say would be considered creating trouble? Does that make sense!?

Bai Yi, who was annoyed by now, said, “So many of us teachers saw her spitting at the bus. How can you say we got it wrong? Why is it not Zhang Ye who got it wrong instead! Are his words conclusive evidence?”

Zhang Ye said, “Because I have a better memory than all of you.”

Professor Yan said, “Stop it, let’s just bring her away!”

Just when the Peking University students had finished with their arguments, the Peking University teachers were now arguing as well!

Zhang Ye held on firmly to the 3rd year female student, standing beside her, saying, “Based on what? If I say it’s not her, then it’s

not her. Are you all doubting my judgement?”

Bai Yi was starting to get stirred up by Zhang Ye. He said, “Your memory is good? And you can even remember everything!?”

Zhang Ye looked at him and said, “I dare not say so, but that’s almost right.”

A female teacher tried to resolve the matter by saying, “Let’s drop it. The heads of the school didn’t ask for punishments to be given out anyway. The semester has just started and the students don’t have it easy either. We teachers should stop fighting over this matter too.” What this female teacher said had some truth in it as well. The cause of the incident was not some big issue in the first place but because of both sides not handling the matter well from the start. The Japanese were also a big part of the problem, thus leading to the incident, so the Peking University students couldn’t be fully blamed either. Besides, the Japanese delegation did not touch on this matter, so why are we firmly trying to assign blame and mete out punishment? There was no need to do that and not worth doing so either. If our teachers were to fight among ourselves as well, then wouldn’t the Japanese delegation make a joke out of us if they saw it?

But somehow Bai Yi had other thoughts and he kept insisting on punishing the students as though he wanted to see them get expelled from the university so that he could answer to the Japanese. He did not bother about what the female teacher said and just stared at Zhang Ye. “Alright, you say that your memory is good? Did you read Morning Post today?”

“Of course I did.” Zhang Ye had read it at home, so he did not deny it.

Bai Yi nodded and said, “So then, tell me, what news was on the third page of this morning’s paper?!”

Oh, so that’s what he wants to ask? Zhang Ye laughed as he reached for his left pinky with his right hand, like he was tinkering with something.

“Can’t answer?” Bai Yi said coldly. “And you dare to claim that you have a good memory? There are always times when people misidentify or misremember things, but here you are, claiming that you have a better memory than all of the teachers here. You even want to declare that only the things you say are valid? Sure then, why don’t you show us some proof? We won’t believe it just based on your word alone!” A lot of people could see by now that Zhang Ye was probably defending the students.

The 3rd year female student’s heart skipped a bit. This time, it was over!

She and a few of her classmates were standing off to the side, feeling anxious, not knowing what to do.

When Bai Yi saw that Zhang Ye was standing there with his eyes closed, he scoffed at him and went up to the 3rd year female student to take her away. Professor Yan and two other teachers went forward to help him.

But at this moment, Zhang Ye slowly opened his eyes and said, “In the whole of last year, newspapers in the People’s Republic of China presented two forking trends in readership. On one hand, with the positive effects of the country’s cultural development policies, the central-level newspapers’ sales figures and print runs had a growth increase. On the other, with the acceptance of digital readership, especially news media for the mobile market opening up, this has led markets of provincial-level newspapers to be impacted and experience a fall in index figures. At the same time, the overall market share for digital news media has gained a higher proportion of increase, with a rapid growth of other new digital content services.”

Everyone was stunned!

Professor Yan, “.....”

Bai Yi, “.....”

Su Na, “.....”

Yao Mi, “.....”

Professor Zeng, “.....”

3rd year female student, “.....”

Everyone who had heard it were stunned at that moment!

What is this? What was this? Morning newspaper? The third page of the morning newspaper??

A student exclaimed, “What the f**k! Teacher Zhang really remembered it!?”

Yao Mi stared and said, “How can that be possible? Most people just browse through the papers, don’t they? And, somehow, you could even goddamn remember something like that?!”

Chapter 556: Teacher Zhang Ye Is Quite The Interesting Person!

This really left quite a number of them shocked!

A teacher who was beside Bai Yi was dumbfounded, but managed to open his briefcase to take out a crumpled newspaper of this morning's Morning Post and quickly flipped to the third page of it!

He couldn't possibly have remembered it all!

I won't believe this!

Suddenly, many of the teachers surrounded him, including Bai Yi and a few others who doubted that Zhang Ye had really remembered it all!

When Bai Yi suggested to Zhang Ye to recite the passage from the third page of the Morning Post, he was just saying it in jest. Even he did not know what was on it and he only said it to prove his point that no matter how good Zhang Ye's memory was as a host, there would still be times when he couldn't possibly remember everything. But who knew that such a situation would happen, as Zhang Ye recited the passage in whole, word for word? Bai Yi completely had no response to this!

Zhang Ye continued speaking very quickly, without a pause, as though he were a newscaster reporting the news in the studio, "... The total print run as compared to the year before was essentially

flat. Nationwide newspaper print run totaled 48.24 billion, essentially a flat increment compared to last year. Among these, central-level newspaper print runs were at 8.8 billion. Local papers numbered 40.16 billion print runs. The total breakdown for the provinces are as follows: Guangdong, 4,360,210,000; Zhejiang, 3,462,800,000; Shandong, 3,163,150,000; Jiangsu, 2,857,380,000; Shanxi, 2,194,270,000; Henan, 2,142,260,000; Hubei, 1,982,020,000; Sichuan, 1,699,200,000; Hebei, 1,642,440,000; Liaoning, 1,632,320,000.”

When Zhang Ye finished reading the first passage, everyone was shocked. Then, when he went on to give the statistics accurately, “shocking” was no longer a valid description for what they were feeling now! They immediately verified it with the newspapers in their hand!

4,360,210,000 print runs?

It was correct!

3,462,800,000 print runs?

It was correct too!

You can even remember such random statistical numbers?

One of the teachers drew in a deep breath and said, “He’s got it all correct! Not a single word was wrong!”

Su Na also cursed in her heart. Even though she knew that Zhang Ye had a good ability at going off-script, she did not expect him to be this good! Was it photographic memory?

There were actually still a lot more passages in the report, but seeing everyone's reactions, Zhang Ye did not go on any further and just said to Bai Yi, "Teacher Bai, is that good enough for you?"

Bai Yi choked a bit and did not say anything.

Zhang Ye laughed. "I suppose my memory's quite good, right?"

When everyone heard this, they could only think to themselves that this was more than good, this was heaven-defying!

The teachers, who were about to take the 3rd year female student away, could only look at each other, unable to say nothing. What else was there left to say anyway! Even if they knew that Zhang Ye was trying to shield the student suspects, they could no longer say anything. Zhang Ye had proven himself to have an amazing memory. Having read the newspaper just once in the morning, he could recite it word for word to them. But what could they do? They probably couldn't even repeat the headlines after having just read the newspaper. None of them here could do anything close or similar to what Zhang Ye had just done! With him affirming that it wasn't that girl who spat at the buses, who else could say anything? Who else could stand up to show Zhang Ye that they had a better memory than him?

And so, the matter was dropped.

Zhang Ye turned to the 3rd year female student and gave her a pat on the shoulder. "It's all good now, you may go back."

The girl was incredibly moved and could only muster up the words, "Thank you, Teacher Zhang! Thank you, Teacher Zhang!"

Zhang Ye smiled and said, "It wasn't you who spat at the buses anyway, I was just saying what should be said. Don't thank me, go back to your dorm and get some rest."

The girl nodded furiously and left soon after. She was initially still wondering if Teacher Zhang had really made a mistake and did not recognize her, but those doubts were all cleared by now. For a person who could regurgitate what he read just once in the morning newspaper, which was even random statistics and numbers, how could he possibly have made a mistake in recognizing the perpetrators? Teacher Zhang Ye must have known that she was the one who spat and he definitely did not get it wrong, but he still lied to protect her. This...

The situation with the Japanese delegation also seemed to have been resolved. Through the bus windows, a head of the school could be seen talking with a member of the Japanese group. Both of them had smiles on their faces and showed no signs of tension. The matter was probably dealt with and settled amicably as the head of the school waved, as if signaling to those at the front of the buses to give way so that the buses could continue to where they were headed. The crowd scattered. The buses started their engines again with the head of the school and a few of Peking University's teachers still in it and headed for the hall.

Bai Yi could only look on at the crowd of dispersing students as he did not manage to get even one of them for punishment. He felt a little aggrieved by this and started feeling some hatred towards Zhang Ye as well. He knew Zhang Ye was giving him trouble on purpose!

Because the welcome ceremony was about to begin, the teachers quickly made their way to the hall.

Professor Zeng came up to him. “Little Zhang, let’s go.”

Zhang Ye smiled. “Sure.”

“Did you do that to protect the students?” Professor Zeng asked him in a quiet voice.

Zhang Ye answered him in a consistent manner, “No, why would I help them? They did not do anything at all.”

Professor Zeng nodded and pursued no further.

Su Na came up from behind and secretly gave Zhang Ye a thumbs up. “Good job! Your memory is too godly!”

“Hai, it’s so-so,” said Zhang Ye, who knew clearly that it wasn’t his memory but the effect of the Memory Search Capsule that he had bought from the game ring’s Merchant Shop immediately

after being challenged by Bai Yi. The duration of the capsule was 5 minutes, but could be canceled by Zhang Ye at anytime. It wasn't necessary for him to use the whole 5 minutes if it was just a small fragment of memory like the report in the newspaper that he needed to search for. All it took was a few seconds. It was a piece of cake for him.

.....

Throughout the campus.

Rumors of Zhang Ye began spreading.

“How crazy! Teacher Zhang's memory is so good that it's out of this world!”

“That's secondary. I suppose we all understand the same thing? Teacher Zhang was protecting us!”

“I know that. The senior who spat at the bus did it while I was standing beside her, so it was definitely her. And the freshman who was pointed out by Teacher Bai as the cause of the incident, he was definitely the person who let the basketball slip out of his own hands. Yet Teacher Zhang kept insisting that it wasn't them. Honestly speaking, this is the first time I've met a teacher like that!”

“Yeah, when I heard Teacher Zhang Ye say that it was not them, I nearly choked up. Damn it, Teacher Zhang, you're really too

loyal!”

“That’s what a good teacher ought to be!”

“This incident was so maddening! Luckily for us, Zhang Ye was on our side!”

“As the old saying goes, ‘adversity shows who the true friends are.’ I can finally understand that now. We are all clear about those who treat us well and those who are hypocrites!”

“Shh, be less loud when you all discuss about this matter in the future. We cannot betray Teacher Zhang’s loyalty to us and spill the beans this way. Be careful of what you say. The walls have ears!”

“Yes, yes, yes, tell that to the others as well, we need everyone to keep this a secret!”

“Don’t worry about it then!”

“You think we need you to tell us that?”

“That’s for sure! Even if they have a knife to my neck, I will not say anything!”

“I will acknowledge Teacher Zhang Ye from now! He’s really an interesting guy!”

Chapter 557: Changing The Script?

In the afternoon.

At Peking University's Centennial Hall.

"It's about to begin."

"Let's hurry up, everyone."

"The delegation has already arrived."

"Don't squeeze, line up properly."

A security team was stationed at the door.

The students were lining up in front of the main entrance for admission while teachers and staff of Peking University were entering the hall from the side.

After Zhang Ye entered the hall along with the others, he separated from Professor Zeng, Su Na, and the rest of the Chinese Department teachers as he had a seat reserved at the front row. Since he was slated to give a speech later, he needed to be close to the stage. He was also put at the front so that he could entertain the foreign guest mathematicians who were the elites of their respective countries' math worlds. There were even two world-class mathematicians among them who had come from afar

because of Zhang Ye's recent proof to Dale's Conjecture. It was already quite unfitting that Zhang Ye did not take part in the verification process, so if he did not entertain them today, it would be quite the outrage and would not bode well for their country's hospitality to guests.

In the middle of the first row.

Zhang Ye saw a person calling for him.

Xin Ya waved her hands and said, "Over here."

"We'll be sitting on the first row?" Zhang Ye asked.

Dean Pan, who had left a seat beside him empty for Zhang Ye, said, "Sit over here. It's all been arranged already. The Japanese delegation will be seated upstairs."

Zhang Ye nodded and sat down firmly in his seat.

Han Henian, sitting three seats away from him, asked, "What happened earlier outside? Why did the students block the bus from moving on such an important occasion?"

Zhang Ye said, "It was just a minor misunderstanding, not a big matter."

Han Henian said, "If that's not a big matter, then nothing else

is.”

Dean Pan said, “It should have already been resolved.”

Although they had been in the hall entertaining the foreign mathematicians, they still knew quite clearly about what had happened outside earlier. There was probably someone who informed them about it.

It seemed that even a French mathematician knew about it, as he asked Zhang Ye about the matter. “I heard that Professor Zhang has a photographic memory?”

A foreign translator translated his words into Chinese, which sounded very stiff to Zhang Ye.

Zhang Ye laughed and waved it off. “That’s not true. I’m not that capable.”

Behind them, four rows away, a female teacher from the Fine Arts Department, who was present at the scene of the incident, asked curiously, “Teacher Zhang, how were you able to memorize that newspaper report?”

Zhang Ye turned around to the female teacher and said, “Because that news report had mostly numbers in it.”

The Fine Arts department female teacher asked, now even more curious, “Wouldn’t it be more difficult if there were more numbers

in it?”

Xin Ya spoke on behalf of Zhang Ye, explaining, “Hur hur, we are engaged in the field of mathematical work, so of course we are more sensitive to numbers.”

“Oh, so that’s why,” said the fine arts teacher. “You math people are really great!”

A young teacher of the Math Department laughed. “Teacher Kong, I don’t think that has anything to do with whether or not we’re engaged in math work. The main reason is still down the Teacher Zhang himself. I checked the article online just now and read through it once, but if you ask me to repeat those numbers again, I would need two hours to memorize them and might still get it wrong.” They knew of the incident that happened outside as well, and were discussing it before Zhang Ye had arrived.

Several teachers started chatting.

Zhang Ye also occasionally joined in, but still focused more on speaking in English to the foreign mathematicians.

The crowd in the hall gradually increased, the noisy chatter of people getting louder. It was so loud that one might not even be able to hear the person beside them.

At this moment, a Peking University staff member came looking for Zhang Ye.

“Teacher Zhang.”

“You’re looking for me?”

“Can you come over for a while? There’s something we need to tell you.”

“OK.”

Zhang Ye followed the youth, and noticed that Professor Yan and another Peking University teacher had been called over as well. The four of them went together to a quiet spot in the backstage. Although Professor Yan and Zhang Ye were both Chinese Department teachers, because of their enmity, they did not talk much even when they met.

Professor Yan asked, “What’s the matter?”

The young staff member immediately responded, “The heads of the school have instructed you to ensure that the content for your speeches later are appropriate for the occasion. They want the speeches to emphasize the friendship between China and Japanese. Because the blockade of the buses earlier caused quite a negative effect, with the Japanese delegation’s leaders and persons-in-charge voicing displeasure over it, you may all add some criticism of the nationalistic behavior of the students involved in the incident or similar incidents affecting the relationship of our two countries into your speeches, if it is appropriate. But do not talk about or bring up any details of today’s incident.”

Professor Yan and the other teacher both understood the intent behind this. The Japanese Prime Minister was currently in China for a diplomatic visit with the focus on such issues being discussed. Yet on this same day, during the Sino-Japanese University Exchange, an unhappy incident had taken place. This was quite an embarrassment, or perhaps to put it into perspective, could potentially be a dangerous incident since it was a sensitive issue. Being the top institution in China, Peking University definitely did not want this to send the wrong signal, and as such, wanted to express their attitude towards such sensitivities by criticizing such anti-Japanese behavior or similar incidents. They wanted to remind everyone to stay rational and objective when it came to such things and to promote the friendship between the Chinese and Japanese. As for the reason to not mention the incident from today, it was understandable since there were so many reporters present. It was better that they not bring it up to avoid any potential misunderstandings.

The other teacher said, "Is there still time to change the speech?"

The staff member said, "There's no need for major changes, just a few words or sentences to emphasize these points will do. You may decide for yourselves what's appropriate. I won't interfere since I am just passing along the school's heads' message to you."

That teacher nodded. "I'll think about it."

However, Zhang Ye wasn't too happy about it. "I won't be changing anything. I am just giving a speech about mathematics and all that doesn't have anything to do with me." After he said

that, he turned around to leave.

The staff said, “Teacher Zhang, it’s best that you touch a bit on it. Just add a few words during your conclusion, like after your speech on academics, praise the Japanese mathematics world a little and express that you are looking forward to working with the Japanese universities for the long term. That will be good enough.”

But Zhang Ye did not hold back and just said, “I’m not looking forward to it though.”

Look forward to working with them? That Japanese mathematician was already snubbing me from the moment we met and kept doubting me about many things, not wanting to believe that Dale’s Conjecture had been proven by a Chinese person. With that attitude, how would you expect me to want to work with them? And you think I’d look forward to it? Look forward, your sister!

The staff: “.....” F**k, you being too direct!

Professor Yan glanced despisingly at him and went off elsewhere to make changes to his script.

The other teacher who was also lined up to give a speech was tickled funny by Zhang Ye. “Teacher Zhang, I will go back first. Why don’t you just randomly add a line or two. After all, this is a political task.” He seemed to be alright with the arrangements and was willing to say whatever the heads wanted him to.

Today's Sino-Japanese University Exchange was a rare event in the history books. It was also one of the more recent cooperations between the two top institutions from both countries and carried a significant meaning. If anything were to go wrong, heads would roll. With so many Japanese reporters turning up, it could be said that many in Japan were paying attention to this event as well. An important event on an important day like this, the speeches would definitely need to be comprehensively and diligently given. It was different to those speeches given at a school's opening ceremony or a graduation ceremony. If anything goes wrong, so be it? If it said with negligence, so be it? That's absolutely not tolerated! Of these sorts of politically motivated speeches, other than stuttering, no other mistakes could be allowed! If anything went wrong, it would have a great effect!

This was the reason why the heads of the school had such strict requirement for the speeches. It was so that any necessary intents could be added into the scripts!

"Teacher Zhang, come on," the staff member said to him.

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, "We'll see how it goes. It's too late to change the script."

The staff member was getting impatient with him and said, "You're a teacher of the Chinese Department. Just adding a few more words shouldn't be difficult for you, right? Anyway, this is a request by the heads of the school. I've already passed the message to you." Everything that needed to be said was already said and his task was complete. As he still had other things to do, he went on

ahead to busy himself with work.

Zhang Ye gave him a look before going back into the hall.

I already couldn't be bothered to give a speech about academics, now you even want to add this and that? Get lost!

Chapter 558: Public Outcry!

In the hall.

When he got back to his seat, Zhang Ye passed the script of the speech back to Dean Pan and told him, “You should look for someone else to give the speech. I won’t be able to do it.”

Dean Pan wondered, “What’s the matter?”

Zhang Ye said, “The heads requested we add something to it.”

When he heard the minimal amount of explanation, Dean Pan immediately understood. “It’s too late to make a change now; that won’t be possible. You need to do it. Teacher Little Zhang, this is a crucial moment. Why don’t we do it this way instead? I will get someone to write on your behalf if you don’t wish to write it yourself. We’ll get them to add in what the heads of the school have requested and you will only need to read from the script.” Dean Pan personally did not like doing this as well, because to him, all he was interested about was the subject itself, not the politically motivated messages that either gave praise to you, him, them, or anyone. It took away from the sincerity of the speech when that happened. But being involved in education, as a member of Peking University, he could not help but give in. Working in this corrupt world, he could only try his best to find a balance and move along.

After ten minutes of persuasion, Zhang Ye still refused to commit. As Dean Pan had made an exception in promoting him to the position of associate professor, Zhang Ye felt that he should be

giving him face by do something in return for the dean. But in his heart, Zhang Ye really did not have a good impression of these Japanese people. If he wasn't convinced to do something, then it would be very difficult for others to force him to do it.

Dean Pan said, "That's it then. Don't argue anymore. It's about to begin."

Zhang Ye helplessly said, "Dean Pan."

Dean Pan pointed at the foreigners and laughed. "Those foreign mathematicians are all looking forward to your report and speech. They're really looking forward to it."

On stage, the host was about ready. In the hall, 80% of the seats were already filled. Those who needed to be here were all here, except for the Japanese university delegation.

"Where are they?"

"Why aren't they here yet?"

"It's already afternoon now. Isn't it time to start?"

"Didn't the delegation team already arrive an hour ago? They should have already got here, but why are we still not seeing them? Where did they go off to?"

“I don’t know.”

“I’m so hungry right now. I can’t wait for this ceremony to be over so that I can get some food.”

“Yeah, I’ve already been here an hour now. I didn’t even eat breakfast.”

The students were all looking quite listless, like they were lacking energy. When they saw the host coming onto the stage, they even stayed quiet for a long time. However, when the main guests had still not arrived after a long time, the large hall began filling with noise from the talking and conversations. Even the teachers from Peking University could no longer sit still, constantly looking up at the empty seats upstairs, some wondering, some frowning, with none knowing better than others as to what was going on.

Ten minutes...

Half an hour...

The host, possibly having received some updates, spoke to everyone through the microphone, “Everyone, please calm down and be quiet. The delegation will be here very soon.”

The media staff, who had arrived earlier and set up all their equipment, were even yawning by now.

The group of foreign mathematicians did not look too happy.

The French mathematician looked down at his watch.

The English mathematician lightly shook his head.

While the Japanese mathematician was not present. Probably because he had gone to join up with the delegation.

Dean Pan and several of the teachers from the Math Department apologized the the foreign mathematicians, asking them to wait a little longer. There was no need to explain too much to the Peking University students and teachers, as this was an event hosted by Peking University themselves. However, these foreign mathematicians were guests, honored guests. Making their honored guests wait for over two hours was really inexcusable, so they offered their apologies.

Su Na was very frustrated. “How could those Japanese be so tardy? They’re not only making us wait, they’re even letting all the overseas guests wait for them as well?”

Another young teacher from the Chinese Department said, “How arrogant!”

Chang Kaige looked at them and said, “Alright now, talk a little less.”

Professor Yan also frowned. “There’re quite a lot of media personnel present. Watch your attitudes, Little Su, Little Wang.

Don't speak nonsense. The delegation must be getting ready."

Su Na and a few other younger teachers did not seem to think the same. Getting ready? What were they getting ready for? It has already been two hours since they entered the campus grounds! Even if they took a nap and woke up to put on makeup, wash their faces, or take a bath and blow dry their hair, there was more than enough time. Were they intending to just let over a thousand people sit here and wait around for them? They did not even offer an explanation or give a reason? Su Na and the others felt that the Japanese delegation were doing this on purpose due to the incident earlier when their buses had been blocked by the students of Peking University. They were looking down on them on purpose!

Suddenly, a German mathematician said something in German with an unpleasant tone before standing up and leaving the hall.

The translator explained, "Professor Werner says that he still has something urgent to attend to in the afternoon and has to leave first."

Meanwhile, Xin Ya was already embarrassed by all that was happening. Although she wasn't part of Peking University, as a member of the Chinese mathematics world and also the host, making her guests wait for so long did not make her look good at all. Together with Dean Pan, they stood up to escort the guest out of the hall, apologizing on the way to the exit.

After the German left.

Xin Ya complained, “Dean Pan, what’s going on? Peking University said that they were holding this exchange session and needed some heavyweight guests, so I brokered a deal and invited some guests to join this event. Professor Chen also helped to invite some of them, but now we’ve been waiting for so long. How do you expect me to explain things to this group of foreign mathematicians?”

Dean Pan immediately said, “I don’t know what’s going on here either. I’ll ask.” He suppressed his anger and made a call, “Hello, where are they?...Who? The Japanese delegation of course!...What do you mean you don’t know, aren’t you the one in charge of receiving them?...You better go and find out immediately!”

He hung up.

A few minutes later, he got a call back from the person.

The reply he got was still the same, saying that the delegation would be entering the hall soon and they were held back earlier because of an interview. In between the interview and now, as some of the delegation team members complained that they were hungry, having eaten nothing since they departed from the airport, lunch was prepared for the entire delegation by Canteen 1 of Peking University. 50 to 60 servings of food were sent to the reserved waiting lounge and there were even fruits and coffee served.

However, when Xin Ya and Dean Pan returned to the hall, there was still no sight of anyone from the Japanese delegation, nor of Bai Yi and some of the heads of the school who were with them!

The hall was getting increasingly noisy.

All kinds of updates and information were being spread.

“Are they coming or not?”

“I just heard they had been doing an interview just now.”

“What? Interview at a time like this? We have so many students and teachers waiting for them here. Why couldn’t they wait till after the ceremony to accept the interview? Why did they have to do it at this critical juncture?”

“Not only that, they even spared time to have lunch.”

“Surely not?”

“Why not? I heard it myself from the people at the canteen.”

“I heard so too. Canteen 1 was still open this morning, but after receiving news of the delegation wanting to eat, they immediately shuttered the doors. Some of our teachers who wanted to go in for lunch could not even get any food. I think they were specially preparing a meal for the delegation and even sent it to them. Even a head of the school does not receive such treatment. How haughty of them! They’re really acting too condescending!”

“And we were all here stupidly hungry while they ate?”

“F**k, what kind of people did those Japanese send over this time!”

“Aren’t Teacher Bai Yi and the others with them? How could they agree to let them behave that way? Why didn’t they arrange for the delegation to come over to the hall first! Can’t they just eat after that? They think they’re the only ones who are hungry? We’re hungry too!”

“Bai Yi? Hur hur, haven’t you already seen through Teacher Bai from his attitude towards the incident just now? He has spent time in Japan, has a Japanese wife who works at Tokyo University, is always an advocate of promoting goodwill towards Japan, and you want to depend on him?”

“That’s too unfair. The guests are people, but are we students not people too? Besides, there are even so many other guests here. Look at those foreign mathematicians. Didn’t they make them wait like idiots too?”

“Look, another one is leaving!”

At the front row.

A Korean mathematician could not wait any longer and said goodbye to the others before leaving to have lunch. Dean Pan and a few teachers once again personally escorted him out and even

called a taxi for him, and got a Korean-speaking teacher to follow along to appease him.

The English mathematician looked at Zhang Ye. “Zhang.”

Zhang Ye looked over to him.

The English mathematician said in a serious tone, “If I weren’t looking forward to your speech, I would have left too.”

When Zhang Ye heard this, he quickly apologized in English, “I’m sorry, they should be here soon. Just a while more.”

Even Zhang Ye was feeling embarrassed at the situation now. Naturally, this fanned his hatred for that Japanese delegation even further. If the incident from two hours ago had caused Zhang Ye to dislike them, then right now, they had angered Zhang Ye! On this current matter, the delegation was treating Peking University and China with no respect at all. It was written in their heart of hearts. They had made them wait for so long on this important occasion, just because they wanted to have their meals leisurely? Professor Yan, the heads of the school, and the others kept mentioning how important this exchange was, but it seemed like that was only the opinion of those from Peking University. The Japanese delegation did not seem to think the same way. They were totally taking this too lightly!

Another ten minutes passed!

When they checked their watches, it was already 1:40 PM!

The welcome ceremony which had been scheduled for earlier was delayed by two hours and thirty minutes! Even if someone spent two hours and thirty minutes watching a good movie, when the movie ended, everyone would still get up from their seats and get a good stretch after sitting down for so long. Not to mention if you had to endure sitting for that long with nothing to do, you would surely be able to imagine the state and mood of everyone in the hall!

“Eh!”

“They’re here!”

“What the heck!”

“They’re finally here!”

From upstairs, the shadow of figures could be seen gradually entering the hall.

A few of the Japanese delegation’s -persons-in-charge disdainfully went to the front to sit, while Bai Yi and a few staff members from Peking University, who were with them all this time, also sat down after them, laughing and smiling. Only Bai Yi, who probably had a speech to give later, turned around and made his way down to the stage. Then he gave a signal to the host.

Chapter 559: Wait A Moment!

The welcome ceremony finally began.

The host went on stage. “Good afternoon to the leaders, honored guests, and all gathered...”

The Japanese reporters and media staff set up their cameras and began recording the event.

Meanwhile, the group of Chinese reporters looked at them, hungry and aggrieved. From the looks of it, those Japanese reporters must have had lunch together with the delegation, all appearing energetic and high spirited. What about them? They had gone the past few hours on an empty stomach, so how could they be in a good mood?

The reporters muttered among themselves.

“This is the first time I’m witnessing a group arriving so late for a big event like this.”

“Me too.”

“Did you put this into your report?”

“Hur, what’s the point in doing so? The newspapers won’t report this matter.”

“That’s true. Since it’s all about Sino-Japanese Friendship, Sino-Japanese Good Friends, and what not, with their prime minister on a diplomatic visit as well, such negative news reports would surely be suppressed.”

“Stop complaining, let’s get back to work.”

“Right, there are some matters that we won’t be able to change.”

When the ceremony started, a Peking University head teacher came on stage to give the opening speech. Seeing this, Zhang Ye, who was not in a listening mood, decided to get up and go to the backstage for a smoke. When the others saw him leaving his seat, they all thought that he was just going backstage to prepare for his speech, so no one said anything. While he was smoking, a [recital of a poem](#) could be heard. It was probably a small program that was prepared for the ceremony. It was performed by a female student of Peking University.

The Japanese poem 蜚のうへ (Shikigawara nō e) was written by Tatsuji Miyoshi, a Japanese poet, literary critic, and literary editor active during the Shōwa period of Japan. He is known for his lengthy free verse poetry, which often portrays loneliness and isolation as part of contemporary life, but are written in a complex, highly literary style reminiscent of classical Japanese poetry.

“あはれ花びらながれ。

をみなごに花びらながれ。

をみなごしめやかに語らひあゆみ。

うららかの足音そらにながれ。”

Following that, a Japanese student went on stage to perform a Japanese poem, but recited the Chinese translated version instead.

“Pitiful petals falling like rain,
Scattering onto the belles’ shoulders.
Demure maidens murmur and pass by,
As geta clops sound in the air.”

.....

Not many people in the hall could understand the meaning and mood of the poem, but when the student finished reciting, the whole hall broke out into applause. This was different from those competitions where, if a performer did badly, they might not even receive any applause at all. This was a welcoming ceremony and was full of political flavor, thus, even if a performer went on stage to fart, the audience would still erupt into applause.

There was even a person there who led the applause.

Some teachers also led their students in clapping.

Zhang Ye was leaning against the wall and smoking, lightly shaking his head. In his previous world, the attitude towards the Japanese was similar to this world, but with a slight difference in the general tendency and environment of this world. Why was there a difference like this? Although the two worlds had a similar history, the history happened at different times and mixed with

different political stances, which had resulted in the difference in attitude towards the Japanese. Therefore, for Zhang Ye, who had come from a world where there was deep mistrust of Japan's contradictions, he was clearly out of tune with the environment of this world's attitude towards Japan. He could not look at this, so he found a place to relax his mind and left the rest to the others.

After that, it was time for the speeches.

First off was the teacher from the Sociology Department. He talked about the key projects of this Sino-Japanese exchange. For example, he raised the environmental protection research project and how Japan was doing really good in this area of work, how Japan was far more advanced in this field than them. As Zhang Ye understood it, this speech was to tell everyone just how badly China was doing compared to Japan!

Following that, a professor from Tokyo University gave a speech. The whole speech was given in Japanese and translated after that by a teacher from the Japanese Department. The overview of this cooperation was that Tokyo University would provide guidance and equipment support in some key projects to Peking University, so that Peking University would be able to raise the standard of research in this areas, etc. Of course, they also touched on some of the projects that Peking University excelled in and how they intended to seek to learn from Peking University.

It gave Zhang Ye the feeling of someone giving a victory speech to the defeated, saying how they would help them to improve, and then suddenly saying that even in defeat there were some good points that they could learn from. It might be subjective, but in

any case, that was what it sounded like.

The ceremony continued on.

After about half an hour later, Professor Yan got on stage for his speech. The first words he said immediately left everyone silent for a moment, “Good afternoon, everyone. The title of my speech today is ‘What is Patriotism.’ Some of the things that I will be saying might make some of you uncomfortable, but I still must say them. These days, many people view patriotism in a very biased and prejudiced manner. In China, ‘Japan’ is a very sensitive word that, when mentioned, if no one shows any resistance or voices displeasure, it is seen as unpatriotic!”

Su Na had no reaction to that.

Professor Zeng raised his head and looked up to the stage.

Professor Yan asked, “Just where does such attitude originate from? When we break it down, we are just seeking some form of psychological comfort, as if after resisting, we will feel better even if we’re indeed more backward!”

Backwardness?

Who’s backward now? Us?

Many students were found it difficult to stay seated!

Professor Yan knew that his words had hit a raw nerve, but this was the effect that he wanted. He was very unaccustomed to the hardline opinions of young people these days, so he looked at the audience and said, “You may say that this is because you’re patriotic. If that is so, then please boycott Japanese products as well. Throw away all the Japanese-made electronics in your home. Even some of the electronics that were produced domestically have Japanese parts in them, so please strip down these things and throw them away too! If there comes a day when the Chinese and the Japanese go to war again, we expect you to carry arms, get on the battlefield, and kill some enemies for everyone to see! You can boycott Japan all you want; that is your freedom. But please do not do so and claim that it is patriotism. Speaking before thinking is not a virtue of our country!” Pausing, he then continued indignantly, “There are even cases of teachers who I know that had similar discussions. In one country, teachers don’t teach their students of love and warmth, but about cruelty and coldness. What would be their future as a country if it went on like this?”

Upstairs.

When those Japanese delegates heard what the translator said, one of the person-in-charge nodded in agreement, thinking that it was well said! That’s the biggest problem your country is guilty of!

Some Japanese students also seemingly agreed with the speech. During this trip to China, they had already seen the resistance and hostilities from the people. They were angered by such treatment and Professor Yan’s speech clearly explained their heartfelt thoughts. Yes, all they know is to always rail against us, to resist us, to boycott our products. If you’re really capable, then throw

away all the appliances in your house! Would you all dare to do that? No, none of you would dare to do so! Just because you're backward, you keep saying that you'll resist us, but look at what happened in the end! You are still the ones who keep buying things from us, so why didn't you show basic courtesy and goodwill to us?

Meanwhile, the Japanese reporters kept taking photos, as well as recording the speech and reactions of everyone. They were all thrilled to hear such a refreshing speech. It seemed like there were still people in China who were sensible!

Professor Yan, whose speech was echoing this afternoon's bus blockade incident, said loudly, "Insulting others does not reflect a civilized society, but if it becomes a collective behavior, does that make it reasonable behavior? China has adopted collectivist behavior, so when things are done collectively, they must be right. When a group puts on improper behavior together, the group does not know which direction it is going towards. Unable to grasp an understanding of anything, they never think that they are in the wrong, and thus, will not reflect upon such behavior!"

Some Peking University students were befuddled.

"Reflect?"

"We have to reflect?"

"Why! Why are we the ones who need to reflect?"

At the end of the speech, Professor Yan said, “I love my country, so I also respect other people; as a Chinese person, I am proud of my heritage, so I shall not be cruel in the name of patriotism, I shall not do bad in the name of collectivism. I know that with just my own strength, this is insignificant. But I also know that one should not do a bad deed just because it seems insignificant, or not do a good deed because it seems insignificant. A small change is all that it takes to make a difference. That is what I understand as being patriotic! Thank you, I’ve finished my speech.”

He held onto his script and went down off the stage.

Suddenly, the Japanese delegation upstairs broke out into warm applause, clapping very loudly.

However, there was only sparse applause from the Peking University students downstairs. Only a trickle of claps could be heard. Some of the students did not understand the content of Professor Yan’s speech at all!

A few Peking University teachers, including Bai Yi and a few others, believed Professor Yan’s speech to be on point. Although it was uncomfortable to hear, it was very reasonable. A nation must first learn how to respect and reflect. Insults did not bring any meaning or positive influence, but only showed that the people spoke before they thought. Unfortunately, this simple truth was not understood by many.

Zhang Ye had already cooled down by now. He turned around, stamped out his cigarette, and walked out from backstage.

By this time, Bai Yi had already gone on stage and was holding the microphone, ready to begin his speech. He started with saying, “My speech today is about respect and forgiveness.”

When the Peking University students heard this, they guessed that this was probably another “enlightening” speech, just like Professor Yan’s!

As expected, when Bai Yi stood on stage and faced the hall, he began by saying, “Our understanding of Japan is skewed. I feel that our people have a big problem when it comes to knowing the Japanese, that is, having preconceived notions that affect our judgment. When our people praise or curse Japan, they’re really speaking of either China or themselves. And because of that, we do not use an unbiased opinion to perceive Japan. We praise it to the skies when it’s good and bury it into the ground when it’s bad...”

“Wait a moment!”

A voice suddenly interrupted the speech!

Chapter 560: “Why Should I Forgive You”!

Bai Yi stopped his speech midway.

The other people also turned to where the voice sounded from.

The person who had interrupted the speech was a head of the school. Seemingly having just gotten off a phone call, he hurriedly yelled out and interrupted the speech, “Wait a moment, there are some important guests arriving!”

Important guests?

Who could they be?

So important that they even had to interrupt the speech?

Upstairs, the university delegation group stood up and faced the main entrance upstairs respectfully. A few leaders of the group went outside the hall themselves to receive the guests with a different attitude from what they had been giving to the Chinese earlier. A few escorts from the Peking University side also went along to receive the guests. This phone call was quite unexpected as there was no advanced notice to inform them. Then, it turned out that the guests were actually high-ranking officials from the Japanese political delegation. As there was a change in their afternoon schedule, and possibly hearing of the Sino-Japanese University Exchange that was taking place today, the team had chosen to come and make a visit here!

“Who’s here?”

“I don’t know.”

“Aiyo, I think it’s one of the Japanese political delegations!”

“They’re here at Peking University too?”

“Oh, why are there so many reporters here as well!”

The first thing they saw upstairs when the doors opened were not people but camera flashes going off continuously. About 20 Chinese and Japanese reporters came along with the group, and they were busy photographing and recording the delegation on the way here. A Central TV reporter who tripped and fell got up quickly to continue photographing without even dusting off his shirt.

It was a delegation of around a dozen people or so.

The group was led by a Japanese official named Matsumoto.
“Hello.”

The Peking University group immediately welcomed them,
“Welcome, welcome.”

Matsumoto smiled and said, “#\$%^&!”

The translator said, “We heard about this Sino-Japanese University Exchange event today and were very interested in attending as we are very pleased to see such a cooperation taking place. Please go on with the ceremony and ignore our presence.”

With the arrival of important guests, they were naturally invited to take a seat in the front row upstairs. The Japanese university delegation immediately stood up to let the newly arrived guests take the front row, while they themselves settled down behind them. As for the rest of the seats, they were taken up by the Peking University’s escort staff as well as the Chinese government officials who were accompanying the Japanese political delegation. A few familiar faces were spotted in the crowd, consisting of some officials from the Chinese education world. They were here to accompany the Japanese political delegation today.

A Chinese government official said to a Peking University staff member, “Go on, don’t further interrupt the event because of us.”

The Peking University staff nodded. “Yes sir, Teacher Bai was just in the middle of giving a speech just now. We will continue from there.” He then gave a signal to the stage for them to restart the ceremony.

The Peking University students were all silent. Some of them occasionally turned their heads to look upstairs. As they had not before seen so many important people gathered together at once, they couldn’t help themselves, whispering and making noises.

Seeing how even the political delegation was here, Bai Yi was very surprised. As though he had suddenly been injected with an adrenaline shot, he straightened his posture and took a deep breath to suppress his nervousness before opening his mouth to continue with his speech, “Right now, we’re interested with the cultural level of the Japanese, as well as the systematic and political levels. What we have yet to currently achieve in the latter has already been achieved by the Japanese, as well as some Western countries. As the Western countries and Japan are aligned on these levels, it becomes something that Westerners take for granted. What interests them in Japan are its culture, politics, as well as its history. This is the reason why our feelings are more complex than Westerners when it comes to such issues.”

As Bai Yi was not a professional literary person, his speech was not as well written as Professor Yan’s. It was not written with structure but still managed to express the core idea that he wanted to assert.

“Our concern with Japan is to set them as the ‘other’ so that we may learn from them. But such a viewpoint originates from the expectations that China has set for herself. Based on the development towards those goals, and using Japan as the ‘other,’ we are undoubtedly still going to experience all of it as China. We are able to stand freely in the consciousness of the problems and set off after observing Japan, keeping Japan as the ‘other’ in this whole process. But in order to do all of this, we need to show everyone our perspectives and observations, not be an inadequate observer or doer. If we were to show an incomplete side of us, it would not be fair to Japan as well.”

Some people had their reservations about this viewpoint but they

could understand it very well. Talking about the thoughts towards Japan from this perspective was indeed rather rare.

Upstairs, Matsumoto nodded as he whispered to the official beside him.

Bai Yi: “We need to set an example starting from ourselves, to learn to forgive...”

Bai Yi: “We need to start from ourselves, to learn to respect...”

One by one, he listed his perspectives and finally, he said, “Without understanding, there is no right to speak. We need to learn how to understand other people, other countries, to learn how to forgive and respect another person or country. Yes, that is what I want to say and so my speech will end here. Thank you, everyone.” Bowing, he left the stage.

Matsumoto led the applause!

The political delegation followed his lead and clapped loudly!

The Tokyo University students and teachers also clapped warmly!

Only the Peking University students downstairs were very silent. Some of them did clap, but their eyes showed no spirit and their clapping was mechanical. Many of them felt as though something heavy weighed on them, thinking about how the speeches were so

reasonable. Yet they were unable to accept them. It was as though something was wrong, somewhere!

Some Peking University teachers felt the same.

Su Na took a few deep breaths and even felt a sense of regret.

Another History Department professor in his fifties could only sit there expressionless, not saying a word.

Respect?

Forgiveness??

At this moment, many people felt that they had something to say but could not say it, nor did they know how to say it, especially when the Japanese political delegation and university delegation were both upstairs. And so, they could only applaud and go with the flow.

A Peking University female student mumbled to herself, “Was our attitude in the past really wrong? There’s no meaning to that? We need to learn to forgive?”

The freshman beside her shook his head. “I also don’t know.”

Another freshman who was classmates with them said, “Professor Yan and Teacher Bai have already said so, then it must

surely be reasonable. Hai, I just feel a little uncomfortable but unsure why I feel that way.”

Another student said, “We really cannot just throw away the Japanese products in our houses.”

At the back, Yao Mi was totally silent.

Li Li said, “Mimi, what’s wrong?”

Yao Mi clenched her fists. “I don’t feel well. I want to go back now.”

“You don’t feel well?” Li Ying asked, concerned.

Beside her, Senior Song had a dark expression. “She must be feeling a sense of unease in her heart. I feel the same, like there’s something stuck in the chest and won’t go away!”

Senior Zhou was also thinking about Teacher Bai’s speech. “Forgiveness?”

At this time, the host went on stage to introduce the next speaker, “Next up, we have famed mathematician, Teacher Zhang Ye of the Math Department of Peking University, giving a speech on academics. Please welcome him.” There was no mention of Dale’s Conjecture as it was still being validated by the authorities. Since it had not been fully verified yet, there was of course no comment on Zhang Ye proving a mathematical conjecture.

Applause sounded throughout the hall.

But among the Peking University's students and teachers below stage, many of them were feeling quite bored by now.

Upstairs, a Peking University staff introduced to the political delegation, "That is Zhang Ye. He was the mathematician who made a breakthrough in the proof of Dale's Conjecture."

Matsumoto nodded.

The Japanese mathematician interrupted, telling Matsumoto, "Dale's Conjecture has not been verified yet, so it's not been confirmed."

The translator did not tell this to the Chinese.

Matsumoto and a few other Japanese officials nodded and looked at Zhang Ye interestedly.

The other political and university delegations also focused on Zhang Ye, including those Japanese reporters who also pointed the cameras over to him. They were very interested in knowing how he had managed to solve Dale's Conjecture.

The atmosphere upstairs was very different from downstairs, like ice and fire.

Zhang Ye, with script in hand, proceeded up to the stage. He could feel the current mood of the Peking University students. On the other side, Professor Zhang had gone upstairs after his speech and joined the political delegation, while Bai Yi had also briskly made his way upstairs after his speech, probably eager to meet the Japanese officials. Zhang Ye just stood on stage, looking around at one person and then another, glancing upstairs and sweeping his eyes back downstairs. There were all kinds of expressions on people's faces, but none were lively.

The host shot him a meaningful glance.

Su Na could not understand what Zhang Ye was doing either.

Dean Pan looked at him, thinking if he had forgotten what to say. But how could that be with a memory like yours? Even if you really forgot, you could still read from the script, no?

Forgiveness and respect?

Zhang Ye asked that to himself again in his mind.

Then, he held the script up firmly and scanned it. He knew that in this current setting, with thousands of pairs of eyes on him, with the political delegate present as well, in the environment of friendly Sino-Japanese ties, he should put himself above the situation and let them say whatever they wanted. He could just follow the script and read it line for line and his task would be complete. That was really what he thought, and so, he opened his

mouth wanting to speak, but found himself unable to make any sound at all. It was like an inner voice was shouting constantly at him.

He lowered his hand and looked around, then placed the script onto the rostrum. He held the microphone tightly, finally ready to speak.

When he said the first sentence, everyone who had been expecting him to talk about academics and Dale's Conjecture were taken aback.

Zhang Ye spoke in a light, calm tone, "The Japanese Prime Minister is on a political visit to China. The Japanese political delegation is here on a visit to Peking University. All these to the cheers of many countrymen applauding them: Turning over a new leaf for the friendship between China and Japan!"

It suddenly became quiet upstairs!

When Matsumoto heard the translation, he had a look of bewilderment.

Professor Yan was stunned!

Bai Yi also stared down at Zhang Ye who was standing at the rostrum!

The Chinese and foreign reporters, Peking University's students

and teachers, including many of those who were still immersed deep in thought from the earlier two speeches—all of these people suddenly looked up in surprise!

Zhang Ye calmly went on, “Professor Yan’s new perspective has found a footing, Teacher Bai’s goodwill theory for Japan has gotten practical support. There are some who claim that there are more Japanese who know China well, compared to Chinese who know Japan well. There are some who are broken-hearted over how the Chinese aren’t as civilized and courteous as the Japanese. There are some who curse at the narrow-mindedness and nationalistic countrymen, lacking the standing of superpower...It seems that the decades of abnormal relations between our countries after the war were the fault of us Chinese. We should be the ones turning the pages of history, to face the future, so that we can open up new situations for friendly relations between China and Japan.”

One second.

Two seconds.

Three seconds.

“Pui!”

Under the cover of silence, a “pui” sound that came without warning reverberated across the hall, startling everyone into cold sweats!

Zhang Ye slammed his hand on the surface of the rostrum and said, “Why should I forgive you! Japan!!!”

Chapter 561: The Speech That Got To See The Light Of Day Once More!

Pui?

He actually said pui? He really said pui?

Where's the academic speech that you were going to give? Damn, it was supposed to be an academic speech, no? What is this? What was this? What the heck are you saying!?

The first thought that came to the minds of many of the Peking University teachers was: Game over! This nationalistic youth who cannot keep quiet for more than a second...has gone crazy again!

Matsumoto stood up in shock!

The other Japanese political delegates also stood up staring!

But Zhang Ye looked back at them fearlessly and even raised his hand to point at them, asking the students of Peking University loudly, "Let me ask all of you! On the anniversary of the massacre that has just passed, did any high-ranking official of Japan express an apology for China? Did any Japanese express a tinge of regret regarding that incident? While we're here talking about how China and Japan should form a good friendship, the last of the Chinese comfort women are still seeking justice from the Japanese government. They have yet to receive a cent, an apology, or even a trace of remorse from them! While we keep saying that we should

turn the page on the history between China and Japan, the last Chinese laborers are still seeking for compensation from the Japanese government and enterprises. But they are being mocked by their government, enterprises, and law! How about those Japanese enterprises that have disgraced their government? They are currently earning truckloads of money in China!”

Su Na drew in a deep breath!

Professor Zeng also looked shaken!

After that malicious pui, the burden and gloom that had been weighing on their chest was suddenly relieved, while leaving them in shock!

The Peking University students could only look blankly at Zhang Ye!

The host was also dumbfounded, not knowing if he should stop Teacher Zhang!

Zhang Ye said passionately, “While we speak of getting on familiar terms with Japan and learning from them, our homes in the northeast are still polluted with millions of Japanese bio-warfare and viral warfare weapons, none of which they have taken responsibility for! While we bring up that we should adopt a new perception about Japan, the past few Japanese Prime Ministers have freely gone around and publicly urged the European Union to not lift the arms embargo against China. Yet they continue forging closer military ties with the United States to deter China! While we

keep emphasizing the fact that our lands are only separated by a strip of water, Japan explicitly and implicitly supports or encourages the incitement of opposition to our Cross-Straits relations! When we reach agreements with our neighboring countries on the borders, Japan continually uses tricks on its occupied islands to extend its territory to the East China Sea, attempting to seize our resources and seal us off! When we were willing to forget the past to focus on friendly relations with Japan, their authoritative agency released a survey stating that 60% of Japanese people patronize us, hate us, distrust us, and have deep contempt for us! In the postwar decades, we'd continued the pursual of the absconded Nazi war criminals. Then, in order to be recognized as the sole government of China, we even gave up war reparations. We did not even intend to go after those Japanese war criminals who had their hands stained with the blood of our citizens!"

Every word was a stab in the heart!

The Peking University students were enraged!

Many people were already clenching their teeth and fists tightly!

Zhang Ye put up his hand and said, "Alright! That's enough! Japan is still that Japan! Japan will forever be that Japan! We don't have a reason or a need to beg them to treat us with kindness and friendliness. But as Chinese citizens, we are hurting because of our soft, confused, and pretentious comrades!"

Yao Mi and the other students stared at Bai Yi!

There were also many students who looked over at Professor Yan!

But Zhang Ye continued, “Back then, Japan’s China Expeditionary Army totaled 1 million soldiers. But the ones who did the dirty work for them, the Collaborationist Chinese Army, numbered more than 2 million soldiers! Back then, Japan’s China Expeditionary Army killed 30 million of our comrades in the [14 years of war](#)! Yet 1.8 million traitors served them loyally by continuing the invasion and abetting the enemy! Back then, the countries and citizens who had been harmed by the German occupation received considerable reparations from them. The Germans also sincerely expressed their apologies and their will to reflect upon themselves. But for us, we signed away Japan’s responsibility for their war crimes even though Japan had never sincerely expressed any regrets nor apologized to us. Back then, the [German Chancellor](#) genuflected in front of the memorial, expressing deep remorse and the resolve to never go to war again! We did not get anything out of it, yet we initiated closer ties! We did exactly what we called a ‘new perspective’ here today, to improve our ‘friendship’!”

In January 2017, the Chinese Government extended their official definition of the Second Sino-Japanese War back to September 18, 1931 – the Invasion of Manchuria by Japan – as opposed to the traditional 1937 start date, defined by the Marco Polo Bridge Incident. Generally speaking, this earlier date was mostly agreed on by the Chinese, therefore putting the war duration at 14 years.

Every word was going against Bai Yi and Yan Jiantao!

Bai Yi's expression had a great change!

Professor Yan was about to blow his top as well!

In a short span, the way the Peking University students saw them had totally changed. They became looks of disgust and indignation. The two of them had suddenly become the targets of the crowd!

That's right!

Friendship, my ass!

New perspective, my ass!

They purposely arrived late and made all of us at Peking University wait for them for nearly three hours, while you two, Bai Yi and Yan Jiantao, did not even make a sound, but instead attempted to educate our Peking University students? Criticize our Peking University students? Even wanting us to be friends? Make us forgive them? Does that even make any damn sense? What the f**k was this kind of logic!?

Zhang Ye slammed his hands on the rostrum again, "What friendship? What forgiveness? A devil never needs to apologize or be forgiven! Don't blindly promote the so-called superior systems. As a democratic country, if their citizens of the past had not existed, then there would have been no past wars. If the citizens of the present do not exist, then there won't be the current

government! Do not be sucked into the so-called cultured and civilized side of Japan. Culture and civilization are the foundations of humans. In the last century, the Japan which had committed such hideous deeds actually had an ugly and hypocritical culture and civilization! Don't expect Japan to want to repent at some point in the future. A country that adopts the law of the jungle for their own country will never have a future!"

The Japanese translator kept translating and conveying the meaning of the speech to the delegates. He was already sweating all over. As a professional translator of Chinese, he had been by the side of many high-ranking Japanese officials through multiple occasions and had a wealth of experience, but at this moment, he was finding it difficult. There were also some words that could not be translated. Being such an experienced and excellent translator, how could he be facing such problems? Because the other party was using very unconventional words! There were many curse words which the translator had never needed to use before! This made his task of translating ten times more difficult! Beads of sweat were already forming on his temples!

Matsumoto could no longer listen any further!

The other officials in the political delegation were so furious that even their lips were trembling with anger! They were sincere in visiting China, hoping to come over to express their friendship. But who knew that today, at this very moment, they were being scolded right to their faces by a simple Peking University teacher!? Even scolding their country?

Just what kind of a situation was this?

This was a situation that none of them would have ever expected to be caught in!

And yet, this was exactly what was happening! They've just met someone who dared to grab them by the necks and scold them to their faces...a teacher of the people!

Zhang Ye laughed coldly. "We will never forgive Japan. What are we forgiving them for? If we are forced to pretend like we're magnanimous and gracious, disregarding all prior issues and only looking towards the future, waiting for them to drop the hostilities and gain enlightenment, then why can't we use those same reasons to forgive our fellow comrades who are deeply remorseful for the murders they committed? Why can't we give them a chance to turn over a new leaf!?"

Zhang Ye asked with every sentence.

"Let me ask you all. If a person murdered your mother, would you forgive them?"

No one spoke.

"Let me ask you all again. If a person killed your classmate's father, would you respect the murderer?"

Still no one spoke.

Zhang Ye angrily slammed his hands onto the rostrum for the third time, speaking louder and louder, “Then tell me! Japan! What should we respect you for!” With a change of tone, he shouted and pointed at those people upstairs, “Then tell me! Japan! Why should I forgive you?”

Yao Mi stood up!

Senior Song stood up!

Li Li and Li Ying stood up as well!

At this point, Zhang Ye’s speech had been interrupted!

—By the sound of applause!

Bba! Bba! Bba! Bba! Endless applause that had been stifled for so long was now finally able to appear in the hall! It resounded resolutely throughout the hall!

“Too awesome!”

“Well scolded! That felt so good!”

“That’s the Zhang Ye I know!”

“How satisfying! I don’t want to listen to Zhang Ye’s speech on

academics! This, this is what you call a true speech! This is the real Zhang Ye!”

“When Teacher Zhang scolds people, he always looks so handsome!”

“That’s right! Every time Teacher Zhang does something like that, he always looks like he’s glowing! That was extremely well said! Japan! Why should we forgive you!”

“I was so badly affected by Professor Yan’s and Teacher Bai’s speeches that I didn’t know what to say. I felt like something was wrong but couldn’t pinpoint what. Now I finally understand! It was exactly as Teacher Zhang said! Teacher Zhang has totally shouted out everything I felt inside!”

The countless Peking University students seated downstairs were now gradually rising up excitedly!

A few Peking University Teachers like Su Na and Professor Zeng secretly cheered! What a teacher! That was so beautifully said!

Some of those who felt that Yan Jiantao and Bai Yi had given good speeches earlier suddenly seemed to be deep in thought while others lowered their heads silently!

.....

.....

No one knew that this impromptu speech had possibly come from a newspaper article from Zhang Ye's previous world. Why "possibly"? Because even Zhang Ye did not know for sure. The article was too inconspicuous, so obscure that it was difficult to trace its source. Zhang Ye could still remember the first time he saw this essay on the internet. It was titled "[Why Should I Forgive You, Japan!](#)". It wasn't very well-known, or perhaps it should be said that this article did not gain much attention, so much so that almost no one knew about it.

I found the earliest version of this newspaper article/reader letter [here](#). It wasn't very well known, until someone saw it and put it into the discussion forums in China where it was widely discussed by the netizens, which is why this chapter's name is called "The speech that got to see the light of day once more!"

However, some essays' charms and strength lay in just that. It could be hidden in a dark corner somewhere covered in dust. But on the day the dust is blown away and the light of day shines upon it once more, the strength of its words still haven't faded! They still glow as bright as gold!

Today, Zhang Ye had taken this speech out!

Through Zhang Ye's modification to fit the situation, it had become his work and was given a chance to see the light of day again!

Chapter 562: The Whole Audience Cheers!

An uproar!

Astonishment!

The entire Centennial Hall had been shaken by Zhang Ye's shouts!

Bai Yi angrily roared, "That madman! He's really a madman!"

A Japanese female reporter said, "We will raise a protest! This is an insult to us! This is the lowest form of personal attack on us!"

Many of the Chinese reporters had been greatly inspired. They focused their cameras onto Zhang Ye, not wanting to miss out on any footage of him. There was a great deal of satisfaction on all their faces. However, the Japanese reporters all looked very angry, as though they had be on the receiving end of a great insult, incredulous that someone actually dared to scold them and their country in such an official setting!

"Why is he like that!"

"What is he scolding us for!"

"Does he even know what he is saying? Ah!"

The students of Tokyo University were also raging!

A few of Peking University's heads of school could only look at each other in shock!

Matsumoto and the political delegates, their faces as cold as water, lodged stern protests!

The accompanying Chinese officials were also shocked and confused, not knowing what they could say now to appease the situation!

A Peking University Japanese Department teacher jumped up and cursed, "This damned nationalist!"

A staff member from the Office of School Leadership said irritably, "What kind of behavior is that! What has the war got to do with the Japanese citizens? Don't let him keep speaking! Get him off the stage! Cut the mic!"

A few of them could not understand why a century-old institution like Peking University, the top institution in the country, would employ a hooligan like Zhang Ye as a teacher. This was a huge mistake, no matter how talented Zhang Ye was or how much Zhang Ye had contributed for academics. This sort of "role model" behavior would nullify all of that! Hiring him was the worst decision that Peking University had made! Zhang Ye's treacherous speech this time would surely cause Peking University to be on the cusp of the news! It would definitely put them in the sights for controversy and criticism throughout the world!

But Zhang Ye still went on!

He was not done with his speech yet!

Then Zhang Ye continued speaking, “These days, there are many voices that claim that scolding others is not right. That there are also good people in Japan, so don’t be a nationalist. The war has nothing to do with the commoners, scolding others does not mean that you’re patriotic but only tells people that you have low standards. Japanese technology is more advanced than ours, so we must learn from them. The Japanese have higher standards than us, so we must be accepting of them. Boycotting Japanese products is meaningless when we should be looking to raise our standards instead. We must be logical when it comes to patriotism! It seems like those people do not understand why boycotting Japanese products, not eating Japanese food, and scolding Japanese people can be labeled as patriotism? What they are thinking is that they’re the more elegant and classier patriots!”

At this point, Zhang Ye raised his head, as though he was responding to those who were so pro-Japanese. “Actually, I’m wondering as well! I am also very amazed! If our behavior does not reflect patriotism, then does that mean that people like you who only eat Japanese food, buy Japanese products, never speak ill of Japan, and always defend Japan whenever you see anyone criticizing them...are the patriotic ones?” His tone had changed, as though he was laughing at them!

Applause burst again!

Peking University's students were all cheering!

The staff from the Office of School Leadership nearly suffocated to death!

Zhang Ye said with a cold smile, "They have high standards, they do not scold Japan. But that's not because they are patriotic while being more elegant and logical than us, not because they are classier than us, not because of any of the highfalutin reasons they claim! That is because...They do not have any hatred for Japan at all! They have long ago forgiven Japan or maybe not even blamed Japan at all before! That is the reason!"

Thunderous applause!

The Peking University students expressed their difficult to describe emotions with loud applause for this!

Zhang Ye adjusted his shirt and tie, presenting himself decently, and then said, "In an official government occasion, there are some things that some would never say as it would offend others, show a lack of demeanor and standards, presenting themselves as inelegant, attracting doubt and controversy. But I am not afraid to offend, I don't have good demeanor, I have low standards, I have always been simple and inelegant, I am not afraid of being doubted and controversial! So whether or not there are cameras around, no matter who is here today, no matter how many reporters are here today, no matter how many leaders are looking at me right now..." Zhang Ye turned to look at the cameras and declared as he put his hand over his chest, "What the others dare not say, I, Zhang Ye will say it! At any point in time, at any place, at any occasion,

whoever asks me the same questions, I have the courage to answer anyone just like today—”

Zhang Ye shouted once, “Boycotting Japanese products...is a sign of patriotism!”

Zhang Ye shouted twice, “Scolding Japan...is a sign of patriotism!”

Zhang Ye shouted thrice, “Scolding those who defend Japan by scolding us...is a sign of patriotism!”

Many of Peking University’s teachers were staring with their mouths agape! Holy sh*t! Holy sh*t! Holy sh*t!

Zhang Ye said fearlessly, “Is scolding people right? Scolding people is not right! Sorry then, we have low standards, we are inelegant, but this is who we are! Just a common citizen’s way of showing his love for his country!” Zhang Ye dragged out his words. “But this is just us, an ordinary citizen’s most humble patriotism!”

Vigorous applause once more echoed through the entire hall. All of the students had stood up to clap with all they had. A few female students were so excited by this talk that they even had tears in their eyes!

What a good “scolding Japan is a sign of patriotism”!

What a good “most humble patriotism”!

Just as Zhang Ye had said, there were some words some people did not dare say, but he dared. In the faces of the visiting delegation, in an occasion faced with so many Chinese and foreign reporters, Zhang Ye shouted out what no one else dared to say!

The people upstairs were already in full rage!

But Zhang Ye looked directly at them and said, “I have a poem here I would like to dedicate to our friends upstairs to end my speech with today.”

Poem?

He was going to compose another impromptu poem again?

The applause quickly stopped as the Peking University students perked up their ears in anticipation!

Zhang Ye melodiously recited:

“How to let you encounter me.

“At my most beautiful moment.

“For this—

“I’ve prayed to Buddha for five hundred years.

Prayed he’d bring us together by destiny.”

This was a masterpiece from his previous world, a work by Xi Murong entitled A Flowering Tree!

When Zhang Ye recited it, Yao Mi was taken aback, Senior Song had a look of suspicion while countless other Peking University students all did not seem like they understood any of it. It wasn’t that they did not understand the meaning of those words, but they did not understand why Zhang Ye would randomly recite a love poem.

Prayed for five hundred years?

Brought together by destiny?

Brought together with who? Japan? What was this supposed to mean?

But Zhang Ye continued:

“Buddha thus turned me into a tree.

“Growing beside the path you must pass.

“In the sunshine, in full bloom gingerly.

“Every blossom a hope from my past life.”

No one could deny that this was indeed a good poem. Up until here, the mood of the poem was vividly established, but still, no one could understand: how was this not a love poem?

Zhang Ye smiled lightly.

“When you near.

“Please listen closely.

“The quivering leaves

are the warmth of my waiting.

“But you eventually moved on, oblivious?

“Falling all over the ground behind you, my friend, are not petals, but me softly saying...” Zhang Ye raised his hand and pointed at the Japanese. “Idiots!”

At this instance!

At this moment!

When the word “idiots” rang out, the whole hall exploded into laughter!

Those who had been scolded by Zhang Ye in the most direct and vulgar manner had their faces flush so much they looked purple!

Meanwhile, those from Peking University were shocked and could not believe what had just happened!

Su Na: “.....”

Professor Zeng: “.....”

Chang Kaige: “.....”

Zhen Shuquan: “.....”

Dean Pan: “.....”

Xin Ya: “.....”

The foreign mathematicians: “.....%^&*)(*&^%!!!”

Prayed to Buddha for five hundred years, brought together by destiny with them, turned into a tree beside the path they must pass, hope from the past life, warmly waiting, all just to have a

face-to-face chance to softly say—Idiots!?

Everyone was shocked by how daring Zhang Ye was!

In this second, the large Centennial Hall went fearfully quiet!

The Peking University students and teachers went quiet, the Chinese reporters went quiet, the Japanese political and university delegations also went quiet!

The atmosphere seemed to have frozen for a second!

When they had been targeted, who stood up for them? Zhang Ye!

When they were sternly scolded by the professors and teachers, who spoke up for them? Zhang Ye!

So when Zhang Ye finished reciting his poem, many of the Peking University students looked upstairs at the delegations!

Suddenly, a chubby Peking University student suddenly stood up and pointed upstairs, shouting, “Idiots!”

The third-year senior who had been protected by Zhang Ye earlier also stood up from her seat, looked at those upstairs and shouted out loudly, “Idiots!”

Yao Mi stood up. “Idiots!”

Li Li stood up. “Idiots!”

Senior Zhou drew a deep breath and pointed upstairs. “Idiots!”

At the beginning, there was only sparse and inconsistent shouting!

But gradually, everyone’s shouting became more consistent as one, ten, a hundred, two hundred people, all Peking University students joined in!

“Idiots!”

“Idiots!”

“Idiots!”

Finally, even Senior Song the straight-A student stood up to shout out, “Idiots!”

Five hundred students!

A thousand students!

1,500 students!

All of the Peking University students had joined in to shout and denounce them!

All of them were standing up together! All of them were pointing their fingers at those upstairs!

What sort of a place was this? It was Peking University! This was the country's best and most elite education institution! Among the students, there were last year's scholars from Beijing, Beihe, Jiangsu, Gansu, and nine other provinces! There was also the best testing student from the national college entrance exam two years ago! There was a top student from Peking University's postgraduate program!

Can you imagine the scene?

A Peking University teacher, leading a group of more than a thousand elite students from across the country, pointing their fingers at the Japanese delegation, shouting one louder than the other, "Idiots!"

My God!

Just what kind of image is that?

Just what kind of sight is that?

The Peking University teachers were all shocked!

The Chinese reporters were all shocked!

The Japanese delegation was shocked!!!

Chapter 563: The Peking University's Students' Epic Act!

Outside the auditorium.

Everything was as usual.

A few security guards were patrolling the grounds relaxed.

“What kind of big shot came today?”

“I heard it was a delegation of Japanese officials.”

“No wonder. I was wondering why it sounded so tumultuous inside.”

“Yeah, I’m not sure what they’re doing inside either. Maybe there’s a speech or something? Why is it so raucous? It’s like someone is shouting? But shouting what?”

“I can’t hear clearly.”

“Huh? It sounds like someone is shouting ‘idiots.’”

“You’re the idiot, hur hur. How could that be happening in such a setting? Even if you’re mad, you wouldn’t possibly choose such a day to make trouble. Wouldn’t that cause a big ruckus?”

“I suppose so. I probably heard wrong.”

But a few seconds later, the shouting grew louder and louder, sounding clearer and clearer.

The three security guards looked at each other in shock and were suddenly overcome by a sense of surreality. F**k! They really did not hear wrong! It was really “idiots”! The people inside are really shouting “idiots”!

A staff member from the neighboring hall ran over in a panic, asking, “What’s going on? What the heck is going on?”

“What sound is that?” another staff member came running from a hall further away. “What happened?”

The shouting was very rhythmic and loud, so there was definitely no chance they heard wrong. Not only around the grounds of Centennial Hall, even the other halls in the surrounding 200-meter radius could faintly hear the shouting. The hall was soundproofed, with Peking University having spent large sums of money to build the most spectacular soundproofed hall in the country, and yet the clamor inside right now could be heard from so far away. The volume inside must be off the charts!

A hallucination!

It must be a hallucination!

The security guards and the school staff were all feeling very confused!

Then, the security guards' walkie-talkie crackled. A call for assistance? They knew by now that something big must have happened. Without a second word, they rushed into the hall with their batons. A few staff members from the other halls also followed behind to go in to help. When the main door was opened, the loud shouts from inside nearly pushed them back out. The sound wave kept hitting them. It was nothing like what they had seen before. They were all startled!

Subsequently, many other Peking University students who heard the commotion rushed over as well. When they saw all that was happening in front of them, they stopped in their tracks, their jaws dropping to the ground!

“This...”

“This is...”

“Damn!”

The hall was exploding!

The shouts were deafening!

A thousand angry voices, a thousand hands were all directed at the upstairs of the hall!

The security guards and many Peking University students who had just come inside immediately noticed Zhang Ye standing at the rostrum and recognized a few of the students from the audience!

Wasn't that Zhao Yuzhou! An officer from the Student Council!

They could see Zhao Yuzhou, with a reddened face, pointing and shouting at those upstairs, "Idiots! Idiots!"

Damn! And that person there, wasn't that the scholar from Jiangnan province this year! I thought he was just a bookworm? He usually doesn't even talk much in class with his classmates? But right now, this scholar's face had anger written all over it. The usually quiet and reserved him was shouting much louder than the 20 or 30 people around him. His voice had gone hoarse. "Idiots! Idiots!"

Ah! And that person!

F**k, even the Student Council's Vice President is scolding!

You're the Student Council's Vice President! Why are you also leading in the jeering!

Aiyah! That...that...could that be Sister Yan? The national college entrance exam scholar from three years ago and top

scholarship winner for two consecutive years, the publicly acknowledged straight-A student? But who was this person in front of them right now? Just who the heck was this woman standing on the chair and shouting “idiots”!?

Oh my God!

It’s getting crazy!

Everyone’s gone crazy!

A number of students who had just arrived on scene went off again to quickly make some calls!

“Bangzi! Come to Centennial Hall quickly!”

“What’s the matter, man? I’m sleeping.”

“Just come quickly! Something big has happened! The Japanese political delegates have been surrounded by our school’s students! A thousand of them! Y’know, a thousand! They’re all pointing to the delegates and calling them idiots!”

“Get lost! Trying to prank me!?”

“Your sister! It’s f**king real!”

Beside him, a Peking University female student was calling her dormmate!

“Meimei, quickly gather the people from our dorm! Come to Centennial Hall now! Aiyo, this is too exciting! It’s crazy over here! The Japanese political delegation has been scolded!”

“How’s that possible!”

“Have you ever seen over a thousand people squeezed into a place, simultaneously scolding someone?”

“Get lost, hehe. Let’s make a bet. If you lose, drinks are on you. Are you trying to trick us into going all the way there? Don’t even think about it! Do you think we’re stupid?”

“Dammit! Wait a moment, I’ll let you listen to this! Listen to it! Did you hear?”

“Damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn, damn! It’s really true! Wait for me! We’ll be there immediately! Immediately!

.....

“Idiots!”

“Idiots!”

For the 40th time!

For the 50th time!

For the 55th time!

The doors to the hall opened again. Many of the Peking University students who had just heard of the news rushed over. Some of them were also present at this morning's showdown with the Tokyo University representatives. When they saw what was happening, under the influence of the atmosphere, a few of them also suddenly started to shout along with the audience. One by one, more and more of them joined in!

The shouting became increasingly synchronized. Under the effect of this resonance, the decibel level of the angry shouting rose so high that it nearly blew the roof off the hall. Nothing else could be heard in the hall other than the synchronized shouts of "idiots." No one had asked them to do this. Zhang Ye had only shouted that once. However, that resulted in the Peking University students unifying together to spontaneously shout the same! With one, there was two; with two, followed a hundred, then a thousand. At this moment, an esprit never before seen had united all of these students and braided them together like a rope!

What straight-A student?

What national college entrance exam scholar?

What male or female?

What elite party member?

What officer or vice president of the Student Council?

In this moment, everyone had dropped their statuses or the labels that others had given them. They all just scolded the things they dared not scold before and did what they used to not dare do! Scold the Japanese head on? Scolding the Japanese delegation head on? This was an epic act of defiance they had never even thought they would do, let alone do for real! But today, at this moment, under the influence of Zhang Ye's amazing speech, they scolded! They did it! They had committed an act so epic that it would shock anyone and everyone!

“Stop scolding!” a Peking University teacher yelled from the front row.

Another Peking University teacher tried to bring about some order. “Sit down! All of you sit down!”

There were even teachers who went around dragging some students back. “Zhao Yuzhou, you're an officer of the Student Council! How can you lead the others in doing this with you? Are you out of your mind? Hurry! Tell the other students to stop shouting!”

But Zhao Yuzhou did not even bother with the teacher and just

continued pointing upstairs, shouting and scolding!

The publicly acknowledged straight-A student, Sister Yan, couldn't be bothered by whether she'd be able to qualify for this year's scholarship. Nor did she care if the school authority would discipline her. She was a very headstrong woman. If she wasn't as tall as the male students around her? Then she would just step onto the chair. Her voice was much louder and sharper than the guys anyway!

The teachers around were unable to persuade or stop what these students felt to be the most humble patriotism in the hearts!

Stop?

Shut up?

Wait until the country's standards surpass Japan before we evaluate them? Wait until our fields of science and technology surpasses Japan before we judge them? Wait until the Chinese per capita income surpasses Japan before we comment on them? By that time, we will be qualified to point our fingers at them?

Go f**k yourself!

They have already been quiet for too long!

They have kept their silence for too long!

They did not want to wait any longer now! It has to be today! It has to be now!

We might not be able to have achievements in science and technology, we might not be able to increase our per capita income, we might even be labeled as people who have low standards who hold the country back! But there's one thing that we're able to do! There's one thing that we can achieve!

Point at the faces of the Japanese!

And use all of our strength to shout at them... Idiots!!!

Chapter 564: Didn't I Say To Not Let Me Give The Speech!

Downstairs, the scolding came like a condemning wave!

Upstairs, the people were utterly discomfited!

Bai Yi slapped his hands heavily onto the chair's arms. "Unforgivable!"

Professor Yan nearly blew his top. "That Zhang Ye! I'd said earlier that he should never have been allowed to step into Peking University! As a teacher of the people, he's leading people to scold others? Leading so many of our students to scold people? He's going to rebel!"

Matsumoto: "\$%^&*:(!"

An official who was with the delegation: "\$%^&*:(!"

The Japanese translator declared loudly, "We will lodge a stern protest! All of your actions are undermining the relationship between our countries and negatively affecting our bilateral cooperation in many areas!"

A leader of Peking University immediately turned solemn and said, "That is the view of one of the teachers from our school, but his view does not represent Peking University's view! Nor does it

represent China's!"

An individual's view?

He even felt guilty when he tried explained it that way.

Your sister! With so many people downstairs scolding them, this individual's view...does indeed seem much more than just one individual. But with what happened until now, what else could he say? He could only explain it that way!

Besides, he also knew that this political delegation led by Matsumoto was only one of several that involved the education sector. His words couldn't represent those of the other political delegates nor could it represent Japan. However, this incident today was really too serious and tricky to handle. It was something that had never happened before in Peking University, but if you said that it would really affect many areas of their countries bilateral cooperation, then that would be too farfetched. Multiple projects worth billions of dollars and the ties between the countries, oh, just because a commoner from a certain place scolded you all, just because some students from a certain school scolded you all, you can just stop all cooperation at the snap of your fingers? Can you just sever ties so easily? That would be a bit too trifling and wouldn't be that easy!

After wrangling for a bit, Matsumoto and his team could not bear to stay around any longer. Their eardrums were nearly bursting from the incessant, raucous din. He swung his arm as he turned around to leave, the other delegates following behind and busily whispering. Only the university delegation was left behind now,

and with no more cooperation on the books, they left as well! Cooperation? What cooperation! With so many angry voices in close proximity, if they stayed behind, God knows what would happen. They might even get beaten up by the students. After all, they had been late to the ceremony by more than two hours!

All of the them left together!

Or rather, they left with their tails tucked between their legs!

Although the delegation left in an imposing manner, speaking ruthlessly and sternly protesting, in actual fact, they were feeling very nervous and afraid. With over a thousand students in the hall and even more gathering outside it, if each one of them spat at the delegation, they might even drown. They knew they had to leave immediately!

The Japanese reporters observed for a little longer before deciding they could no longer stay around. They then hurriedly took their leave. They had come here today with pride and a sense of superiority, knowing that as foreign reporters, at a time when the Japanese Prime Minister was visiting China, they would be treated like honored guests. Some groups had even begged them to report about them in a more positive light. But none of them could have expected that at this Peking University stop, in this country's best educational institution where the teachers and students were of the highest standards, they would be scolded. They were even scolded in the most direct way that the Chinese would scold with—being called “idiots”! This was truly an unpredictable outcome no one could have taken precautions against!

This was too unreasonable!

This was really too unreasonable!

Some of these Japanese reporters nearly fainted from anger!

Only the Chinese reporters looked like they were on steroids as they stayed behind to capture everything that was happening with their cameras. They even managed to get the footage of the moment when the political delegation and Japanese reporters were chased away by the scolding!

“That’s fascinating!”

“This is big news!”

“Before I came here today, I thought that, since this was political coverage, there wouldn’t be much to look forward to. But now that we are looking at all that is happening, it seems like all of this will be headed for the headlines! And it won’t just be the headlines for a day! This is at least two or three days’ worth of headlines to deal with!”

“Can this footage be broadcast?”

“I don’t know. It might be dangerous!”

“We still have to record it. This footage is too powerful because

of the students' bravery. It's the first time I'm experiencing something like this. I never knew that these straight-A students could be so courageous and upright?"

"Ai, it's because Zhang Ye's speech was too powerful. I seriously listened to it just now. When it was finished, even a person my age felt like joining together with the students and scolding! The main point is that I'm not a nationalist!"

"Pfft! It's Zhang Ye again!"

"With his talents, why doesn't he do anything the right way!"

"Yeah, it's as if the best steel is never used to make the knife's edge!"

"This person is too good at attracting trouble. This time, it's no small issue of just scolding some other celebrities. This is him leading a group of people to scold a political delegation. This surely won't end well!"

"He's gotten himself into big trouble now!"

"Why is Teacher Zhang's temper so terrible!"

The Chinese reporters were relatively more objective about the situation due to the nature of their job. They were some of the few in the hall who had maintained their calm during this incident. Of course, there were a few male and female reporters who had joined

the students to shout out “idiots” after the speech moved them, but they were very quickly stopped and talked down by some of the older and more experienced seniors. They did not want create any potential trouble for their employers. The students might have already scolded the Japanese, but as people of the media, they definitely ought not partake in such scoldings, especially when it was such a big event!

The main leads walked off. At the end, the Peking University students scolded in chorus another two more times before gradually stopping. Some of them had scolded so hard they nearly got hypoxia at the end! They had to sit down to rest to catch their breath! Some others scolded until their voices went hoarse and had to get some mineral water from their friends before gulping down the whole bottle.

After more than ten seconds of silence.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, people started applauding. It grew louder and louder!

“Oh!”

“They’ve been chased away by our scolding!”

“Dammit, what have we done?”

“We chased away the political delegates with our scolding!”

“My god, we’re too cruel!”

“What a great feeling!”

“That was too damn fun!”

“I didn’t even know that I could scold people!”

Many Peking University students were cheering as they applauded hard, not for anyone but themselves! They clapped for their long suppressed and silent selves!

That they could actually scold others with no standards!

That they could...be so bold to do something like that!

Suddenly, a head of the school shouted from upstairs, “All of you, stay where you are! No one leaves this place! Wait until your teachers or your parents come to bail you out!”

“Ah?”

“What do we do?”

“What else can we do? Everyone, on my signal...comrades! Let’s run!!!”

When the signal was given, all the Peking University students in the hall roared a battle cry and dispersed. Some of those who could not react in time were stunned for a second before quickly joining the others in escaping!

“Run!”

“Don’t get caught!”

“Everyone, it’s every man for himself!”

“Battle comrades, we’ll meet up again when we get out of here!”

As they ran, they laughed like they were having fun. There was no chaos when the doors opened. Even though the exit was not that big, everyone did not squeeze to the front to try to get out. Instead, they gave way to each other, the freshmen going first, followed by the second year students, and then the third year students. It was very organized. After having gone through a battle together in the hall, everyone had become comrades and were feeling very united!

Under the screams of the heads of the school, the security guards had wanted to take control of the situation, but since there were too many people, there was nothing they could do. They did not even dare do anything since they were the smallest group around!

Eventually, they could only look on as all the students left the hall!

Informing parents about misdeeds in university was a rare occurrence. It was unlike primary or secondary schools, and hardly even heard of in a university. But today's incident had clearly become too big. Even if the students were expelled from the school, it would not seem like a heavy punishment. Of course, Peking University could easily expel one student if he or she dared to point and scold at foreign guests-of-honor. No one could raise an objection to that. But today's situation was clearly very different, as almost 2,000 people had scolded the guests-of-honor. Do you know what the enrollment figure of Peking University was for this year? Expel all of them? That was impossible! Unless they wanted Peking University to close down! Unless they wanted the angry parents of a few thousand students to descend onto the campus of the university!

“The law does not punish numerous offenders.” That saying was a fine example of what was happening here!

Expel? That was not a realistic action to take! What about other kinds of punishments? A little less than 2,000 people were involved in this incident. Even if it was just filling in the procedures, it would take the teachers three days and three nights to complete. Yes, they wouldn't be able to finish writing! And so, it seemed they had no options they could consider. After thinking about it for a long time, the Peking University heads finally thought of something!

Zhang Ye!

It was all because of Zhang Ye!

The students could run, but surely you cannot run!

At once, the school heads upstairs and the teachers downstairs gathered together and stood below the stage, staring at Zhang Ye who was still standing at the rostrum!

The school heads were full of wrath!

Su Na had a look of worry.

Professor Zeng didn't know whether to laugh or cry as he kept taking deep breaths.

Dean Pan also held his head in his hands helplessly.

Xin Ya looked at Zhang Ye, totally rendered speechless by his actions!

Faced with more than a dozen Peking University teachers and leaders who all had different expressions, Zhang Ye knew he was in big trouble this time. He slowly left the rostrum. Sensing they were going to judge him and make him responsible for everything, Zhang Ye did not wait for them to say anything and just slapped his hand on his thigh very forcefully, while saying loudly, "Aiya! Why didn't any of you stop me! Why didn't you all stop me! Dean Pan!" He looked at Dean Pan of the School of Mathematical Sciences. "I'd already told you that I did not wish to get on stage to do this speech! I'd already said it! And yet you kept telling me that I

had to do it, no matter what! Look, now we're in trouble!"

Dean Pan was dumbfounded and could only reply with an "Ah?"

Zhang Ye looked at the staff member from the Office of School Leadership who had passed him the message to make some script amendments and said, "I'd already told you when we were backstage that we ought to find someone else to do this! Why didn't you listen to me! You just did not want to listen! Look at what happened now! Someone even got scolded now. Hai, what do we do now? What do we do about Peking University's reputation now!"

That staff member nearly cursed at his mom! Dammit!

Does this even make sense?

Does this even make any sense?

The ones in the wrong now were us? We did not stop you!?

Zhang Ye also admitted his faults by saying, "Of course, I have some responsibility in this matter as well. Hai, my temper is really bad, I couldn't suppress the rage in me anymore when I picked up the microphone."

Some responsibility?

Is that all you think there is to it?

The school heads: “.....”

Xin Ya: “.....”

The foreign mathematicians: “.....”

The Chinese reporters: “.....”

When they were faced with Zhang Ye's impromptu admission of his responsibilities, the head of the school was so angry that he no longer knew what to say. He could only point at him, looking exasperated but unable to find any words to say. His arms trembled with rage. Very quickly, he turned to leave as well, afraid that if he were to hear Zhang Ye speak any further, he would blow his top and die right there!

Chapter 565: Leaving Peking University!

Outside the auditorium.

It was already 4 PM in the afternoon.

Cambridge University's Baker had a face gasping in admiration of Zhang Ye who had come outside alongside him. He spoke in English, "Zhang Ye, your eloquence in speaking was really eye-opening to us all." The foreign mathematicians had been present the whole time, with the translators translating everything Zhang Ye said in his speech. So they were also in the know of what had just happened.

Zhang Ye said, "Oh, is that right?"

Baker commented, "Even at Cambridge University, the most elite teachers who research languages would probably not even be half as good as you." What kind of place was Cambridge? If you say that Peking University was the best educational institute in China, then Cambridge would be the best educational institute in the world. The difference in rank was huge. It could even be considered an entirely different tier of an institute. This was why Baker's comment spoke very highly of Zhang Ye, although it was not known if he was just flattering or speaking the truth. "I am really wondering right now if you're actually a mathematician? In our mathematics world, how can there be someone who can articulate and speak as well as you?"

Xin Ya explained, "Teacher Zhang Ye of Peking University

originally graduated with a broadcasting major. Not only is he a mathematician, he is also a very famous and outstanding host in China.”

Baker clearly did not know this before. “Ah?”

Most of the other foreign mathematicians were also taken aback. “What?”

Only a few of them knew of Zhang Ye’s background and were not surprised.

Zhang Ye sighed. “I’m not that outstanding, Professor Xin is really generous with her praise. My work in broadcasting hasn’t reached the national level yet. I’m just somewhere in the middle, doing OK,” he said humbly. What he said was actually true, though maybe he was far from even the middle. But in his work as a host, he was probably considered to have an excellent standard. However, if compared to an elite host, he didn’t think he could compare. After all, he had never hosted a nationwide, satellite broadcasted program before. He was always doing his work on the smaller platforms like the local channels or online television station. Thus, he was still considered inexperienced.

A German mathematician said, “I’m looking forward to Professor Zhang’s programs then.”

Zhang Ye laughed. “Sure, if you’re all interested, I will invite everyone to the studio when I have a program in the future. I believe my next program will be happening soon.” When he said

that, he sounded a little compelled by his situation, but not exactly feeling depressed. He was rather accepting of all that had happened.

The foreigners might not have noticed it, but the teachers from Peking University heard the depressing undertone in his words. Next program would be happening soon? Yes, it's about time you went off to do your new program! With today's mess, it would be a miracle if you were still around to teach. The punishment would definitely not be light. It even seemed that many of Peking University's teachers thought that doing a program right now would be taking it too positively. This incident, this mess might not even be resolvable any time soon. Who knows how it will end up? Don't think that burning incense will help out again if you get banned once more!

The mathematicians left.

Zhang Ye sent them to the vehicles and went back with Dean Pan.

On the way, some Peking University students passed by from time to time. When they saw Zhang Ye, they all excitedly waved to Zhang Ye to greet him.

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Amazing!”

“Teacher Zhang, you're so awesome!”

“Well done!”

Many Peking University students who were not at the hall for the ceremony had heard of the incident from their classmates who were there. They heard that Zhang Ye led more than a thousand Peking University students in pointing at and scolding the Japanese political delegation as “idiots.” When they heard this, their blood boiled as the nationalistic youth spirit in them could only imagine what had gone on. They hated themselves for not being at Centennial Hall to witness it in person!

Zhang Ye returned their greetings along the way. When he had just reached the teacher’s office at the Chinese Department, Peking University’s punishment for him had already been passed down!

Suspended!

Classes stopped!

The students who had applied for Zhang Ye’s elective class were to apply for other classes within the next three days.

This punishment was announced by Dean Chang Kaige. With his classes stopped, it meant that he was suspended and temporarily relieved of his duties at Peking University, at both the Chinese and Math Departments. In normal circumstances, this punishment would definitely be considered heavy. Suspension was a punishment only meted out when a teacher made a critical error. But for Zhang Ye’s mess that he created today, why did it seem as

though this punishment was too light?

Only earned a suspension?

Shouldn't he be removed from his post? Shouldn't it be a sacking instead?

When Zhang Ye received the punishment details, he heaved a sigh a relief. It was a punishment he could still accept. He really wanted to retain the position of a teacher of Peking University. It wasn't only for his status and reputation. During his days here at the school and the time he spent with the students, he had started to like this place, the campus, and every one of the cute students of Peking University. This was why he did not wish to leave this place. Although a suspension meant he could not come here for the time being, or he might still have additional punishments lined up for him, at the very least, it left a thought for Zhang Ye. It meant that he could still have the chance to resume his classes in the future!

Chang Kaige looked at him. "Hai, you are really...!"

The Department's Secretary, Zhen Shuquan, said disappointedly, "It's only the first day of the semester and you've already made such a big mess. You can't give classes anymore now, just because you did not think before you spoke. Was that worth it?"

Worth it?

But Zhang Ye did not think the same as him!

He always said what he wanted, did whatever he wanted. It was as simple as that, because if you did not live life this way, then it would truly be a life not worth living. You would end up in a coffin, regretting the times that you did not speak up!

Chang Kaige said, “Go back home and rest for some time. Secretary Zhen and I will try to help you deal with the matters here, see if we can appeal for you. But if there’s even a chance to resume your classes, it might not be in the near future. Probably next semester. So just be prepared for it, alright?”

Zhang Ye suddenly said, “Thank you, Dean Chang. Thank you, Secretary Zhen. The fuss I kicked up has made both of you worried about me. It’s alright. I’m fine, and I will accept my punishment.”

Since he had already done it, Zhang Ye was prepared to shoulder the consequences. Besides...it wasn’t his first time anyway. He looked calm, like nothing had happened at all. If this punishment were given to another Peking University teacher, that person would probably faint upon hearing it. It would feel like the sky had fallen on them or the end of the road. However, Zhang Ye was different. He was a battle-hardened person. Suspension? Sacking? Ban? Jailed? What had he not done before? So, with these experiences behind him, his mental strength was clearly different from others!

Di di.

A text message came.

When Zhang Ye looked at his cellphone, he saw a message from Dean Pan of the School of Mathematical Sciences.

The message displayed: The title of associate professor will not be withdrawn. It still belongs to you. Rest for some time. We will all wait for your return.

The title of associate professor won't be withdrawn?

Zhang Ye knew that Pan Yang must've spoken up for him, otherwise, with his mistakes, he wouldn't have possibly been able to retain the position without having even gone through the proper channels. Of course, a part of this outcome was probably due to Dale's Conjecture too. For a global mathematical conjecture that was so important and on such a large scale, even if Zhang Ye had committed an even graver mistake, Peking University wouldn't dare to deny this achievement of his. He guessed that the reason why he had not been sacked was likely related to this matter. The Peking University authorities had probably deliberated before meting out his punishment that offered a glimmer of leeway in it. Peking University would still protect its own interests. Although those heads of school nearly died of anger because of him, in the end, they still sought to protect him. From a certain angle, his punishment was probably given so that they could answer to the public.

Exhaling, Zhang Ye finished packing his work desk very quickly. He picked up his belongings and said, "Alright then. I'm leaving."

Su Na was slightly more emotional, her eyes red, as she said, “Teacher Zhang.”

Professor Zeng was also looking a little unhappy. “Ai.”

A young teacher from the Chinese Department said, “It will be a little difficult getting used to not having you around.” After Zhang Ye had arrived at Peking University, he had brought the Chinese Department a lot drama as well as joy. The teachers who usually only had a decent relationship with Zhang Ye, or did not talk much with him, were now feeling a little disappointed that he would be leaving.

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “It will be fine. I might be able to come back in the future. When the time comes, we will be able to work together again. I’m the sort of person who doesn’t have a good temper and often gets into trouble. But you all should know that I bear no bad intentions. I just speak whatever I think. Some of us might’ve been good friends. There are others whom I have not spoken much to, but I would like to thank all of you for taking care of me while I was here at Peking University.”

Su Na turned away, secretly wiping away her tears. It would have been OK if Zhang Ye did not say that, but when he did, she could no longer hold it in. In Peking University, Su Na was probably the one who had the best relationship with Zhang Ye. They weren’t just colleagues. Privately, they were good friends as well.

Professor Wu: “Come back soon. We will all be waiting.”

A middle-aged female teacher nodded. “Yes, we will wait for you to return.”

“Let’s go downstairs together,” Professor Zeng said.

Chang Kaige also said, “Yes, let’s go together to send you off.”

Chapter 566: Incident Details Exposed!

On the official website of Peking University, the decision to suspend Zhang Ye's classes was posted with no reason or explanation given. The details of the punishment were posted directly onto the notice page of the website in a highly visible location.

Some netizens who were browsing the page saw it by coincidence.

“Eh?”

“Zhang Ye?”

Class suspended? What happened?”

“Isn't it the first day of school at Peking University? Why did they suddenly suspend Zhang Ye's classes? I was still looking forward to the videos of his new classes this semester. What happened?”

“I don't understand either!”

“Are there any Peking University students around? Please explain it to us!”

“Yeah, does anyone know anything at all?”

The news had spread to Weibo, Tieba, and some other forums. Gradually, the number of people who were paying attention to this news increased. Everyone wondered why Peking University had suspended Zhang Ye, unable to make heads or tails of the whole thing. It was only the first day of school and classes had not even formally started. So why would a suspension be given out of nowhere?

Many of Zhang Ye's old friends were also roused.

Yao Jiancai posted on Weibo: "What's up this time?"

Dong Shanshan also posted a series of question marks below.

Skit actress, Ci Xiufang also posted: "What trouble did Little Zhang get into again? What big matter is it? Otherwise, it wouldn't have called for a suspension, right?"

A netizen posted: "Yes, the classes were all scheduled in advance, especially the elective classes which require the students' registration. If they suspend his classes now, then how much manpower and time will they need to waste to get things back in order? Besides, it sure would be difficult for the students to arrange and would definitely mess up their schedules. What's so important that they had to stop his classes? He has even been relieved of his duties? What's up with Teacher Zhang Ye again this time? Could it be that he has destroyed Peking University?"

Online, everyone was left wondering.

Suddenly, a few netizens exclaimed!

“Dammit! Go switch on your televisions and watch Central TV!”

“Quickly, quickly!”

“Damn, something big happened at Peking University!”

“It’s a press conference with the Ministry of Foreign Affairs! Listen to it, quick!”

They “shouted” with such surprise that many netizens also hurried to turn on their televisions to take a look. Some who switched it on late missed the beginning and could only watch from the middle of the press conference.

.....

Half a minute ago.

At this moment, Central TV Department 1 was broadcasting live. The scene was at the news office where the spokesperson for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs had just started answering press questions. The spokesperson discussed the recent topics of the Sino-Japanese political visit and cooperation projects, the pollution control standards of Japanese enterprises that had settled in China, as well as the negotiation process for related

projects. Of course, there were also a series of question regarding the future cooperation between the two countries. On the floor, there were many reporters from both the Chinese and many Asian media outlets.

At the beginning, the questions were quite routine, with the foreign reporters asking questions that were relatively peaceful and not too confrontational.

But suddenly, a Japanese reporter who had just received a call had a big change in his expression. He immediately raised his hand to signal his intent to ask a question, but the spokesperson did not call on him. Disregarding the rules, he stood up directly and interrupted a Chinese reporter who was about to speak. He asked loudly in fluent Chinese, “I just received news that our political and university delegations who were visiting Peking University today have been on the receiving end of insults by thousands of Peking University students who were led by a Peking University teacher. They verbally abused and threw personal attacks at our delegates. Would the spokesperson please answer and give an explanation for this! Is that the way the Chinese treat their guests?”

When these words were said, every reporter at the press conference was stunned!

Verbal abuse?

Personal attacks?

No way! What the f**k were you talking about?

Not only the Chinese reporters, even all the other foreign reporters' initial reactions were of disbelief. They felt that this person had probably just latched onto some hearsay or rumors. What sort of a place was Peking University? It was China's most prestigious and best educational institution, where the most elite teachers and students were gathered. Their standards and upbringing were the highest. If your political delegation went to visit Peking University, why would they scold them for? Who would dare scold them? So how could something like a teacher leading thousands of students to scold people happen? This was virtually unheard of. Even if you thought on your feet, you should know that it couldn't possibly happen!

A Chinese female reporter chuckled. "Is he daydreaming? What on earth is he talking about?"

A middle-aged male reporter shook his head and said, "Does he think this is a Western country where people protest or throw shoes over almost anything? Leading a thousand people to scold? What an international joke!"

"Right, the Peking University teachers are..."

Before he finished the sentence, the Chinese reporter was astonished for a second before asking, "Hey! Wait! Wait a moment! Is Zhang Ye...a teacher of Tsinghua University or Peking University?"

The female reporter froze and said, "...Zhang Ye is a Peking University teacher!"

Another male reporter beside them also paled at this. "That's right! He's a Peking University teacher!"

A young reporter swore and then said, "How could I have missed that!"

"What!?"

Of the Chinese reporters at the press conference, some were involved in society news, some did international news coverage, while others specialized in field work. However, even if not all of them were considered entertainment reporters, all of them were familiar with the name of Zhang Ye. If the Japanese reporter had said another institution's name earlier, like Renmin University, Tsinghua University or Fudan, then these Chinese reporters would definitely not believe his words. They would even risk guaranteeing that this was a rumor. This was not something that would happen at a Chinese university. But since the Japanese reporter had mentioned Peking University when he brought up the incident, and with the legendary Zhang Ye working as a teacher at Peking University, putting these two together led them all to come to a conclusion which left them in shock!

It might be true!

This was most likely not a rumor!

Wherever a thorn like Zhang Ye went, anything that happened would not even be considered surprising anymore!

On stage, the spokesperson ignore the Japanese reporter's question. He looked back at the other reporter he had originally pointed at and said, "Please go on with your question."

However, the Japanese reporter angrily said, "Please answer my question now."

The Chinese spokesperson looked at him this time and said, "First off, I have already picked this reporter and let him ask his question. By interrupting us, you are being very rude. Second, I have not been informed of the matter you have raised. I am not in the know. When we do get news of it, I will answer your question then."

The press conference continued.

That Japanese reporter sat down indignantly!

.....

On the internet.

Central TV's live broadcast was shown throughout the nation!

Countless people who were watching all became dumbfounded at

this moment!

“Something big has happened!”

“Since when did Peking University become so fierce?”

“Damn, I wonder if it really happened or not!”

“Could it just be a rumor? How could such kinds of incidents happen in China? Your sister! Have I been transported to another world? No matter how I see it, the fact it happened still seems unbelievable!”

Then, many people linked the matter to the notice that they just saw on Peking University’s website—Zhang Ye’s classes have been suspended and he was relieved of his duties!

“It’s Zhang Ye!”

“Heavens! It’s Zhang Ye again!”

“Who can tell us what has happened!”

“Are there any friends from Peking University?”

“How did Teacher Zhang cause such trouble again?”

“Ah, a video clip was uploaded. I’ve linked it below!”

The number of people paying attention to this news grew greater, as they flocked to check out the clip. It was a video taken with a cell phone, so although the resolution wasn’t very clear, the audio still had good quality. Anything that needed to be seen or heard could.

.....

The beginning of the video showed the lakeside.

It was obviously Peking University’s Weiming Lake. There were several large buses stopped on the road beside it. The whole scene was chaotic. There were many students shouting, looking, and sounding furious and heated.

“Get back, all of you! Do you all even know what situation this is! What day is it today? Such an important exchange and cooperation event is being held! Why are you all causing trouble over here!”

“It was they who started to insult us first!”

“Which faculty are you from? Which class?”

“What the f**k are you taking our pictures for!”

“You’d better shut up!”

“Teacher Bai!”

Bai Yi was sternly scolding the Peking University students.

Through the dialogue, a lot of the netizens who were watching the video clip finally understood the situation. This was an incident where people from the Japanese delegation and the Peking University students had clashed.

The next scene cut to the speeches being given at Centennial Hall.

First to speak was Yan Jiantao, followed by Bai Yi.

We’re more backward than others, we need to give respect, we have to forgive, etc. As these ideological examples were raised, many people were extremely irked by what they heard. Suddenly, the video clip showed Zhang Ye getting on stage, holding a sheaf of papers and looking hesitant. After a while, he threw all of those papers onto the rostrum in front of him!

“Pui!”

“Why should I forgive you? Japan!”

.....

“Boycotting Japanese products...is a sign of patriotism!”

“Scolding Japan...is a sign of patriotism!”

“Scolding those who defend Japan by scolding us...is a sign of patriotism!”

“Is scolding people right? Scolding people is not right! Sorry then, we have low standards, we are inelegant, but this is who we are! Just a common citizen’s way of showing his love for his country! But this is just us, an ordinary citizen’s most humble patriotism! ”

.....

“When you near.

“Please listen closely.

“The quivering leaves
are the warmth of my waiting.

“But you eventually moved on, oblivious?

“Falling all over the ground behind you, my friend, are not petals, but me softly saying...’idiots!’”

.....

When that word came out, all of the netizens watching the video suddenly felt very pumped up, like a spout of boiling blood was about to explode out from within them!

The video was at its climax!

The Peking University students had all stood up from their seats in the hall!

“Idiots!”

“Idiots!”

“Idiots!”

This scene could only be described as crazy!

Online, the emotions of everyone also exploded to its highest point. The netizens had finally found out exactly what had happened at Peking University! It was true! Zhang Ye really led over a thousand students to scold others! They had always known Zhang Ye to be a thorn amid thorns, a nationalistic youth among nationalistic youths. They also knew that he was very gutsy and fearless of everything, but when they saw this video with their own eyes, they felt that they had still underestimated Zhang Ye's courage! This was no longer an issue of whether he had guts or not. This guy was too damn audacious! Zhang Ye's bravery was simply

too much! Even the Earth could not contain it!

What a spectacular sight!

It couldn't be looked at directly with your eyes!

Countless netizens had already frozen at this!

Suddenly, a Tsinghua University female student called out on Weibo: "The warriors of Peking University are as great as can be!"

A Renmin University student passionately commented: "Renmin University sends its congratulatory message! Well scolded! You've all done really well! That was so domineering!"

A few dozen of Nanjing University's freshmen and year two students suddenly came forward in support on Weibo: "A Like for the warriors of Peking University! Awesome!"

One by one, the students of many other universities also responded and gave their Likes too!

Chapter 567: The Students Go On Strike!

“Dominating!”

“How touching!”

“This kind of incident can only be done by Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“That was really satisfying! My eyes have gone red from watching this video clip! Which institution in China has ever had a moment in time like today’s domineering spirit of Peking University!”

“What a good ‘an ordinary citizen’s most humble patriotism’! Just those words and scolding were enough to turn me into a die-hard fan of Zhang Ye!”

“Me too!”

“+1!”

“Love Zhang Ye the most!”

“The Peking University students are too courageous and upright!”

“Love you guys! If you want to marry, marry a Peking University man! If you wish to look for a wife, look for her at Peking

University! Teacher Zhang is great! You guys are great too! So cool!”

This topic had rocketed up Weibo’s main page of trending articles in a short period of time. With it’s momentum, it was probably only 15 to 30 minutes away from becoming the top headline. This was mainly due to the live broadcast of the press conference where it was first mentioned and also because it was a big incident, thus pushing up the topic!

There were countless Likes!

Of course, there were also people who angrily rebuked the incident!

For example, Renmin University’s Professor Ma Hengyuan, who openly criticized the incident on Weibo: “What a mess! What is the meaning of this? Is that the bearing of the country’s best educational institution? Can he still be considered a teacher of the people? A black sheep like this should have been removed from teaching a long time ago. Suspension of class? Relieved of duties? This is letting Zhang Ye off too lightly!”

A current affairs commentator: “In the past, Zhang Ye often spewed nonsense indiscriminately. However, at those times, what he said was always his personal point of view. But now, his speech and behavior are no longer as simple as just his personal viewpoint anymore. As a teacher of the people, not only did he not teach his students to be good, he even taught them to scold others? Teaching the students how to hate on others? This is clearly not how a teacher should behave. Speaking without thinking will only bring

you a moment of happiness, but is there any meaning to that? You're a teacher and a public figure. Anything you say will always be watched by society. What you need to do is play the leading role, bring about a positive energy to the citizens. However, whether it be as a teacher or a public figure, Zhang Ye has undoubtedly failed in his duty now!"

"That's right!"

"It's him again! We're seeing Zhang Ye again!"

"Zhang Ye is still the same old him!"

"He's really too much of a troublemaker!"

"With a teacher like this, how can the students' parents not be worried!"

A constant wave of criticisms!

In just a few short minutes, many experts and academics had already condemned Zhang Ye multiple times!

However, the people supporting Zhang Ye numbered far greater!

A social affairs commentator retorted: "How is positive energy defined? In my opinion, positive energy is not something you can just determine superficially. It does not have a form. Does

swearing make something carry negative energy immediately? Anything that does not conform to the mainstream opinion means that it carries negative energy? Who sets the standards on such things? It's not set by other people but the masses themselves. I've watched the video clip too. Does Professor Yan's and Bai Yi's speech represent the kind of positive energy that you all are talking about? Telling the students that our country is not as good as another country, that we are lacking in standards, that we're a backward country, and how we should respect a country that basically does not respect us—is that what positive energy is? Bullsh*t! Let me tell you all what I understand as positive energy. In the situation where the delegation intentionally arrived late by more than two hours and under the critical speeches of Yan Jiantao and Bai Yi, when I heard Zhang Ye utter the word 'pui'—that is what I call positive energy! When I heard Zhang Ye say 'idiots'—that was also positive energy! So what if it was swearing? So what if he scolded others? Language is only a form of expression, while positive energy runs in a much deeper level of the spirit!"

An online commentator: "Zhang Ye's speeches are also so full of passion and charisma. After listening to his 'Why Should I Forgive You' today, I feel that, in the field of public speaking in our country, Zhang Ye's level can already be considered top of the field. This legendary person has once again brought us such an exciting speech. I know that what I say now may cause some disputes or leave many unsatisfied with my views, but I must still say this from the bottom of my heart. I must give Zhang Ye a Like based on just the word 'idiots' that he used to scold them with! Zhang Ye is one of the most talented persons I've ever known. The reason why he keeps attracting so much doubt and criticism is also probably because he is so talented that even Earth can't hold his talent anymore!"

“Scolding Teacher Zhang Ye? That bunch of people must be crazy!”

“The delegation was intentionally trying to create trouble by being late and not giving us face. The two teachers from Peking University even went as far as scolding our own people over this, but Teacher Zhang stepped forward to rebuke with some fair words, so what do you all mean? Are you all unhappy with that?”

“Support!”

“I’m unconditionally giving all my support to Zhang Ye on this matter!”

“While the foreigners scolded us and looked down on us, none of you spoke up and just kept quiet. But when someone finally leads us to speak up for ourselves, to fight back, you all would rather stand up to criticize Teacher Zhang instead? Go f**k yourselves! Bunch of idiots! You all act as though you’ve seen your ancestors when you meet these foreigners? You don’t even dare raise your voices to them, yet you’re willing to clash with your own comrades! You all are exactly the types that are only good in a civil war, but useless in a national war!”

“No matter how others rate him, to me, Teacher Zhang will always be an excellent teacher of the people! His excellence might be missed by some, but we all know it!”

Suddenly, Ma Hengyuan, Tang Dazhang, and many other experts

and academics who had denounced Zhang Ye along with Peking University's students earlier had their Weibo flooded with an outpouring of replies by the netizens!

“Idiots!”

“Idiots!”

The replies were all done in the esprit of today's scolding by the Peking University students!

Of course, Zhang Ye and some of the experts and students who had supported his actions also had their own Weibo flooded with messages.

“Brain dead!”

“Crazy!”

“A bunch of idiotic nationalists!”

With just a spark, a huge wave of scolding had suddenly erupted!

As it got boisterous online, many news outlets also began publishing their reports on this matter. And so, the number of people who were following with interest also rose sharply!

The people were heatedly discussing it!

.....

At this moment.

At Peking University.

Zhang Ye's colleagues had come to see him off downstairs. He was about to go get his car to leave but was then surrounded by countless students who knew of his departure. He could not move at all.

Yao Mi was there. So was Senior Song.

Those whom he had taught before and others whom he had not were all here for him.

A few female students were surreptitiously wiping away their tears, while most of the others were roused. Even with the topic so hotly discussed online, there were barely any Peking University students who had come forward with their account of the incident. That was because they were too busy to go online at all, as after they had heard that Zhang Ye had been suspended and relieved of his teaching duties, all of them came running over in anger. Two third-year female students even took the time to go back to their dorm to quickly make some banners. It was just a simple long piece of paper on which they had written some words using markers. The writing was rushed and somewhat lopsided, but the words still

looked very firm and strong!

—”Return Teacher Zhang to us”!

A few girls were holding it up at the side!

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Don’t go!”

“Why are they making you stop your classes!?”

“If you leave, then we won’t go to classes either!”

“Right! We will all boycott our classes!”

“We will go on a strike! Let’s go look for the school heads!”

“Let’s go! We will take this up to the school authority!”

“Return Teacher Zhang to us!”

“Return Teacher Zhang to us!”

With more than a thousand people, their voices shouted in unison!

Not far off, more and more Peking University students also joined in spontaneously!

When Su Na saw this, she suddenly felt very gratified as she realized that the students were not stupid. They knew who was good to them and who spoke sincerely to them. They knew all of this clearly in their hearts, more than anyone!

Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan both looked over at him, thinking that this Teacher Little Zhang has really great influence. He could basically rally the whole crowd here. It was unlikely that anyone else in Peking University could do the same as him. Both of them had also learned that the incident had been leaked online and there were many people denouncing Zhang Ye, claiming that he was incompetent and not a good teacher. Actually, Chang Kaige and the others, as leaders of the Chinese Department, also agreed that Zhang Ye was really not suited to be a teacher. He was too hot-headed and impulsive. But right now, in this moment, seeing how thousands of students intended to go on strike and even wanted to bring this issue up to the school authority just because their teacher had been suspended from classes, the emotions they felt from this were extremely complex. Incompetent? A teacher so well-loved and respected by the students, who would be in any position to say that he was incompetent! If he was considered an incompetent teacher, then in this whole wide world, how many teachers would be considered a good teacher?

What was a teacher?

What should a teacher do?

The events happening in front of these teachers right now had set them thinking about all these questions.

Chapter 568: Saying Goodbye To Peking University Again!

A distance away.

Other teachers realized that something was wrong.

“What’s going on over there?”

“Ah, why are all the students running towards the Chinese Department?”

“Good god, how many people are there? A thousand? I can’t even see where the crowd tapers off!”

“Not good! The students are going to make trouble again! It has to be the punishment the school meted out to Zhang Ye! They must feel that Zhang Ye’s speech was not wrong! That’s why they’re intending to protest against it!”

“What are they shouting?”

“Student strike?”

“Ah? They are going to boycott their classes?”

“That won’t do! We need to inform the school heads

immediately!”

“This is going to be a big problem!”

By right, anything that happened to Zhang Ye should not have anything to do with the other teachers of Peking University. But when they heard that over a thousand students were intending to boycott classes, the expressions on these teachers’ faces changed. The matter had escalated beyond just affecting Zhang Ye himself. Student strike? Just hearing these two words had already left several teachers green in the face. Do you even know just how many students there are in total at Peking University? In the thousand-plus students who were planning to take part in the protest, some would surely be students of these teachers. There were students from the Chinese, Math, Physics Departments, etc., and involved many of the faculties across Peking University. If they really boycotted their classes, then it might as well mean the sky had fallen. Peking University, and in turn the Chinese education system, couldn’t possibly bear such an outcome!

On the other side.

The students were still shouting!

Yao Mi raised her hands and screamed, “Return Teacher Zhang to us!”

Senior Song also shouted loudly, “Return Teacher Zhang to us!”

They were all familiar faces from Centennial Hall where Zhang Ye led the students in scolding the Japanese!

Honestly speaking, Zhang Ye was moved at this. When he saw these roused up students, he hollered at the top of his voice, “Go back, all of you go back!”

Li Li shouted, “We won’t leave!”

Yao Mi also screamed, “Boycott our classes!”

“Boycott our classes!” Li Ying yelled.

Senior Zhou shrieked, “If Teacher Zhang’s punishment is not withdrawn, we will hold a student strike! We will boycott all of our classes!”

Among the students, many of them used to dislike Zhang Ye. For example, Senior Zhou was one of them. He used to cause trouble during Zhang Ye’s classes. Many of them had privately talked about Zhang Ye on his first day at Peking University, gossiping and wagging their tongues, saying how they felt that, as a celebrity, Zhang Ye wouldn’t be able to carry out the job of teaching, that he wasn’t suitable to be a teacher. Having never been one before, how could he possibly teach the students of the country’s best educational institution? Of the students who could be admitted into Peking University, few were not arrogant or proud of their own achievements. At the beginning, a large part of them had essentially not accepted Zhang Ye at all, and those who did, did so because they liked him as a celebrity, not because they wanted him

as a teacher.

However, some things always turned out quite strange.

Zhang Ye had shown his rigorous and humorous, sometimes even amazing, standard of teaching. With his deep literary knowledge, he won over everyone again and again!

From doubt to acceptance.

From acceptance to love.

From love to respect.

Although Zhang Ye was only at Peking University for a short time and did not spend much time with the students, he had already won them over. He had won their respect and trust! With today's speech at the hall, it had pulled Zhang Ye's and the students' relationship even closer to the last step. Even though they knew that the student strike would have a major effect that could even lead to them facing heavy punishments or even getting expelled, they still proceeded here without any hesitation. They couldn't bear for Zhang Ye, who had always stood by them for every incident to protect them with everything he had, to depart!

Behind them, more than 20 Chinese reporters had arrived in a hurry with their equipment when they found out about the news. Some of them quickly set up their cameras around the students

while others squeezed into the student crowd hoping to get closer to get a good shot. But after a very long time, they still couldn't squeeze inside. In the distance near the school's main entrance, there were quite a number of reporters who were rushing towards the scene. These reporters were obviously not the ones who were at Centennial Hall earlier. They were a new batch of reporters who had probably hurried over after they saw Central TV's live broadcast of the press conference. Among them, there were even foreign reporters who had blond or red hair!

The whole scene was chaos!

The reporters were all very focused!

After scolding Japan, it became a student strike? It seemed that today Peking University would not be able to get any peace at all. Everything that could happen was all happening today!

“Boycott classes!”

“Boycott classes!”

It became harder and harder to control the crowd!

Chang Kaige shouted, “Go back, everyone!”

Zhen Shuquan also raised his voice, “Stop this! Go back to your dormitories!”

Professor Zeng said, “Listen to Teacher Zhang and calm down, everyone!”

They knew that if the students really went ahead and boycotted their classes, then this whole issue would totally end up out of control!

However, since the students were at the apex of their anger, they would not have it any other way. They continued boisterously chanting their mottoes of “return Teacher Zhang to us” and “otherwise we will boycott our classes”.

Although Zhang Ye was touched by this, he was also angry at them. He was angry with them for suggesting that they would boycott their classes. He did not wish for his actions to implicate the students along with him. He understood that the school authority had already been light in their punishment and handling of his scolding of the guests in Centennial Hall. They did not take any action against the students and only punished him alone. This was the best outcome for them, so if the students insisted on boycotting classes, then it would mean that “the law does not punish numerous offenders” would no longer be applicable!

“What do you all think you’re doing? Ah! What are you all trying to do?” Zhang Ye bellowed at them!

Only when they heard him shout did the students begin to quiet down and look at him.

Zhang Ye pointed at them and said angrily, “You’re just making things worse! This is nonsense! Boycott classes? Boycott classes for what! Keep your mouths shut! You think it’s as simple as just saying it! Why did your parents raise you? Why did your schools nurture you? Why did the nation train you? In the remote regions, do you all know just how many kids are hoping to go to school? All of them long for the chance to attend university and gain knowledge, but...all they can do is read books in their small village that have been used dozens of times before and nothing else! All of you have already received the best resources. You’ve made it into the best institution in the country, but for the small matter that just happened, you’re thinking of boycotting classes? Say that again to my face!”

Yao Mi became silent.

The other students fell silent too.

Zhang Ye’s tone eased a little. “I’m leaving Peking University today, so this will be the last time I’m speaking as your teacher. I’ll give you all one last lesson. Remember, no matter when it is, no matter what happens, never ever say that you will boycott classes so easily, because you all don’t know how much effort the classes you casually say you will skip have been built up with by teachers, past and present! I do not need you to treasure this lesson with your lives. I just hope that you’ll all be able to put it into a little corner of your mind...and respect it!”

A sociology teacher nearby heard this and nodded her head. How well said, this Zhang Ye. Just when he was about to leave the school, he had finally said something good!

Chang Kaige and Zhen Shuquan also looked at Zhang Ye before breaking out into smiles. Who said that Zhang Ye only knows how to scold others? Look, this guy could speak philosophical too!

The students all heard but did not know how to react.

Zhang Ye smiled. “Alright, disperse then. It’s not like I was fired or anything. It’s just a suspension, who knows when I might be able to come back again to teach. The days are still long, hur hur. I’m really touched that so many of you came to see me off today. This is making me quite reluctant to leave....”

Yao Mi was crying. “Teacher Zhang!”

The third-year female student who had been shielded by Zhang Ye earlier also broke down in tears. “We don’t want you to go either!”

Senior Song and many other female students had their eyes redden from this!

Zhang Ye said, “I’m leaving now, take care everyone.”

“Teacher Zhang!”

“Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“Wu wu wu...”

Zhang Ye got into his car without looking back. He gripped his steering wheel and clenched his teeth as he drove off, not daring to take another look at his students. But as his car drove past the crowd of students, he stole a quick glance and realized that the students were all following closely behind his car, thousands of them!

He had wanted to speed up but could not bear to do so. He stopped, got out of the car, and said, “Yao Mi, Little Song, Little Zhou, Li Li, Li Ying, you guys lead the rest back!” Those were the only few names he could remember by heart. Then he got into his car again and stepped on the accelerator.

However, Senior Song did not listen.

Senior Zhou and the others also followed closely behind.

When the BMW inched forward, they also took a step forward!

With the car driving ahead, thousands of people followed behind without a sound. This scene was really phenomenally touching!

Even those reporters who had followed along and were experienced in many situations had never seen something like this before. This sort of respect, this sort of sincere respect from the bottom of the students’ hearts, was not something that one could just earn from anything!

Zhang Ye could not bear to leave them behind, so he drove very slowly all the way to the school's entrance, but the students still did not disperse from there. When he looked again, he could not help but get out of the car once more. Looking at the thousands of determined faces, then glancing over at the willows branches overhanging Weiming Lake, the clouds, and the setting sun, he could only softly sigh.

He stopped right there.

The students stopped too.

Suddenly, when Zhang Ye thoughts unfurled, he opened his mouth and delicately recited:

“Lightly I leave,

“as lightly I came;

“I gently wave goodbye,

“to the rosy clouds in the western sky.

“The golden willows by the riverside,

“are young brides in the setting sun;

“their reflections in the shimmering waves,

“ripple in the depths of my heart.

“The waterlilies in the soft mud,

“sway splendidly in the water’s bed.

“In the gentle waves of Weiming Lake,

“I shall be a water plant!

“That pool in the shade of elm trees,

“holds not springwater but the sky’s rainbow;

“shattered to pieces among the duckweed,

“is the sediment of a rainbow-like dream.

“Searching for dreams? Then pole a punt,

“to where the grass is greener still upstream;

“the boat laden down with starlight,

“singing freely in the gorgeous light of stars.

“But loudly I cannot sing,

“silence is my farewell tune;

“even summer insects still for me,

“hushed is tonight’s Peking University!”

The students listened without making a sound, as if overwhelmed by emotion.

The mood the poem portrayed, that sadness, they were both represented in every line like a bloodied wound!

Zhang Ye took a breath.

“Quietly I leave,

“as quietly I came;

“I flutter my sleeves softly,

“Not taking any wisps of the clouds away.”

He turned around, got back into his car, and without turning to look back, Zhang Ye stepped hard on the accelerator and drove straight out of Peking University!

A Saying Goodbye to Cambridge Again that was changed by Zhang Ye into Saying Goodbye to Peking University Again had left behind the last of his memories and affection on the campus grounds of Peking University!

Chapter 569: Charismatic As Ever!

When Zhang Ye drove off, he did not take away any wisps of the clouds, no, but he did leave a little exhaust in the wake of his car though.

The melodious poem continued to ring in the ears of the Peking University students as they stood there, not moving from their spots or chasing after the car. They did not say a word, as though they were experiencing Zhang Ye's mood, experiencing just what kind of a person could write such a beautiful poem at such a time.

His feelings for Peking University?

His feelings for the students?

It was probably fully described in the poem!

Thereafter, when the students dispersed, someone posted that poem online.

Following that, countless Peking University students had declared in unison a simple statement: "Teacher Zhang Ye, no matter how long it takes, we will all wait for your return!"

"Waiting for your return!"

"Waiting for your return!"

Two hours after the incident, there was still no appearance by any Peking University student online. Although the netizens had seen the leaked video clip and knew what had happened in general, they still lacked the details and specifics of the timeline as well as the aftermath. They did not have the full picture and were urgently hoping to find out. When they saw these Peking University students appearing, and even appearing together at once, an overwhelming number of netizens “surrounded” them!

“We’ve finally seen one!”

“Heroes! How are all of you?”

“The heroes and heroines of Peking University! Here’s a Like for you all!”

“Did any of you receive any punishment?”

“How about Teacher Zhang? What happened to Teacher Zhang?”

“Waiting for your return? Has Zhang Ye really been suspended?”

Soon, everyone also noticed the poem that the students had posted. A Peking University student told them sadly that these were the last words Zhang Ye said before he left.

Saying Goodbye to Peking University Again

—Zhang Ye

Lightly I leave,

as lightly I came;

I gently wave goodbye,

to the rosy clouds in the western sky.

...

Quietly I leave,

as quietly I came;

I flutter my sleeves softly,

Not taking any wisps of the clouds away.

When they finished reading it, the netizens seemingly became silent for a moment!

This was a very simple poem. So simple that even after reading it once through, it wouldn't leave much of a taste in your mouth. So

simple that there wasn't even a word that seemed out of place. It was very different from Zhang Ye's past harsh killing style. This was just a very light and quiet poem. But it was also this poem that suddenly touched a lot of people!

A fourth-year student who was about to graduate posted: "I will be leaving the school very soon and the emotions I have are very complex. I didn't know how to express what I felt, but after seeing Zhang Ye's poem, I think that it reflects what I feel. 'Quietly I leave, / as quietly...I came.'"

A female netizen posted on Weibo: "I saw someone scolding Zhang Ye for being a hooligan, that he was unfit to be a teacher. I would just like to say something to them—'Idiots!' If a hooligan could write a poem like that, then I might as well be a hooligan as well, a great hooligan!"

Another netizen: "That piece from the video clip, A Flowering Tree was already a great work in itself. The last few words at the end—'Buddha thus turned me into a tree, / growing beside the path along you must pass. In the sunshine, in full bloom gingerly, every blossom a hope from my past life. When you near, please listen closely. The quivering leaves are the warmth of my waiting. But you eventually moved on, oblivious? Falling all over the ground behind you, my friend, are not petals'.... Up to here, according to my analysis, the original poem should be '...are not petals but my tears' or 'my broken heart', or other words similar to these. It should be a love poem through and through, but Zhang Ye modified just the ending part of it and totally changed the poem to another style—'but me softly saying...idiots!' He only changed a sentence and it didn't even seem like an unsuitable modification! Zhang Ye has let me gain an even deeper understanding into

modern poetry this time! Teacher Zhang has already managed to be as creative as he wants with literature. Whether it be oratory or poetry, he just goes at it according to his feelings and dexterously weaves the words together. For me, that is what a true master should be!”

“Well said!”

“Agreed!”

Suddenly, a Weibo verified teacher from Tsinghua University posted a message: “Without a doubt, the beginning and ending of Saying Goodbye to Peking University Again is the pinnacle of Zhang Ye’s artistic works. This is the best I have read among all his works in modern poetry! I dare not claim there are no other poems that would be able to stand shoulder to shoulder with it and be mentioned in the same statement, but at the very least, I can be sure that it would be very difficult to transcend the level of Zhang Ye’s ‘Lightly I leave, / as lightly I came’ with another modern poem! Disregarding Zhang Ye’s character and temper and how controversial he is, just based on his literary standard, Zhang Ye has already reached a level that many would never be able to reach in their lifetime!”

The saying “cultured people tend to scorn each other” was true.

But right now, a peer, an elite Tsinghua University teacher who was also involved in the same literature field had given such a review of the him. This perfectly illustrated just how great the poem was!

“The beginning and the end are really the work of genius!”

“It’s such a pity. If only Zhang Ye could change his character a little, he would surely be the leading figure in our country’s literature world. No one could disagree with that. Too bad his temper is so bad, heh. I don’t even want to talk about it!”

“Yeah, that temper of his cannot be curbed by anyone!”

“We don’t even know if Zhang Ye can get out of the trouble he started today! Could he get banned again? If he does get banned again, then we’ll surely have a good show to watch!”

“I don’t agree with the point of the poster above. I feel that it is exactly because of his temper that Zhang Ye can compose such great works!”

“Right!”

“Support Zhang Ye!”

“Zhang Ye’s short temper is what I like about him!”

“Hahaha, his poems are wonderful, but he is more wonderful!”

“Pffft, I feel that this conflict this time should not be blamed on Zhang Ye. We should blame those who dared let him get on stage

instead. I could faint from this, but is this the first day that you all got to know Zhang Ye? Didn't the earliest example of this happen when Zhang Ye won the Silver Microphone Awards and recited Dead Water to scold his unit? Did you all forget? At the live broadcast of Father Wei's memorial, Zhang Ye had used that Some People to lash out at his leaders at Beijing Television Station at that time, did you all forget?? During the press conference held by the Shanghai SARFT where Zhang Ye used The Answer and The Last Speech, did you all forget? Also, when Zhang Ye recited Ode to Young China at the National Primary and Secondary School New Year Gala that left the audience in shock, did you all forget? So why did you all still dare to pass him a microphone and push him onstage? I'm utterly amazed by you all! You're the ones who are bravest!"

"F**k, that's true!"

"Whenever this fellow is given a microphone, something's bound to happen!"

"Yeah, this is an experience and a lesson as well!"

"I trust that after today, whoever sees Zhang Ye with a microphone in his hand again will shudder at the sight of it! He's too damned frightening!"

"That mouth of Zhang Ye's is as good as a military missile! You need to be on your toes at all times, otherwise, once your concentration lapses, he will immediately fly over and you won't even know how you died!"

In the end, the debate had come full circle, with people arguing whether Zhang Ye should have scolded Japan in such a public setting and whether it was appropriate or not.

Some people supported it!

Some people objected to it!

It seemed like an unending argument!

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Not long after.

The newspapers went on sale.

New reports on TV were broadcast.

Because the incident had kicked off a huge hubbub this afternoon, many people who did not have a habit of reading the papers or watching News Simulcast were all curiously paying attention to them now. They wanted to know how the media would report this incident. What surprised most people was that News Simulcast made no mention of it at all, as though nothing had happened at all. Life went on as usual. The news reported on some policy issues and also made mention of the Japanese Prime Minister's visit to China to sign off on some key project

agreements, etc. They even mentioned the smoke-free day which was a few days away but totally skipped the topic of the incident at Peking University!

The people who had attentively watched the news could see that the matter was being covered up. Central TV had deliberately downplayed the matter and focused on other news instead, possibly at the request of the authorities above them!

As for the reports in the papers, the handling of the issue varied.

Some of the major newspapers also made no mention of the Peking University incident. Some others had recorded the incident as bystanders and reported it objectively to the readers. Meanwhile, the remaining ones criticized Zhang Ye openly and did not hold back on their words. There were also some newspapers that, perhaps for fear of touching on a sensitive topic, just reported the incident using general terms like “a teacher of the people,” “transmission of positive energy” or “not looking at the big picture” in a vague and inconclusive manner!

The media seemed to have adopted a very consistent attitude with none of them praising Zhang Ye.

However, the attitude of those online was much more ambiguous. Generally speaking, the opinions of the people varied quite a bit. The people who supported Zhang Ye's and the Peking University students' actions still numbered in the majority. Some fans even noticed that four or five celebrities, though not openly issuing any statements, had quietly Liked the post that was titled “Peking University Video.”

The video clip had already been deleted, but the post itself could still be Liked. As the video clip was rehosted several times, there were still many websites that it could be viewed on.

After getting deleted, it got posted again.

After it was posted, it got deleted again.

The file name changed. It was just like guerrilla warfare.

The same situation had happened when Zhang Ye took part in the crosstalk competition.

A newspaper outlet that was very critical of Zhang Ye had brought up this matter on its official Weibo. It was not known why they were so angry, but they started pointing out those celebrities who had Liked the post, criticizing them for Liking such a negatively influencing video as public figures and how it was a treacherous act.

A Mainland Chinese celebrity replied to the reporter: “What are you talking about? Like? Oh, I usually have the habit of just Liking a post after viewing it. This is a form of respect to the netizens who posted it and does not represent my personal viewpoint.”

Among these celebrities was Dong Shanshan who also Liked the article.

Only to see Dong Shanshan reply, “...Ah, my account was hacked earlier.” This old classmate of Zhang Ye really did not speak any truth from her mouth.

Hacked account!

It's a hacked account again!

Look, this was such a classic excuse that it could even be considered tradition now!

When the newspaper outlet saw these replies, they were rendered temporarily speechless! This excuse that wouldn't even fool a fool had somehow made them unable to say anything else!

But Yao Jiancai who had also Liked the post was very honest. When he saw the newspaper outlet mentioning him with an @, not only did Old Yao not bother with them, he even posted another comment: “My old bro is as charismatic as ever.” He did not confirm his attitude for this incident nor did he deny that it was him who had Liked the post. Having gone through a lot with Zhang Ye during the crosstalk competition, the questioning and name-calling by the media did not scare Yao Jiancai at all!

All kinds of fighting!

All sorts of arguments!

It was pandemonium online!

Chapter 570: The Three Greatest Virtues Of Old Wu!

Past 7 PM.

It was getting dark outside.

Zhang Ye, who was still on the road, even answered a call. First, because the car ahead of him did not move an inch at all, and second, because another hundred cars ahead of that car did not move as well—he was caught in a traffic jam.

The call was from Hu Fei, the man who got Zhang Ye his job as the host of BTV-Arts Channel's "Lecture Room". He was Zhang Ye's [Bo Le](#), ex-leader, and someone he enjoyed a good relationship with.

In legends, a god in charge of manning the horses was named Bo Le. In the human world, a person who can distinguish a good horse is also called Bo Le. In some sense, it is similar to saying how a person is your muse, but in a different way. This was also mentioned in the Dale's Conjecture arc as well

"Hello, Brother Hu."

"Have you finished your work? Free to talk now?"

"Yes, I'm stuck in a traffic jam."

“Hur hur, did you enjoy the scolding today?”

“Hai, what’s enjoyable about that. I got myself into such a mess and I don’t know how to solve it.”

“Come on. Although you put it that way, from what I hear, it doesn’t bother you one bit. Alright, I’ll skip the platitudes. It’s impossible to make you control your temper anyways. That’s how you are, and I doubt you’ll change.”

‘Heh, you know me well.’

“I called to check on you and your situation, but hearing how spirited you still sound, I feel at ease now. Anyway, I just want to inform you that I just received my posting today and, from today onwards, will be transferring from BTV-Arts Channel to Beijing Television. I will be bringing Hou Ge, Hou Di, Xiao Lu, and Dafei along with me”

“Oh, you got promoted?”

“Not really.”

“The Arts Channel is just a local provincial station, whereas the satellite channel broadcasts countrywide, so how can it be the same? Alright, Brother Hu. Say no more. Hurry up and report about my news, so that the people may know about the glorious side of me and at the same time help to rid me of my current troubles.”

“Please, let me off. I haven’t lived long enough yet. Just by your scolding of the Japanese in such a public setting, who would dare report any positive news about you? I reckon that Central TV along with the other local or satellite news channels would not even dare mention your name for the time being. Please don’t give me any trouble. Besides, our program team is transferring to Beijing Television to handle a new program, not the news.”

“Ha, I’m just joking with you.”

“You started the mess, so you should clean it up yourself.”

“Is it really that serious, Brother Hu?”

“What do you think?”

At this moment, another incoming call arrived. Zhang Ye took a quick glance and then hurriedly ended the conversation with Hu Fei. Following, he took the new call from Rao Aimin.

“Landlady Auntie,” Zhang Ye said.

Rao Aimin said directly, “You do not need to pay rent for this month!”

Zhang Ye was delighted. “Woah, there’s even such a good deal?” Old Rao was notorious for her love of money. She was so

calculative that she would would go down to the decimals when it came to charging miscellaneous fees, yet she was automatically offering a month's rent for free to him?

Rao Aimin spoke in a casual tone, "Kid, I've seen your scolding video. Not bad at all. You scolded well. You have a similar style to my younger self."

Oh right, I had almost forgotten that the landlady was also famous for being a nationalist. Zhang Ye said, "Sure, I will continue to learn from you then. As for next month's rent, could it also be..."

Du du.

The call ended.

Zhang Ye was speechless for a long time, then called back and chatted with Little Chenchen for a while before hanging up again.

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8 PM.

The road accident was cleared and Zhang Ye finally reached home.

Upon entering the house, he saw his father sitting there

uncomfortably with a sunken expression. His mom stealthily signaled to him by scrunching up mouth to let him know that his father was angry.

Zhang Ye understood and quickly changed the subject. “Aiyo, the roads were really congested today. The cars in front somehow rear-ended, so I was stuck in a traffic jam for two hours. Mom, I haven’t eaten yet and I am so hungry. Is there any food left? Didn’t you say that you’d celebrate my becoming an associate professor?”

His mother asked in surprise, “Your associate professor title did not get withdrawn?”

Zhang Ye said, “Why would it be withdrawn? It was already approved. Besides, that is also a reward for my contributions to the field of math, so it should not be affected by other matters.”

His mother thought her son had messed up so badly that his associate professor position would be compromised. Who would have thought that it didn’t affect anything at all? When she heard that, she felt happy and said, “OK, Mom will heat up the food for you.”

His father slammed his hand onto the table and said, “Heat up what food! Let him starve!”

His mother stared at him and said, “Is there any meaning to that, not letting your son eat?”

His father said angrily, “As a teacher, he led students to scold others in public. How does that make him look! And he calls himself a teacher?! And he calls himself a member of the Party!”

“Dad, you are making it worse for me.” Zhang Ye went over to sit and said, “Don’t mention being a party member or a teacher of the people. Even a cornered rat will bite back. Moreover, it is precisely because I am a teacher and Party member that I can’t back off just when I see something is wrong. It is also why I must be the first to speak up, otherwise if we care too deeply about how we should carry ourselves as teachers and end up not daring to speak up about this or that, then who else would stand up for the students? If we, as Party members, are always considering about the consequences of our actions and not daring to speak up, then won’t there be nobody to stand up for the citizens!?”

When his father heard this, he was a little taken aback.

Zhang Ye added, “It might not be right for me to scold others, but I have to make myself clear, Dad. I really did not lead the students to scold them, I only scolded once when I got into the mood while I was giving the speech and did not expect the students to join in the fray and follow along in the scolding. I admit that I did not manage myself properly regarding that.”

Dad was stifled and waved him off. “I can’t outargue you!”

His mother smiled and said, “So should I heat up the food?”

“Go ahead,” his father grunted. “I haven’t eaten yet either!”

Zhang Ye immediately said, “Let me do it. Let me heat up food for Dad.”

His father said, “Don’t try to please me. Your explanation still does not make things right. Wait until tomorrow when I have sorted out my thoughts before I bring it up with you again!”

Zhang Ye laughed. “Sure. I will listen receptively to you tomorrow.”

After dinner, the house was peaceful again.

Zhang Ye went back into his room and thought about today. He did not feel too comfortable about all that had happened. He was about to contact Wu Zeqing to check out the situation to see if this matter had become too serious or not. But, afraid that she was busy or in the middle of a meeting, he did not call and just messaged her instead. Old Wu, as a newly appointed official, had to deal with many matters, so sometimes they would communicate by texting instead.

Zhang Ye: “Old Wu.”

A minute later, she replied: “You’re home?”

Zhang Ye: “Yes, have you watched the news?”

Wu Zeqing: “I did. It was also brought up earlier during the meeting.”

Zhang Ye: “Hmm, is the matter very serious?”

Wu Zeqing: “It’s not trivial.”

Zhang Ye: “Will this bro get banned again?”

Wu Zeqing: “No.”

Zhang Ye: “Really?”

Wu Zeqing: “I’m here.”

Zhang Ye felt relieved when he read her words, but not because he was worried that he would get banned again, since it did not bother him even if he were banned. What was most comforting to him was Old Wu’s unconditional support for him, no matter the situation. After messing up so badly, if it were anyone else’s girlfriend, even if they didn’t get angry, they would still have something to say about it, right? Besides, no matter how you looked at it, Zhang Ye leading a group of people and scolding others was also not commendable behavior, yet Wu Zeqing did not even blame him. Something happened? Then they would settle it. She unconditionally sided with him and respected all of Zhang Ye’s choices.

What was so good about Wu Zeqing?

This was what was so good about her!

Zhang Ye had a mind of his own even though it did not reflect in the way he spoke. Whatever Zhang Ye thought was the right thing to do, no matter how others tried to convince him to not do or made him guarantee to not do it, he would always end up doing the exact opposite of what they told him or made him promise not to. This was because he had his own way of approaching a situation and followed a set of guiding principles for his decisions. With such wonderful and distinct traits, his way of doing things was destined to be very different. So Old Wu being authoritative yet not showing it, a gentle woman who knew how to respect others, made her very attractive to him.

So did you still need to ask?

If Zhang Ye listed out the three greatest virtues of Wu Zeqing that he liked most, then without a second thought, Zhang Ye would surely rank them as follows.

One: Large breasts!

Two: Large breasts!

Three: Large breasts!!

Chapter 571: A New Job Arrives!

In the following few days.

The Peking University incident was getting increasingly worse!

Although the television media tried to do damage control of any negative broadcasts of the incident, with some television stations not even mentioning a word of it and some stations glossing over the details, but with this incident being such a serious and unprecedented one, it was of course impossible to totally cover it up. At least on the internet, it was still actively discussed everywhere. It had already been a few days since the incident happened at Peking University's Centennial Hall, but whenever it was brought up, it still attracted heated debates from everyone.

“Support Zhang Ye!”

“Count me in!”

“Face-smacking Zhang showed his prowess!”

“Support Teacher Zhang's ‘Three Central Themes to Patriotism’!”

“F**k, it's already been several days, why is everyone still talking about it? This is all I've been seeing on the internet for the past few days! Is there nothing better to talk about than this? If you all have the time, why not send me some erotic pictures instead? That is

the more important thing that we should be doing! We have to sort our priorities well, comrades!”

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The next morning.

Zhang Ye woke up and was fumbling around in his bed trying to light a cigarette to kick start himself, but when he remembered that “World No Tobacco Day” was just around the corner—his previous world’s “World No Tobacco Day” was on a different date to this world’s—and with the increased airing of those gross “quit smoking” public service commercials recently, just the thought of them had made him lose the desire to smoke. He threw aside the cigarettes and yawned lazily. Leaning against the headboard, he took out his phone to check on Weibo to see what the netizens were discussing.

There are still people who are scolding me?

Oh, there are more people who support me.

Zhang Ye browsed through everyone’s comments and was suddenly delighted when he saw a group of his fans giving him yet another nickname: Speech Demon!

What kind of nickname was that!

Did they have to make it sound so terrible!

Suddenly, he received a call from the Eastern Publishing Firm.

There was a feminine voice at the other end. It was the editor of the publishing house, Li Mei, who had been to Zhang Ye's house before. "Teacher Zhang, it's me, Little Li. Are you still sleeping?"

Zhang Ye sat up and chuckled. "No, I just woke up."

Li Mei said, "Your novel Legend of Wukong will be on sale at all major bookstores starting from today."

Naturally, Zhang Ye knew about this matter. "How are the sales figures?"

"I'm at Books Building right now, but the exact sales figure has not be tallied yet since they have only just opened for business a short while ago. From my onsite observation, I can only make an estimation, but in any case, the dozen or so youngsters walking past the shelf where your novel was displayed seemed to have come here specially for your Legend of Wukong. There were some people who bought it immediately without even browsing through the book, while there were also some others who read it in the store. The display area is already surrounded by quite a lot of people now."

"That's not bad."

"It's only because it is your book."

“Hur hur, you’ve worked hard. Come to my place if you are free. My mom keeps nagging for you to come over.”

“Sure, sure, I miss Auntie too. Teacher Zhang, I’ll go busy myself with work for now. I was just getting someone to communicate with the staff of Books Building and the other major retail outlets. Since you have entrusted the copyrights of Ghost Blows Out the Light, Zhang Ye’s Compilation, and those fairy tale stories to us, we’re thinking of setting up an exclusive display counter for you because the second print of the books is almost ready. With so many people coming to buy your books, it will be quite convenient for them to find your books.”

“Alright, you’ve worked hard.”

“Listen to what you’re saying. This is part of my job.”

Li Mei’s tone was a joyful one. As she was the one who won the copyright for Legend of Wukong from Zhang Ye by fending off other major publishers, Li Mei’s reputation in the industry grew overnight. Her current task was to handle publishing matters for Legend of Wukong, or to be more precise, she was Zhang Ye’s assigned editor now. Books like Ghost Blows Out the Light and his other books came under her charge. Li Mei would handle him on a one-on-one basis and need not deal with any other authors. She would only need to be responsible for Zhang Ye, a decision made by the publisher’s upper management. Since Zhang Ye was the type of author who could write anything and still have a best seller; it was only natural he be accorded such special treatment.

After the call ended, Zhang Ye wanted to know how he was doing in the Celebrity Rankings. Although the Peking University incident caused a lot of controversy and he received a lot of criticism over it, there were still a lot of people who supported him. As such, he felt that it would gain him quite a bit of fame. As a result, he checked on his ranking.

The Celebrity Rankings Index was updated.

Next page...

Next page...

C-list Celebrities:

1. Shi Yu.
2. Zhang Ye.
3. Chen Fanghua

As expected, his ranking rose as his popularity score surged!

Just a few days ago, after Zhang Ye proved the mathematical conjecture, his popularity soared and that pushed his Celebrity Rankings placing to the front of the C-list. At that time, he was still ranked fourth or fifth place on the C-list Celebrity Rankings due to fluctuations, but today, he had reached second place. Importantly,

as the rankings moved closer to the top of the index, it became harder to move up since the popularity scores between each place increased exponentially. As the number of people lessened, the gap would widen. Thus, even if Zhang Ye had only risen to second place from fourth or fifth place, the gain in his popularity score was in actual fact very large!

He was finally in second place, so that meant that Zhang Ye only needed to move up one more spot and then squeeze pass the last rank of the B-listers by overtaking that celebrity's popularity score. He could end up being well ahead of completing his goal of becoming a B-list celebrity which he had set earlier this year.

He was just a step away!

He was really just a step away now!

Of course, even though it was just a step away based on the rankings, if Zhang Ye analyzed the popularity score needed to move ahead, then he was still far behind. In the B-list celebrity rankings, which of these artists were not people who were well-known to all in the country? Even the lowest ranked B-list celebrity would not be a pushover. That was why Zhang Ye was not blindly optimistic about his chances. He knew that there was a long road ahead and it would not be easy, especially since he was taking an unusual route to his goals. For others who were born with it, he would need to work a hundred or thousand times harder to achieve it.

Out in the living room, his mom shouted for him.

“Son!”

“Yes.”

“Wake up! It’s time for dinner.”

“Coming!”

Zhang Ye went to wash up before sitting down at the dining table with his parents.

Mom peeled an egg and then gave it to him. “Here, for you.”

“Thanks Mom.” Zhang Ye took it and ate it.

His father’s eyes narrowed as he said, “He’s already an adult and you’re still peeling eggs for him? Why can’t he peel it for himself? All these years and you have never peeled any for me.”

His mother rolled her eyes and said, “My son is an associate professor now, so of course he gets special treatment.”

Zhang Ye said in amusement, “Don’t mind, Dad. Let me peel for you, let me peel for you.”

When his father took the egg from his son, he nodded and said,

“That’s more like it.” He then opened his mouth to swallow it before asking, “How’s work these days? Any job offers?”

His mother switched on the television.

Zhang Ye responded, “Nothing yet.”

His mother cocked her head. “Why not? No one contacted you yet?”

Zhang Ye threw his hands up. “Yes. It’s already been a few days but there’s been nothing at all.”

“Heh, these bunch of people have eyes but cannot recognize Mount Tai.” His mother said unhappily, “In the past, there were always companies who tried to headhunt you, wanting you for this or that, but now that you’ve gotten more famous, they don’t come looking for you anymore? Son, is the Peking University incident causing this? Are they going to ban you again? That can’t be. Didn’t your new novel go on sale today? I still saw your Brain Gold advertisement last night and it wasn’t banned!”

His father said, “After creating such a big mess, he is already very lucky to not get banned. Why would you think that anyone from the television stations would come to find him? Those people are probably in a wait-and-see mood at the moment.”

Indeed, Zhang Ye could also see this. In fact, because the speech had helped to increase his popularity quite a bit and gained him a

number of new fans, he also did not get banned but was only suspended from teaching. Looking at it on the surface, it did not affect him much and even seemed like he was thriving as he continued doing whatever he wanted. But actually, it was not as simple as it looked. After all, the incident had involved some sensitive issues and no one would know whether Zhang Ye would really escape any punishments. He might be safe today but if a television station invited him to host a new program today and the authorities clamped down on him the next day, then the television station would definitely have wasted their resources on him. It might even implicate them somehow. So, to many people right now, Zhang Ye was a ticking time bomb who might suddenly explode at any moment.

That was one reason. Another reason was Zhang Ye's short fuse. Once again, this Peking University incident had made more people aware of that. Even if there were no political reasons involved, Zhang Ye was still a ticking time bomb. No one even knew when or where he would explode and cause some disastrous results. And so, incorporating all these reasons, everyone had grave worries about him! There were no doubts about his abilities and no one could deny his capabilities. Everybody could recognize them. However, the most worrisome factor was his terrible temper. Only the most courageous television stations would ever think of recruiting Zhang Ye.

This was the overall situation right now.

Zhang Ye was in an awkward plight.

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On the internet, there were also plenty of people who were concerned about Zhang Ye's whereabouts.

"Where has Teacher Zhang disappeared to for the past few days?"

"Where did Zhang Ye go?"

"Has he started on a new job yet?"

"His classes have been suspended, so I can't even view Zhang Ye's lecture videos online anymore. I've already read Legend of Wukong on the internet and Teacher Zhang has not had any other recent works, so why are there no updates on his activities?"

"Wasn't he unbanned?"

"Yea, he was unbanned."

"Really, are there really no television stations that will take Teacher Zhang?"

"What are the television stations thinking? Hurry up and sign Zhang Ye. Teacher Zhang has done so many programs and is proficient at being a host and program planner. Every one of his new programs had excellent ratings without fail, so what are you all still hesitating for? Even if you give him a salary of 8 million,

you wouldn't be making a loss! So why haven't any of the television stations made a move yet?"

"Pfft, how unpopular can you get, Teacher Zhang?"

"I hope that Zhang Ye will host a variety show this time, he's too humorous!"

"Don't! I hope Teacher Zhang will continue to do an academic program like 'Lecture Room'. I am anticipating these type of programs which can increase my knowledge."

"I prefer music programs."

Countless netizens were enthusiastically anticipating Zhang Ye's next work.

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Meanwhile, at home.

After waiting for some time now, Zhang Ye received an offer for an unexpected job.

Chapter 572: To Help Or Not To Help?

Morning.

With the “World No Tobacco Day” approaching, a news report was attracting extensive concern.

The news came from Central TV’s live broadcast studio. It was related to the new regulations of public service announcements. The authorities had passed several new regulations regarding PSAs. It stated very clearly on the document that public service announcements that brought awareness to the adverse effects of smoking on televisions commercials were banned from using real human organs as examples. There were also three or four similar new regulations along these lines. When this direct order was released, Central TV along with other provincial and satellite channel were not greatly affected since they were more or less able to conform to the new regulations. With only some slight adjustment and modification of the images based on the new policies, it would be sufficient to meet the new standards. But Beijing Television and some other BTV provincial channels would be greatly affected.

Beijing Television’s quit smoking public service ad would directly get axed!

Of the World No Tobacco Day advertisements of two other provincial channels under Beijing Television Station, one would get axed, while the other had still not passed the censorship check. A lot of money used for the production fees were wasted, resulting in a heavy loss.

The netizens were puzzled.

“It is so strict?”

“Why did they suddenly come up with such a policy?”

“Yea, PSAs are not-for-profit anyway and are usually funded out of the television station’s own pocket. If they are being so restrictive, won’t the television station suffer?”

“Don’t you all know that some time ago a nonprofit organization had protested the PSAs shown on television for displaying unsuitable images? Seems like it happened at the end of last year. A commercial depicted the blackened lung of a smoker, who was suffering from advanced-stage lung cancer, in an operating room being cut open. A survey showed that most audiences could not accept such images, especially the juveniles and non-smokers. Actually, quit smoking advertisements were primarily targeted at smokers, but because television broadcasts were unable to filter this to the target groups, it ended with the non-smokers and juveniles getting terrified before the smokers could get the message. Images of an overly gory and bloody scene must be controlled so as to cover all aspects of the viewers’ comfort.”

“So that’s why.”

“That is true. I was watching the Beijing Television commercial that showed the blackened lungs just yesterday. It wasn’t actually frightening since I have seen it so many times. Quit smoking

commercials are always more or less the same, always giving statistics on the number of fatalities, infertility, black lungs, and all that. I get bored just watching them, since this has no effect on a hardcore smoker. I've seen my fair share of such commercials and am already immune to them. Such images no longer scare me into quitting. If they have the time to show those commercials, they might as well show other types of commercials.

“Right, the current quit smoking advertisements are pretty much the same.”

“Few years ago, I felt uncomfortable when I saw it for the first time and even quit smoking for a few months, but after watching it more often, it became pointless and meaningless with no value added.”

“Beijing Television Station will have a headache because of this.”

“The ‘World No Tobacco Day’ is tomorrow, so let's see how they're going to change it.”

“Tomorrow? It'll be too late. If they don't make it in time, won't they incur a fine? The current policies are very strict. When it comes to public service, the television stations are expected to meet a minimum requirement, but if they don't, they get fined a hefty amount.”

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At another place.

At home.

While Zhang Ye and his parents were chatting, a call from Hu Fei arrived.

“Little Zhang, it’s me,” Hu Fei said.

Zhang Ye replied, “Hey, Brother Hu, what’s the matter?”

Hu Fei spoke hesitatingly, “About that...I have something to discuss with you.”

“Just be direct.” Zhang Ye took the remote control and lowered the television’s volume. Beside him, his parents also stopped talking.

Hu Fei said, “It’s not convenient to speak over the phone, let’s meet up and talk.”

“Sure, where do you want to meet?” Zhang Ye agreed. He had no hesitation when it came to his friends and benefactors.

Hu Fei considered for a moment before carefully saying, “You’re almost a B-list celebrity now, so I think it’s a little inconvenient for you to be out in public since you might get spotted by your fans. Why don’t you come over to Beijing Television Station instead.

You know, since you left, you have not come back for a visit yet. Besides, Dafei, Xiao Lu, and the others are all thinking about you. Why don't you come over and we'll catch up, alright? Anyways, you do not have a job currently, so shouldn't you have time?"

Zhang Ye blinked, roughly understanding what was going on.

Without giving him a chance to speak, Hu Fei immediately said, "Ha, it's settled. Send me a message when you're almost there. I will be waiting for you. Bye."

The call ended before he could say anything.

Zhang Ye was a little speechless. He turned to the side and said, "Dad, Mom, I'll be heading to Beijing Television Station for a while."

His mother stared at him and said, "Beijing Television Station? Why are you still going there?"

"Hai, a friend has something to discuss with me. Maybe he needs my help on something." Zhang Ye was already changing his clothes. "I won't be having lunch at home then."

His mother said unhappily, "You were fired and thrown out by them last time, but now that there's something they need your help for, you'll go at their beck and call? Have you forgotten about the matter regarding Wang Shuixin? It was all that Wang Shuixin's fault that his son misbehaved in the office and even

started a fight. He kept making things difficult for you and even corruptedly handled matters. Father Wei who was such a nice fellow was even driven to death by him. When you upheld justice, the television station ended up firing you instead. How is that fair! I am so angry just bringing this matter up!”

Zhang Ye said, “Aiya, Wang Shuixin has already been sentenced anyway. The television station fired me not because I was wrong to uphold justice, but because I made trouble during the live broadcast.”

His mother said angrily, “You’re still speaking up for them?”

Zhang Ye smiled dryly. “I wasn’t speaking up for them. At that time I was fired, I was also unhappy about it, but I understand the television station’s decision. My way of doing things was somewhat inappropriate.”

“You damned kid!” his mother said in anger.

Zhang Ye quickly soothed her, “Mom, don’t be angry, don’t be angry. I know what what I’m doing.”

His mother said, “What do you know!”

His father started to speak up, “OK, let our son settle his own matters. What are you getting so worried for?”

Zhang Ye feelings for Beijing Television Station were so

complicated that even he could not explain it. Having worked for some time now in the industry, the worst relationship he had was with Beijing Television Station. When he was there, he was involved in a fight, detained at a police station, scolded his leaders, made trouble during a live broadcast, and was finally fired by them. If it were anyone else, they would surely not have fond memories of this place. Zhang Ye also had a similar experience but the difference was that he held a deep and special appreciation for the television station.

First, as someone born and bred in Beijing, not only did he grow up watching Beijing Television, he also watched BTV Arts Channel, BTV Sports Channel, BTV Science and Education Channel as well as other local provincial channels which did not broadcast to other provinces. These kind of feelings were indescribable. Second, this was the place that nurtured him and where he had gained his first achievements. Hu Fei was the one who invited him to join them and gave him the chance to make his first appearance on TV. Having hosted a program like “Lecture Room,” which turned out to be the crucial step in helping him become popular, he could not just disregard the kindness Hu Fei had shown to him.

When his mother finished speaking, Zhang Ye had not expected that he would actually speak up for Beijing Television Station. After thinking over for a while, he realized that he had already let bygones be bygones.

.....

Half an hour later.

Beijing Television Station building.

Zhang Ye parked his car in the parking lot and got out, wearing his sunglasses. Zhang Ye walked right up to the building's front entrance, then looked up to see the once familiar office building before walking in with big strides.

In the lobby, someone had noticed him.

“Eh.”

“This person looks quite familiar.”

“Aiyo! Could that be Zhang Ye?”

“It is Zhang Ye!”

“It really is Zhang Ye!”

“What is Teacher Zhang doing here? Is he here for a program's guest role? Or is he here to do a program? I didn't hear about this!”

“Recently, Teacher Zhang has been on the cusp of the news, but there were no rumors of him having signed with any television stations. I suppose everyone is still observing the situation before making any moves?”

Without standing on ceremony, Zhang Ye made himself comfortable and sat down on the sofa in the lobby's resting area. He casually picked up a copy of a magazine while waiting.

A youth waved at him from a distance. "Teacher Zhang, long time no see."

Zhang Ye looked over to the person and found him quite familiar looking, but he was unable to recall his name. He only remembered that he was a staff member of a program team from one of the bigger departments. "Hello."

"Teacher Zhang, you getting more and more handsome!"

"Teacher Zhang, do you still remember me?"

"You appearing here today—does it mean...that you're returning to the station?"

Some staff members who had crossed paths with Zhang Ye before but weren't particularly close to him went up to greet him enthusiastically. Two reporters from the BTV News Channel hurried over when they heard he was here. They were trying very hard to fish for some first-hand information from him. Because even fools knew that Zhang Ye couldn't have appeared here without reason, especially since there were some very unhappy dealings between Zhang Ye and Beijing Television Station before. Everyone was curious and thought of many possibilities of his return with their rich imagination as they continued asking him

for an answer.

At this moment, Hu Fei arrived.

There was a youth with beard stubble, looking quite lethargic, who came along with Hu Fei.

When Hu Fei saw so many people crowding around Zhang Ye, he said, “Make way, please make way.” Then he casually greeted Zhang Ye and soon the three of them went upstairs from another side of the building. “See, you are still very popular. Even after you left Beijing Television Station for such a long time, everyone is still thinking about you.”

Zhang Ye could feel that he implied more than that and chuckled, “Brother Hu, just tell me directly what you wish to say.”

Hu Fei decided not to beat around the bush any longer, so he introduced the person on his left. “This is Sun Han. He’s our station’s manager of public service ads and just started work last year. He’s also a son of one of my old colleagues.”

Sun Han reached out his hand and said, “I’ve heard a lot about you.”

Zhang Ye shook hands with him and said, “Nice to meet you.”

Hu Fei, seemingly looking a little embarrassed, said, “I asked you here because of the matter of our public service announcement. I

suppose you have already seen the morning news. This time, the station's public service ads have all been axed but since tomorrow is the 'World No Tobacco Day,' the new public service ad has to be approved by tomorrow. This is very urgent and Little Sun's side is unable to come up with any ideas. After their department deliberated for a long time, they still couldn't settle on a basic concept as there was no idea they could come up with at all."

Sun Han rubbed his beard stubble and said, "The past few days have worried me to death. When the new policies were passed so suddenly without warning and all our advertisements had to be withdrawn, it left us with no backup plans. Teacher Zhang, you are an alumnus of the station and have even helped out on the 'Save Electricity' public service ad before. Surely you know that in our department, we are not professional creatives. The department was set up two years ago and our main responsibilities cover coordination work, funding, and supervising, while most of our production work is outsourced to external advertising companies..." He spent a long time highlighting his difficulties.

Zhang Ye already guessed that it was this matter before he came over, so he asked, "Then why didn't you get an advertising company to do it?"

"None of them would accept the job," Sun Han said, looking very worried. "After we received the notifications at around 6 or 7 AM this morning, we immediately contacted the advertising companies to reshoot more World No Tobacco Day PSAs to replace the ones that were axed. If they couldn't do a full production, we were willing to settle for a concept and work on it on our own. However, as we did not have enough funds left due to having spent most of it on those previous 'quit smoking' advertisements, we

ended up having apply for additional funding from the leader. But while some of the advertising companies rejected the job due to money issues, most of them rejected it due to the urgent timeline of the project. They felt that it was too tight for them to complete the project within a day and they would need at least three days to plan and produce it instead. But three days? Three days later, the World No Tobacco Day would have already passed by then! As for buying a concept, after asking some of these companies, they also told us that they wouldn't be able to give us any as there was a high demand for such quit smoking public service ads. So having sold them to the other bidders, there were no concepts left to sell to us."

As they spoke, the three men had reached the fifth floor.

Zhang Ye asked, "Why don't you just submit a simple advertisement which can meet the regulations first?"

Sun Han helplessly said, "That won't work since it would never get passed at the approval stage. Besides, the station won't agree to it since a public service announcement also showcases the quality of a television station. Although Beijing Television Station is not one the highest rated in the industry, it is still among the top television stations. We can't just bumble our way through it. Besides, the new policies were only handed down recently. I'm afraid we couldn't fool them even if we wanted. Who knows? If we did that, we might get made an example out of as the first warning to others.

Zhang Ye kept silent.

Sun Han looked at him and said, “Anyways, that’s what the situation is like. Our time is short and we are really at our wits’ end now. When we asked several advertising industry insiders and the staff in our Public Service Announcement Department, all of them highly recommended a person to me—you, Teacher Zhang.”

Zhang Ye glanced at him and said, “We have to create a fifteen to twenty second public service ad within a day when there isn’t much money, manpower, or concepts to begin with? If you are asking for a sloppy end product, that might still be possible, but if you want a well polished and detailed announcement that also has elements of creativity, then that is basically an unrealistic target!”

Sun Han said in a serious tone, “I know this matter is very difficult, but I am left with no choice. I could only think of getting Uncle Hu to ask for your help. Although I have not been working in the industry for a long time, I still know of your name in the advertising industry. Every single one of your creations, like the Save Electricity commercial, ‘I’ll Speak For Myself’ promotional teaser, and the Brain Gold commercial, is classic textbook material in the advertising industry. There is no one else who can do except you!”

Hu Fei chipped in a word for Sun Han, “Little Zhang, I know that the station had been too harsh on you the last time. But at that critical time, the station was also forced to make a decision they did not want to make. I believe you know the station might face a great loss in reputation and also be fined heavily. Don’t leave us in a lurch! Take it as giving face to me by helping us out! Besides, since your reputation in the media has been suffering a little recently with so many negative reports of you, if you get involved with a PSA, you will surely able to turn the tide a little. So if you

have any other requests, just speak.”

Sun Han added, “I can assure you that you will not be working for nothing. The fees are negotiable. As long as you can help the station tide over this crisis, I believe the fees...”

Zhang Ye waved his hands and interrupted him. “I don’t want any money.”

Sun Han was a little taken aback. Doesn’t want money? He said, “But...”

Hu Fei interjected, “Listen to Little Zhang.”

“If you want my help, it’s not impossible.” Zhang Ye said, “But I have a request.”

Sun Han immediately answered, “Please speak.”

Zhang Ye said, “I will call the shots on the overall planning for this project, including the delegation of manpower and use of funding. Everything will be decided by me—that is my only request.”

Sun Han promised, “Rest assured of this. You are free to command everyone in our department including me.”

Zhang Ye nodded. “Alright then.”

Sun Han asked, “Then...it’s settled?”

“I will accept this task. Let’s enjoy working together.” Zhang Ye shook hands once again.

Sun Han heaved a sigh of relief, giving an excited handshake. “With you leading us, we will certainly not have any worries anymore. Thank you so much, Teacher Zhang. You have really been a great help this time!”

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, “I cannot promise that I will be able to help for sure, since the time given is really too short.”

Hu Fei patted Zhang Ye’s shoulder and said, “However it turns out, thanks Little Zhang.”

Zhang Ye laughed. “You’re welcome. Since Brother Hu has spoken, I will definitely do my best to complete it even if I have to climb a mountain of swords or dive into a sea of flames.

“I like what you said.” Hu Fei said, “In any case, I owe you one now.”

Zhang Ye smirked. “Come on, with our relationship, do you still need to say that? So where will we be working? There’s not much time left. Let’s get started right away!”

Sun Han led the way. “Over here, this way. Come with me.”

Hu Fei stayed where he stood and said, “You guys go ahead. I’m only here to link the both of you up. Now that my task is completed, I’ll be leaving.”

Chapter 573: The Most Frightening ‘Quit Smoking’ Advertisement In History?

At the television station.

Fifth floor, Public Service Announcement Department.

Sun Han pushed open the door to the office and proclaimed, “Alright everyone, please stop what you are doing for now. I have invited someone with authority in the industry to assist us on the project for the quit smoking public service ad.” Saying that, he gestured to the person beside him. “I don’t suppose Teacher Zhang needs any introduction, right? You all should know him. Before we get started, I need to inform everyone that Teacher Zhang is here to help out in a private capacity and will not receive any compensation. This ad’s planning will entirely be handled by Teacher Zhang. Before tomorrow’s ad approval deadline, every one of us in the Ad Department will follow Teacher Zhang’s instructions! Any questions?”

“No!”

“Teacher Zhang?”

“Great!”

“Teacher Zhang’s ads are well-known throughout the country!”

Other than Sun Han, who was the manager, the department had four other people. An old man in his late fifties sat to the left, while a girl who looked to be around 18 or 19 years old sat on the right. It was hard to tell whether she was an employee of the television station or just an intern since she looked so young. In addition, there was a youth wearing a face mask sitting down and coughing intermittently, probably because of the flu. Finally, the remaining member of the team had a cast around his arm. He looked he had suffered a fracture.

When Zhang Ye saw this lineup, he suddenly felt like he had been thrown into the situation without knowing anything beforehand.

Old!

Young!

Sick!

Crippled!

What an awesome quartet!

Zhang Ye asked, "It's just the few of us?"

Sun Han felt a bit embarrassed and said, "Our department's setup is just this, but I've already applied for additional manpower from management. There will be others from the advertising department coming over later to help out."

Zhang Ye, left with no choice, said, “Time and tide wait for no man. Let’s get started.”

Sun Han said, “Right, let’s show Teacher Zhang our previous ads first.”

“It’s right here.” The intern girl brought over the files and said, “These are the ads that got axed.”

Zhang Ye scanned through the footage and said, “I already know the standards that we have to adhere to. Basically, we cannot show real organs or overly frightening illustrations. What about the duration required for the ad?”

The old man replied, “The required duration is fifteen seconds.”

Zhang Ye asked again, “What is the desired effect it must achieve?”

Sun Han hesitated. “Since it is a quit smoking PSA, it should certainly make people feel scared. It can only achieve its objectives as a quit smoking PSA if people are truly scared from the bottoms of their hearts. However, the problem we have now is that the new policies do not allow for those traditional ideas that everyone had always been using. The even older ways, such as showing statistics of death rates due to smoking, won’t be effective in spreading the message at all if they’re not supported by images. Besides, that method is also outdated, so that’s why we’re having a difficult time handling this quit smoking PSA. On top of that, we even have only

one day left to complete it. We...”

Zhang Ye said, “Scaring people? We do not necessarily have to resort to blood and gore or use real imagery or blackened lungs. Those visual tricks are the lowest form of scare tactics.”

When Sun Han noticed that Zhang Ye seemed to be forming some ideas, he hurriedly said, “Teacher Zhang, I am not a professional in this field, so everything will be done according to your ideas. Just tell us what you need and we’ll do it.”

The awesome quartet also nodded.

At this moment, someone knocked on the door and came in.

“Little Sun, we’re here to help out.”

“Manager Sun, the head instructed me to come over.”

“Manager Little Sun, you needed help? I can help out until 3 PM. Oh, Teacher Zhang? Why is Teacher Zhang here as well? Are you handing this advertisement now?”

“Yo, Teacher Little Zhang?”

Gradually, the colleagues from the other departments started to arrive. Approximately 11 people had come, clearly mobilized from their department’s work groups. The head of Beijing Television

Station was probably quite worried as well. Otherwise, there wouldn't have been so many staff members sent over to try to help save the situation! When they saw that Zhang Ye was here too, everyone was surprised for a moment and then had a clear understanding about the current situation. They found out that Beijing Television Station had turned to Zhang Ye for help to try to overcome the problem that they were currently facing. But those who had worked at the station last year all knew about the disagreements between these two parties, so they were still surprised that the station had actually invited Zhang Ye to help them out. Also, Zhang Ye had agreed to help them!

However, Zhang Ye did not have the time to explain anything. He was here with only one purpose in mind. As he had promised his friend he would help out, he only wanted to make sure he could complete the task. He thought of nothing else!

There was only a day's time!

Without much funding!

He couldn't go with traditional concepts!

It couldn't have blood and gore!

It must not scare the non-smokers.

Yet, the key was that it still had to be frightening??

In Zhang Ye's mind, he was racing through ideas as he filtered them with the conditions required. Very quickly, a classic 'quit smoking' public service announcement from his previous world presented itself to him—it was ad shown on Central TV from his previous world. At that time, compared to many other outstanding and creative quit smoking ads both locally and abroad, it was not the most humorous, nor was it the most interesting, and it did not even have a singular emphasis on creativeness or topic of interest about it. By analyzing the ad's structure, it did not even seem to fall under the creative advertisement category. Overall, it was very dry and boring ad! But precisely because it was so simple, this quit smoking announcement that lasted for about a dozen seconds without even having a line of narration in it was regarded by most smokers in that previous world of his as the most frightening quit smoking PSA in history. Countless smokers were so scared by that advertisement that, ever since they had watched it, they never took another puff again. This advertisement had at that time caused countless discussions!

This would be the one!

It did not even need an outdoor shoot, it had low production fees, did not require much manpower, and was simple to produce!

After comparing the dozens of quit smoking PSAs in his mind, Zhang Ye picked this advertisement without any hesitation. He stood up and quickly assigned tasks. "I need two people! Get me at least a thousand cigarettes. Most of the cigarettes can just be the ordinary yellow filter-type cigarette. But I need a hundred that don't have any clear markings on the filter and should be a solid yellow!"

“Ah? Solid color filter?”

“So you mean cigarettes without words and branding on the filter?”

“What did you mean by that?”

The first instruction had already left everyone unable to make heads or tails of it.

Sun Han immediately said, “Old Xu, Brother Hu, may I trouble the two of you in getting what Teacher Zhang needs?”

Two staff members from another department said, “Sure, since the head told us to come over to help out, we will follow your arrangements accordingly. It’s best if the thousand cigarettes have no markings on the filters? Alright, leave it to us!” The two of them went off to get it done. Since they were both hardcore smokers, they knew exactly which brand of cigarettes to look for.

Zhang Ye continued, “Next, I need royalty-free background music so that I can use it as I please. The required music must sound gloomy, be slow, and feel sorrowful.”

A youth raised a hand and said, “Let me handle that. It’s my specialty.”

Zhang Ye added, “I will need at least twenty samples of background music. After you have gathered them all, come to me

so that I can decide which to use!”

A middle-aged woman from the advertising department said, “I’ll help with that as well.”

As the office could not accommodate so many people, the two of them went off to do their task after getting it.

Zhang Ye said hastily, “Reserve a recording location for me. As for the computer animation, design, and post-production equipment, get the preparations for those done as well. Everyone get back to their own respective working positions and make sure the tools are accessible at any time. Finally, the most important thing. I need a few of you who know 3D modeling, at least five of you, to help arrange these hundreds of cigarettes into the most realistic 3D model of the lung!”

Chapter 574: Unable To Finish?

The tasks had been assigned accordingly.

But everyone was still a little confused.

Sun Han was a little taken aback. “Using cigarettes to make a 3D model?”

The old-young-sick-injured group’s Comrade Old said, “And making a lung?”

“Yes. Everyone please make the most of your time now,” Zhang Ye said. “I have to say this beforehand, but whoever can work overtime today, please do so. Also, if there’s no compelling reason, could the four of you from the Public Service Announcement Department stay overnight? I will be staying myself as well, so let’s be prepared to work all the way till morning! This will be a difficult battle as we don’t have much time until the deadline, so we can only sacrifice our rest and sleep!”

“Alright then.”

“I’m fine with that.”

“I will follow Teacher Zhang’s instructions!”

The four of them all acknowledged the need to work overtime.

His request for overtime was actually only directed towards the Public Service Announcement Department employees as the others who came to help with the production still had their basic duties to fulfill at work and it was unfair to ask them to do the same.

Soon after, everyone started getting busy in the office.

Lungs?

Using cigarettes to create a 3D model of lungs?

No one understood Zhang Ye's intent nor could they see what this advertisement would be about, but everyone executed their tasks accordingly as given by Zhang Ye. If Sun Han or any other person had given the orders, it might have been possible that not everyone would have put in their full trust and simply followed the instructions. But it was who Zhang Ye stood before them. First was his reputation and fame as a calligrapher, advertiser, literature writer, world class mathematician, etc, a whole host of titles to his name. Second, everyone knew he had a bad temper; even the newcomers to the television station felt intimidated. In the group of personnel which had come to help out, there were two people who had just joined the television station this year. When they started, Zhang Ye had already left the station. Even though they had not met or worked together before, they had still heard the countless stories concerning Zhang Ye—when he chased off a guest teacher during the lecture on the Three Kingdoms, his scolding of the leader, beating up the leader's son and creating trouble during a live broadcast. All of this led to his reputation preceding him. He was a legend to them.

With a variety of other reasons, many people instinctively feared Zhang Ye, knowing that he would even scold their mothers if it came to such a point!

“Where’s the machine? Where is it?”

“Don’t gather around here! It’s too crowded!”

“Old Zhou, bring the guys and go to table three to work.”

“Someone get me a pen. Mine’s out of ink!”

The office was filled with the sounds of people working. Zhang Ye did not slack off either. He got Sun Han to bring him to the soundproofed recording studio where the ad would be filmed. By rights, the studio was not booked for the Public Service Announcement Department today, but after getting special approval from the station, Zhang Ye brought along his team to claim the recording studio for his own use after some haggling. Although the props were not ready yet, he had already begun outlining the settings as he took a notepad and pen out to do the storyboarding.

He opened up the game ring to buy a Memory Search Capsule and ate it to speedily find the original ad from his previous world. When he opened his eyes again, Zhang Ye immediately proceeded to draft the storyboard. He divided it into five key panels, sketching it out on the notepad. It was drawn very simply and crudely and looked like something that only Zhang Ye himself

would understand. Every panel was labeled with some numbers, like time durations and other notes. All of this information would help him to better plan his production work. Since it was not the first time he was involved in advertisement production, he was familiar with all the tasks and planning involved. As such, he appeared very professional in handling his work.

“Teacher Zhang, does this background look suitable?”

“That part won’t do. Use a computer to create the background instead. I need it to look gloomier. Get them ready and don’t forget the smoke effects that need to be composited in. I need more variations of the smoke effects too. This is what both of you specialize in, right? OK, I will tell you in detail how the smoke should look like. It has to appear wispy, a little lighter, not too concentrated...”

In the blink of an eye, it was already time for lunch.

Some of them went downstairs to eat lunch while Zhang Ye and many others continued to do their work in the office. When Sun Han saw this, he got someone to order takeout to be delivered over so that everyone could eat.

Afternoon.

They finally got their hands on all the cigarettes.

“Unpack them!”

“Unpack everything.”

“Place them one by one into this box.”

Zhang Ye had to split his focus, sometimes checking on the progress at the fifth floor office, and at other times, heading to the recording studio to supervise the prop modeling.

Eventually, the background music was finished and ready. Two staff members brought three melancholic sounding arrangements for Zhang Ye to listen to. But after listening to them, he rejected them all and said, “These aren’t acceptable. I’ve already said I want at least 20 pieces of music to pick from. Please try a little harder! I need the music to be even slower!”

The female staff said, “But there are only these few music pieces in the library that fit the requirements you mentioned.”

Zhang Ye said, “Then don’t get them from the library.” He looked at Sun Han and said, “Let the relevant departments in the station help out with this. Compose a piece of suitable music that we can use.”

Sun Han was already sweating from fatigue. “Alright, I will try my best to get them to do so.”

Zhang Ye quickly told him, “Don’t try your best. You need to get it done no matter what. The ad will be a standalone piece and

won't involve any narration, so I don't think I need to highlight the importance of the background music. The music will unite the whole ad and set its tone. It is the most important piece of the finished product, so we can't mess this up. Tell the station that we need some technical people to help us out on this. When you find them, let them come look for me. I will explain the requirements in detail to them. If even they can't do it, then we will pay an external company to get it done!"

Seeing Zhang Ye be so serious, Sun Han also straightened up. "OK, leave it to me!"

Zhang Ye's attitude had infected the others and made everyone feel very tense.

This was who Zhang Ye was. No matter what the issue was, whether it was his own problem or a problem he promised to help someone else with, he would not prioritize one over the other. He was the type of person who would do his best at whatever he did. This attitude of seeking perfection was rooted in his fundamentals since he debuted. He did not like to fool others, and had his own understanding and pursuits, especially when it came to art. Everything else could be discounted, but this was not one of them!

One hour...

Three hours...

Five hours...

It was already evening and time to clock out.

A large group of the staff from the other advertising department had already left. From 3 PM in the afternoon until 7 PM now, people had been gradually leaving and only a handful had voluntarily stayed behind to help out. It was only because Sun Han had spent all day talking and persuading many of them that they did not all leave at once. But this was clearly not a good long-term plan. At around 8 or 9 PM at night, many of the television station's departments had already switched off their lights and left work. The 5 or 6 people from the other departments who had stayed behind to help out could no longer endure it. After working on such a high tension job with a tight deadline for hours on end, who could endure it!?

They left as well.

Only Zhang Ye, Sun Han, and his team of the “awesome quartet” stayed behind.

Zhang Ye was not distracted by any of these issues as he continued to work on the 3D lung model which had already taken shape. He tweaked it a little here and there but was still unsatisfied with how it looked!

It didn't seem right!

It just didn't feel right!

The model was very similar to the one that was shown in the PSA from his previous world. The shape looked almost the same but it somehow lacked the same feel. This was a model of a pair of lungs that were made from thousands of cigarettes stacked together, but it obviously did not portray the feel of what lungs were like. Zhang Ye turned it around, looking at it from different angles, and even used a camera to test shots of it from multiple perspectives, but it still did not seem right!

Finally, Zhang Ye discovered the problem!

There was something wrong with the depth layering! This lung's arrangement looked too precise from the front! The cigarettes displayed at the front of the lung should have been unevenly layered, but right now it was just a flat surface. It had lost the essence of a three-dimensional object. That's why it did not have the feel of a lung!

They were done for!

A problem cropped up!

Zhang Ye took a deep breath and couldn't help admitting that this was a very big error on his part. He had thought too simply of it when he conveyed the requirements to the modelers. As it took time for the model to be assembled, Zhang Ye hadn't notice this problem earlier. But it seemed like it was too late now as the cigarettes used for modeling the lungs were fixed one-by-one onto a frame with glue. This made it almost impossible to do any modifications to it now as the glue had already dried and the cigarettes were all solidly in place!

Sun Han looked at him and asked, “What’s the matter?”

The employee with the flu said, “Teacher Zhang, what happened?”

Zhang Ye did not look too good as he explained, “There’s a flaw in the design. We can’t use this prop anymore. We have to remake it!” This demonstrated how difficult it was to create an advertisement, because the tasks thought to be simple and easy to execute would sometimes turn out to be utterly difficult. It would have to be done all over again, and sometimes, it wasn’t even as simple as redoing it once!

Old: “Ah?”

Young: “What?”

Sick: “This...this looks quite good though.”

Injured: “Yeah, what’s wrong with this?”

The four of them were dumbfounded.

It was getting so late already. Midnight was soon approaching. They had spent the entire morning and afternoon rushing, but now it looked like their hard work for the entire day had gone to waste?

Zhang Ye said, “We will redo this!”

Everyone was in despair now. They knew it was over, that this task would not be completed on time. A day was indeed not enough. Up until now, they still did not know what the ad would look like. But more importantly, the only prop to be used for the ad was even facing a design flaw? Wasn't this adding fuel to fire!

Sun Han also blanched. “The modelers have already left. H-h-how will we be able to remake this now? Besides, we've run out of cigarettes too. We wasted quite a lot of them when we were creating this model! Why don't we just make do and use this to finish our task first!”

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, “That won't do. Even if we use this model for the shoot, it won't have the desired effect. I know everyone is tired, but let's endure a little more!”

The intern girl clenched her teeth and said, “I'll go get the cigarettes! I know this brand and I've seen it at the 24-hour convenience store downstairs!”

The other staff members meanwhile continued busying themselves with work but it was obvious they had also felt the despair because of this problem, and were no longer holding out much hope for the project. So many of them had spent the entire day and night to make this model of the lungs, but there were only a few of them left now, and they felt totally drained and tired. Further, the modelers had left the office as well, so what else could

they do? They couldn't even finish if they pulled an all-nighter, right?

Chapter 575: Tempting Fate!

At midnight.

The digital clock in the recording studio beeped to signal the time.

The cigarettes that were meant for the reconstruction of the model were brought back to the office as well. The awesome quartet had just started unpacking the cigarettes from their packs. Without the manpower from the morning and afternoon to help out, even the simple task of opening the packs to take the cigarettes out had taken them a long time to do. The more packs they opened, the more dispirited and tired they became.

Zhang Ye took a cig from the pile.

Sun Han lighted it for him then took one for himself as well.

At this time, Sun Han's phone rang. He answered the call and said, "Hello, Brother Chen....Has it been recorded already? Alright, alright. Thanks, you guys....OK...OK. I'll definitely treat everyone to a meal, definitely!"

Zhang Ye asked, "The background music is complete?"

Sun Han used the software in the recording studio to retrieve the music files. "Two of my friends from the station completed it after working overtime. There. I've received the files. Have a listen and

see if they're alright. I think they've created them according to your requirements."

There were a total of 3 pieces of background music.

When Zhang Ye heard the first one, he rejected it. When he heard the second piece, his eyes narrowed and he said, "Good, this will be the one! I don't need to listen to the third one anymore!"

Sun Han heaved a sigh of relief. "That's good then, at least we have completed one task, but the others..."

Zhang Ye and Sun Han turned their heads and looked over to the few of them at the other side opening cigarette packs and taking out cigarettes. The oldest one of them was already lying down horizontally across a few chairs, the injured one with a cast was also reclining in a chair and had fallen asleep while nodding his head, looking like he would fall off the chair at any time.

Sun Han said, "I'll wake them up!"

"Forget it." Zhang Ye stopped him and looked at the others. "Everyone has been battling hard for more than 12 hours now. Even if they were ironmen, they wouldn't be able to bear it. If they're tired, just let them rest."

The staff member who had the flu clutched his forehead and said, "Brother Sun, Teacher Zhang, I can't take it anymore too. I'm sick and feel crazy dizzy." He stood up to excuse himself. He looked like

he wasn't even unable to stand properly.

The intern girl was also at her limits, her eyelids drooping as she tried to battle her fatigue.

If they had been able to finish up everything just now, they might have been able to hang on a little more. But the problem now was that there was an issue with the prop and they were only several hours away from the morning deadline. They knew they couldn't make it in time. Exhaling their last breath of hope, their spirits were crushed as weariness took over completely.

Zhang Ye said calmly, "Go and rest."

The girl said, "I will just nap for half an hour. Then I'll be able to work again."

Zhang Ye looked at Sun Han who was also trying to hold out and told him, "You too. Go and rest."

"What about you?" Sun Han did not move.

Zhang Ye stamped on and extinguished his cigarette, then said, "Don't worry about me. I once recorded a program for more than 12 hours without stopping, so don't try to keep up with me like this."

Sun Han waved his hands and said, "That won't do. If you aren't going to rest, then I'll stay up together with you. Just let me know

whatever you need me to help you with. It was already quite unsuitable that I called you to help us with this in the first place, so how could I leave you to work while I sleep? That doesn't make sense." He was about to light another cigarette to wake himself up a little more.

"Don't smoke anymore." Zhang Ye said without explaining. "You can go and nap for half an hour as well. I can see that you're feeling dizzy too. If you try to help out with the modeling, which requires steady hands, it'll be more troublesome if you're feeling dizzy. You won't be able to do much in your state, so go on and rest. I will wake you up in a bit."

Sun Han thought over the suggestion and could only reply, "Then...Alright, I'll get 30 minutes of shuteye. Remember to wake us up."

Zhang Ye nodded.

Sun Han then found a corner and pulled over a few chairs, placing them close together before lying down on them. He had only closed his eyes for a few seconds before he started snoring. He was that tired.

When Zhang Ye saw they had all fallen asleep, he went over to the intern girl to cover her with a jacket, afraid she would catch a cold. Although he said that he would wake them up in 30 minutes, he wasn't actually planning on doing so. They were already at their limits, whether it be physically or technically. Whatever work there was left, he was better off doing himself. He would just do whatever he could since he was used to working overtime anyway,

and still had the strength to go on.

Let's get started then.

Zhang Ye walked over to the model frame and started to affix the cigarettes one by one. The previous design flaw had taught him a lesson and he already knew what the problem was, so he was sure that he wouldn't make the same mistake again. And so, using the flawed model as a guide, Zhang Ye started stacking up and affixing the cigarettes to a new frame again. It looked almost the same as the earlier model, except that it had a layering effect in the depth of the cigarettes. For example, the bottom of the lungs shouldn't stick out as much compared to the middle. With this added depth, it made the model appear three dimensional. Even though it was simple to explain, when it came to making the model, it was still a very complex operation. His hands needed to be very steady to make sure the cigarettes stuck well on the first try. Once the glue dried, there was no way to move it again. When that was done, he had to put another cigarette on top of the other. He did every step carefully.

One cig.

Ten cigs...

A hundred cigs...

Again and again.

Two hours passed.

Sun Han and the others were all sound asleep. Two of them were even snoring loudly, creating quite a good rhythm between themselves.

At 2 AM in the morning, Zhang Ye suddenly felt light-headed and started seeing spots in his vision. His hand were shaking so badly that a cigarette he was holding dropped to the floor. He also lost his balance for a second!

He was at his limits!

He could not hang on any longer!

Zhang Ye quickly drank a sip of water as his face turned pale. What should he do? There was no time left, but should he just give up like that? Just throw it aside so it would be out of his hands? How could he do that! If he hadn't promised them, it wouldn't have mattered to him. But he had already promised Hu Fei that he would do it, so how couldn't he finish it! He had to be credible!

He was getting increasingly tired and sleepy by the second!

Even for an ironman like Zhang Ye, he could not continuously focus with such intensity on a task for 13 or 14 hours straight. There were also times where he would feel tired as well.

Oh yes, there's that!

Suddenly, Zhang Ye remembered an item he had gotten from the lottery draw the last time. Other than the 1-Up and Fruit of Agility, he had also drawn 20 bottles of Strength Potion. Based on his experience with using the Health Potion and getting healed when he was involved in a fight with Wang Shuixin's son at Beijing Television Station, he felt that the Strength Potion would also let him regain his strength in the same way. He wondered if it would be useful in this situation!

He opened the inventory menu to retrieve a bottle of Strength Potion and gulped it down quickly.

The next moment, he felt a warm stream of energy surging from within and his blood flow seemingly increasing throughout this body. Zhang Ye's eyes brightened up as he balled his fists knowing that the potion had taken effect immediately. He recovered much of his strength and perked up again!

He continued to work!

121 cigs!

122 cigs!

Aiya, this one was a little out of place! He quickly removed and carefully stuck it on again!

144 cigs!

In the entire recording studio, he was the only one busy working.

Outside.

The corridor had several sections where the fluorescent lights were dimmed. Other than the departments on duty, the whole building of the television station was almost fully dark. There were not many lights on in the silence of the night.

5 AM.

It was almost daybreak.

At the end of the corridor, some footsteps thudded.

“Station Head, I’m sorry we had to trouble you and make you come down here in the middle of the night over some small issues.”

“If it has the potential to affect the television broadcast, then it is no small issue.”

“You’re right. This is my fault. I did not make the staff to get the equipment ready in advance.”

“Hur hur, it’s fine. Has it been fixed?”

“Yes, it’s been fixed. The signal will restart in a short while.”

“Alrighty then.”

“You should hurry and go back to get some rest.”

“I’m not going back again. I no longer feel tired.”

A man and a woman were walking from a distance away.

The man who was in his forties looked like he was an assistant.

The woman was an old lady in her late fifties with a headful of white hair which did not look dirty or messy. Her short hair was neat and permed, making her look very spirited. Suddenly, the old lady spotted something ahead. “Oh, why are the lights on over there? That’s the recording studio, isn’t it? There’s still someone doing a recording at this time?”

The middle-aged assistant was stunned. “That can’t be. Maybe they forgot to switch off the lights? Who would be recording a program in the middle of the night?”

When the two of them approached, they saw that doors to the recording studio were left opened. Peeking in casually, they saw 4 or 5 people lying down on some chairs and a young man who was

still awake. He seemed fully focused on a strangely shaped model, a pile of cigarettes at the side, though they did not know what he was doing.

The old lady asked curiously, “That kid looks familiar. Is he Zhang Ye?”

The middle-aged assistant was taken aback but replied, “That’s him. Why is he...Oh, I know. Our station’s ‘quit smoking’ PSA was withdrawn from airing. But since today is the World No Tobacco Day, and we were unable to come up with another ad in time, I heard that someone had requested that Zhang Ye come and help save the situation. He has been here since yesterday morning handling the ad’s production.” He had heard about Zhang Ye’s time at the station from others. After all, Zhang Ye was one of the top C-list celebrities and was closely related with the television station due to the many incidents between them. Of course his presence at the station would not be kept hidden. Many people had even been talking about him yesterday during work.

The old lady said, “He started yesterday morning?”

The middle-aged assistant nodded. “When I came to work in the evening, I saw him busy working at the Advertising Department.”

“It’s almost the next morning now.” The old lady glanced at her watch.

The middle-aged assistant anxiously replied, “Yes, why is Zhang Ye still working now? It’s just him? He has been working

continuously for the last 20 hours? Even a god wouldn't be able to take it! He's really risking his life for this!" He also knew that the station's quit smoking advertisement had been withdrawn and that they were in trouble. But even so, why would he tempt fate this way by working for 20 hours straight? And you're the only one left to do all the work? You...just what are you thinking!

The old lady asked, "How much did we pay him to take this urgent job?"

The middle-aged assistant gave a wry smile and said, "I think... nothing? He was asked by one of our satellite channel's producers to do a favor for the station. I heard from them that Zhang Ye did not ask for a single cent."

The old lady asked again to confirm, "Volunteering?"

"I suppose so," the middle-aged assistant answered ambiguously. Voluntary? Was there anyone who would tempt fate for a voluntary job! If something happened to you while you were incredibly tired, would it be worth it? Afraid that the station head had forgotten some past issues, he added, "Ever since Wang Shuixin's incident, Zhang Ye's relationship with the station hasn't been that good anymore. It was Deputy Station Head Wan who signed the letter firing Zhang Ye, so because of that, his relationship with us became quite bad. I'm still wondering why he agreed to help the station in this matter. He's even doing it so earnestly..." He spoke such, still unable to wrap his head around what was going on.

The old lady smiled and said, "I've heard a lot about this Zhang

Ye, but this is the first time I've seen him at the station. From what you've just told me, I find that man quite interesting." She paused for a moment. "Go on ahead, Little Wu. You still have some work to do, so there's no need to keep accompanying me."

The middle-aged assistant said, "Station Head, what about you?"

A sparkle of curiosity glimmering in her eyes, the old lady said, "I'm going to stroll around a bit."

Chapter 576: Ad Finished!

It was past 5 AM.

The effects of the Strength Potion was already wearing off. Although he had recovered quite a bit of strength in the middle of the night, that did not mean it wouldn't be used up. Zhang Ye was starting to yawn continuously but kept pinching his brows with his fingers to keep himself up so that he could continue sticking the cigarettes onto the prop.

One cig.

Another cig.

Just a little more!

Nearly there! Almost done!

Suddenly, Zhang Ye glimpsed the silhouette of a person who had appeared beside him at some point, which ended up sending shivers down his spine. He half screamed, "Woah!"

It was an amiable looking old lady with a headful of white hair.

Xu Yuhong said with a smile, "Did I give you a fright?"

Zhang Ye said casually, "I did get frightened since you didn't

even make a sound when you walked in.”

“It’s not that I didn’t make a sound, but rather because you were perhaps too focused,” said Xu Yuhong.

“That’s true.” Zhang Ye continued his work and said, “But it was a good fright. I was almost unable to hold off my sleepiness any longer, but I’m good now since you got me there.”

Xu Yuhong asked, “Why are you not resting?”

Zhang Ye looked at the cigarette in his hand before sticking it on, and answered her without turning to face her, “I would’ve slept if I could’ve. The problem here is that I can’t since there’s still a bunch of work that’s waiting for me to finish. Which department are you from?”

Xu Yuhong spoke, “Me? I’m from upstairs.”

Zhang Ye said, “From the Equipment Department? Are you working overtime or did you just get to work?”

Xu Yuhong smiled. “I’ve just arrived. You could say that I have an early shift today.”

Zhang Ye said, “Then it must be hard on you. You haven’t retired yet?”

Xu Yuhong sighed, “I can’t retire yet, but I’ve still got some strength left in me. Besides, my grandchildren are still depending on me to raise them.”

Zhang Ye said, “You still have some strength? At your age, you should be relaxing instead.”

Xu Yuhong laughed. “I’m still healthy and in good shape.”

“Really?” Zhang Ye looked at her.

Xu Yuhong nodded. “I just did a checkup at the beginning of the year. I’m as good as you young’uns.”

Zhang Ye clapped and said, “You’re that healthy? That’s good then. Aunty, quick. Since you’re here for work early and have nothing to do yet, do you see this box here? Help me take the cigarettes out one by one. When I glue one onto this model here, you pass a new one to me.” Having said so, he had already designated a task for the old lady. “It’d be nice if you just took it out lightly and not squeeze it until it gets bent. Thanks, Aunty. I’ll buy you a meal sometime. I’m afraid that I won’t have enough time to complete this if I do it by myself. This task is really urgent!”

Xu Yuhong was stunned. “Huh?”

Zhang Ye said, “Please, Aunty.”

Xu Yuhong said, "...Sure." She was tickled by what was happening here. She bowed over to take a cigarette out of the box, and gave it to him. "You're Zhang Ye, right? I've heard that you don't have a terribly good relationship with Beijing Television Station. This is their problem, so why are you so bothered about it?"

Zhang Ye took the cigarette from her and stuck it onto the model. "Heh, I'm not doing this for the television station. It's just Beijing Television Station, what's it got to do with me? If they were the ones who looked for me to help them, I wouldn't have cared even if they offered to pay me. This bro's advertisement productions cannot be bought by just money alone."

Xu Yuhong glanced at him and offered the next cigarette to him. "Then why?"

Zhang Ye said matter-of-factly, "For a friend. Brother Hu was the one who brought me into the television industry. Back when I had offended the radio networks and had no place to go, Brother Hu helped me by roping me into Beijing Television Station. It was right here that I managed to have a program of my own and raise my name. Do you think I would forget about it? Just a call from Brother Hu and I would agree to help him no matter what. There are some favors that one must repay no matter what. Moreover, I did not ask for a single cent from Beijing Television Station. Do you know why? Because I'm repaying the love I have for the station. That's why I agreed to take on this project. If I don't accept any money from them and in turn do them a favor, then I will no longer owe the station anything. I will have paid my dues. It doesn't matter if others care about this or know about this at all. As long as I'm comfortable with myself, it's good enough. I'm the

kind of person who others may let down, but I must never let others down!”

Xu Yuhong narrowed her eyes and said, “So you still have some love for the station?”

Zhang Ye casually remarked, “I’m a born and bred Beijinger too. Since childhood, I’ve watched the programs on this station, so even if I say that I don’t have any feelings for it, I doubt anyone would believe me. But what happened later definitely made me a little bitter. It’s a complicated matter, yeah, but it’s already in the past.”

Xu Yuhong continued handing him the cigarettes as she said, “There isn’t much time left till tomorrow’s final approval deadline, right? You haven’t even completed the prop yet and you’re talking about recording the ad? It’s almost dawn. I doubt you’ll be able to finish it. Forget it. Why don’t you drop what you’re doing and let’s sit down to have a chat.” She turned to look for a chair.

Zhang Ye said, “Heh, didn’t you say you were in good health? That you were as good as us young’uns? But you’ve just been here for a short time and you’re already feeling tired? Don’t tell me you were just boasting?”

Xu Yuhong: “.....”

Zhang Ye said, “Aunty, help me for a little longer, won’t you. A healthy lifestyle depends on exercise and this isn’t even be

considered heavy lifting. It's good for your body to move about and around."

"There's definitely not enough time," Xu Yuhong said helplessly.

Zhang Ye said with determination, "There's definitely enough time."

Xu Yuhong raised her hand and showed it to Zhang Ye. "Look at the time yourself."

Zhang Ye still smiled, and then said, "I don't need to see. There's definitely enough time."

Xu Yuhong asked, "Why are you so sure?"

Zhang Ye said, "Because I promised a friend I would do it. Besides, this ad doesn't involve me alone, so there can't be any mishaps. I've already made the promise, so I must carry it out. Would I have any face left otherwise? When Brother Hu helped me last time, he did not make any excuses or exploit me by taking advantage of my situation. Besides, I'm still full of energy now, so how can I just drop it like that? Even at the eleventh hour, I must do it even if I have to pay for it with my life!"

Xu Yuhong looked at him, then walked back again and took out another cigarette to pass to him. "You haven't slept in 24 hours already, right? You're tempting fate now. Are you sure you can handle it?"

“Yes.” Zhang Ye’s tone was very light but also quite determined.

Xu Yuhong acknowledged him and said, “Then I will help you all the way to the end.”

One cig followed by another.

As he chatted with another person, Zhang Ye did not feel as sleepy anymore. The number of mistakes he made due to lack of concentration was also reduced. With every movement, he became more familiar with the repetitive motions which also helped speed things up.

91%!

93%!

96%!

Finally, the 3D model of the pair of lungs was complete!

Zhang Ye did not know what time it was nor did he bother to check. After he completed the model, he anxiously did a 360-degree check for any problems before also taking a camera and recording the full structure of the prop once over!

Finished!

Perfect!

Xu Yuhong looked at the model. “Is this a model of a pair of lungs? How are you intending to make this ad? The quit smoking ads these days are all quite similar. How can there still be any fresh ideas?”

Zhang Ye laughed. “You’ll know when the video is done.”

Xu Yuhong contemplated for a moment before saying, “What I’m curious about right now is how you intend to use the 3D model. You’ve spent so much effort to make this with pure manpower? Why didn’t you use CGI instead? Why didn’t you make a computer model? Isn’t that more convenient? After you’ve completed the model, don’t you still have to digitize it for the final shot?”

Zhang Ye was already setting up the video camera, “That’s different. A computer is not everything. Some effects can only be realistically shown by using an actual item!”

All preparations done!

He switched on the camera and started recording!

He started off with a shot from the front, zooming in slowly. Next, for the partial shots, he experimented with many different angles to capture the footage. Even though Zhang Ye was not a professional camera operator, he still knew some of the skills.

Besides, the ad footage was really simple to begin with since it did not involve any people nor any narration. There was just this prop model of a pair of lungs, so it didn't need a real professional camera operator to record the footage. It was a piece of cake!

After the initial shots were filmed, it was time for a more troublesome step. It was a long continuous take, so there couldn't be any hiccups. If he got it wrong, it would be a disaster as he would then need to build a new model again to reshoot the footage. After thinking about it for a while, Zhang Ye had a stroke of genius. He decided that he would experiment on the previously flawed model first.

He retrieved some props he had gotten others to prepare for him earlier and then laid out the storyboard he had "planned" to identify three ignition points on the 3D model pair of lungs. He then began. He first lit a part of it to test the self-assembled inhaling mechanism. It seemed to not work too well at first, so he made some adjustments after which everything went smoothly. Then he lit the second and third spots. All three ignition points were supposed to have different amounts of cigarettes that had to be lit and could not be the same as the others. Some needed two cigarettes to be lit while another spot needed ten.

10 minutes later, the test run was done.

Xu Yuhong, observing the whole process, had gradually revealed an amazed expression. "Little Zhang, I think I know what effect you're trying to achieve."

Zhang Ye was getting a little nervous at this point. "The next one

will be the actual recording. I have to get it right in one take.”

Xu Yuhong went up to him and said, “Let me help you with the camera. You look inexperienced and probably don’t know how to operate it.” She placed her hand on the equipment and switched some controls with a few clicks and clacks, pressing some buttons and then adjusting the screens, her actions not understood by Zhang Ye, but were definitely those of a professional.

Zhang Ye’s eyes brightened. “Aunty, I’m depending on you then.”

Xu Yuhong smiled and said, “Just pay attention to what you’re doing over there and leave the rest to me.”

Zhang Ye reminded her, “You better not miss the shot.”

“Don’t worry.”

“Don’t forget to press the record button.”

“...I won’t forget to do that.”

“Are you really going to be OK?”

“...Are you going to light it or not?”

“Yes.”

Zhang Ye gave a few more worried looks before finally kindling the fire. He was being very careful. At this moment, he held his breath, knowing that all the hard work in the past 24 hours was for this one take!

The fire lit!

The three ignition spots started to burn!

Xu Yuhong adjusted the lenses, slowly changing focus while signaling with her hand.

Seeing that, Zhang Ye pressed button on the self-assembled inhaling mechanism and the ignited spots burned brighter, adding a more dramatic feel to the burning sequence. Inhale. The ignited spots burned brighter. Inhale again. The ignited points burned brighter again!

Soon after, the recording was completed!

Zhang Ye quickly ran over to check out the finished product. When he saw that the old lady had perfectly recorded everything he had wanted, he couldn't conceal his excitement any longer. He retrieved the recorded footage and quickly went into a workstation to do the post-production! Most of the remaining work was done earlier by the technical staff from the Advertising Department. All he needed to do now was put them together!

Zhang Ye furiously tapped away at the computer. His capabilities in network technology needed no mentioning. After all he was the famous “2”, a globally wanted hacker. But when it came to ordinary technical skills like 3D object manipulation, they were not something he dared flatter himself on. He was only as good as the typical student doing a non-computer related major.

Seeing his clumsy handling, Xu Yuhong couldn't help but say, “Come on, let me do it instead.”

“You even know how to do this?” Zhang Ye was a little stunned.

Xu Yuhong smiled and replied, “I worked as a reporter, an editor, and many other related jobs in the television industry when I was young. Although I don't use them often, my basics still exist. So this won't trouble me at all. Just sit down beside me and tell me what your concept is. You are the supervisor while I edit it according to your concept.”

Zhang Ye thought to himself, wondering why an old lady who was in charge of equipment would be so versatile and talented in so many areas??

Chapter 577: This Old Lady Is The Station Head?

Morning, 7 AM.

The sun had risen.

The day shift hosts, cleaners, and others were trickling in for work. The various departments in Beijing Television Station were starting a new day. Each department's offices lighted up.

In the recording studio.

Zhang Ye put away the props and equipment one by one and cleared the room. There were still other teams who needed to use the recording studio afterwards as they had only booked the studio until 8 AM. This was why he made space for them by clearing his team's stuff away. After more or less cleaning the studio, Zhang Ye sat down in a chair feeling totally exhausted. He felt as though his hands and feet did not physically belong to him anymore. Yet as he sat there, his eyes did not show a hint of tiredness. In fact, they even gleamed brightly because he had completed what others thought was an impossible task!

Finished!

The ad production had been completed!

Zhang Ye turned to the side and said, “Aunty, I just want to thank you for all your help. I’ll let the team know to put in a good word for you and give you the credit you deserve for helping out in the production of this ad. Hopefully, the Equipment Department people will give you a promotion as well, ha.”

Xu Yuhong smiled and said, “There’s no need for that.”

“Of course I need to. You’ve been such a great help,” Zhang Ye insisted.

Xu Yuhong shook her head. “I can’t be promoted anymore.”

Zhang Ye said, “Yo, you’ve offended someone upstairs too? Who did you offend?”

Xu Yuhong said in amusement, “I should be asking you instead. Who did I offend?”

“Then why can’t an old employee like you who oversees the equipment get promoted? They should at least give you a pay raise. Don’t be bothered by me. I will definitely help you get a raise. Although I may not have a good relationship with the station and my personal relationships with people are also kind of poor, a small matter like that won’t be an issue.” Zhang Ye said, “Besides, you’re an old lady with such well-rounded technical skills while at the same time so versatile and talented. It’s such a waste staying in the Equipment Department.”

Xu Yuhong laughed lightly. “Thank you for your praise.”

Suddenly, the snoring nearby stopped.

Sun Han woke and quickly sat up in his chair. His first instinct was to look at his watch, but when he saw the time, he was stunned. He exclaimed loudly, “Aiyo! It’s almost 8 AM!”

With this loud voice shouting for all to hear, the others were also roused.

The old-young-sick-injured quartet who were just transitioning from waking up were also freaked out by this!

“Teacher Zhang!”

“It’s morning already?”

“You, why didn’t you wake us up!”

“Yeah, didn’t you say you’d rouse us after 30 minutes!?”

Even though Sun Han and his team knew that if the ad was not completed on time, they would receive some form rather heavy punishment while Beijing Television Station would also face a hefty fine or a warning from the authorities. But punishment was just punishment. However, attitude was something else. If Zhang

Ye was willing to come volunteer and help out for free without even getting any rest, then how did they deserve to rest for a good six to seven hours? It did not seem right at all.

But Zhang Ye did not make much of it and just said, “It’s fine. I saw that you were all really tired. And since you guys wouldn’t be able to help much even if you were awake, I decided not to wake you all up.”

Sun Han looked apologetic. “With the deadline we were facing, yet we still...”

The intern girl was also flushed from embarrassment. “We are so sorry, Teacher Zhang. We made you do all the work by yourself. Have you been working all this time without rest since midnight?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “I can still take it. I’m used to working overtime anyway.”

Although the ad could not be completed, Sun Han was also thoroughly convinced by Zhang Ye about this matter. There were stories about Zhang Ye and his incidents that were talked about within the station. It was known that he had always been a very disputed character. There were also a lot of criticisms of him, but when face-to-face and having interacted with Zhang Ye directly, Sun Han realized that Zhang Ye was totally different from hearsay or his preconceived notions. From just this incident alone, it could be seen that Zhang Ye was a person who valued friendship a lot. When his ex-leader called him and requested his help, he immediately got down to working, and did so for 24 hours straight without rest or any grumbling. Even though the ad was not

finished, he had still tried his best till the very end. Sun Han felt that if he had a friend like Zhang Ye, he would surely be considered a lucky person.

“Sorry, Teacher Zhang. We made you work so hard for nothing.” Before he could finish saying what he wanted, Sun Han suddenly caught sight of someone in the corner of his eye. It was an old lady!

Eh?

Why does this person look so familiar?

Suddenly, Sun Han wore an expression of shock. “...Station Head!?”

The old-young-sick-injured quartet also saw her and called out in unison, “Station Head!”

When Zhang Ye heard this greeting, he suddenly felt as though he did not understand what the situation was. Dammit! What the hell is this? Station Head? What station head? Her? This old lady??

Xu Yuhong laughed for a bit and said, “Good morning. All of you have worked hard.”

Sun Han quickly answered, “It’s nothing, it’s nothing. This is our job. What...what brought you here?”

Xu Yuhong said, “Me? I was just passing by; it’s nothing important. I’m going back now.” After that, she did not say anything else and just strolled out of the recording studio.

Only to leave Zhang Ye staring with his eyes and mouth wide open at the old lady’s retreating image!

The leader of Beijing Television Station, Station Head Xu Yuhong...that was her??

Zhang Ye was of course not unfamiliar with this name since he had heard it before. But as he had never seen her before, he could never have expected that the old lady from the “Equipment Department” he had been dealing with was in fact the Station Head of Beijing Television Station. But didn’t she mention something about working upstairs? Thinking about it now, it wasn’t just the equipment room upstairs. The upstairs of upstairs of upstairs of upstairs was exactly where the the station head’s office was at! F**k! No wonder! No wonder this old lady was so well-versed in using the computer and even knew all those technical skills among other things. If he had thought about it earlier, he should have known that she couldn’t possibly be someone who took care of the equipment! An old lady at that age, how could she have had so much knowledge on complex issues like these? How could she have such strong learning capability? She definitely must have been from one of the early batches of university students in China! Being a university student at that time was a very different concept to the current university student. Anyone who was good enough to qualify for university at that era was definitely a rarity, a (wo)man amongst dragons and phoenixes. They were surely not your typical everyday people. Even if they didn’t do too well, they couldn’t possibly be relegated

to only taking care of the equipment, right?

Good god!

The person he ordered around for several hours to do menial jobs turned out to be the highest-ranking leader in all of Beijing Television Station? He had been making the station head do things for him? He had been instructing her to do this and that all this while? Oh, in the whole of the television station, no, in any industry, no one else would have dared to do that!

When Zhang Ye remembered that he even mentioned that he would put in a good word for her to get her a pay raise, even he couldn't help but find it amusing. The salary of a station head was decided by the country, so how could he even have a say in something like that!

How mean!

That old lady was truly too mean!

When the station head left, Sun Han immediately felt more comfortable and quickly asked, "Teacher Zhang, why did the station head come over here? Was she here to supervise the quit smoking ad production?"

"Ah, yes." Zhang Ye said ambiguously. He was definitely too ashamed to tell them that he had been ordering her about for the past three hours.

Sun Han and the awesome quartet all looked at each other, thinking that they were surely done for this time. Even the Station Head had attached such importance to this PSA and they had yet to finish it. They were definitely going to get into trouble this time!

Zhang Ye said, “Let’s pack up and go back to the office for now.”

As their things had already been sorted, everyone just took a box and carried them upstairs.

Chapter 578: Petrified!

At the television station.

On the fifth floor where the Advertising Department was located.

The “World No Tobacco Day” public service announcement was expected to be released around noon, so the deadline was between 8 and 9 AM. They were to submit the end result for approval. Only after that would the ad be allowed to be broadcast on TV. Hence, at this moment, there were already two leaders from Advertising Department waiting there. This was a first time ‘public service announcement crisis’ for Beijing Television Station. Because of this, those two were anxiously waiting for the Public Service Announcement Department to submit the finished product.

“Where are they?”

“Why aren’t they here yet?”

“Are they at the recording studio?”

“Are they still recording?”

“It’s over. They won’t make it on time.”

Some staff members of the Advertising Department who had helped out yesterday afternoon deliberately arrived at work earlier

to see if there was anything more they could do to help. When they saw that there was no one in the office and sensed the atmosphere, they felt that they were probably not needed anymore, since there was probably nothing they could do anyway.

Sun Han carried a box and proceeded upstairs.

“Little Sun.” One of the Advertising Department’s deputy heads said anxiously, “How’d it go? Everyone is waiting for the ad. Did you guys manage to complete it?”

The deputy director of the Advertising Department asked with a serious face, “Is it not finished?”

Sun Han sighed and answered, “Leader, I’m sorry, it’s my fault.”

The deputy director’s expression changed and said, “Didn’t I send over a lot of help yesterday? Why did it still...never mind.” As he spoke, his tone also calmed. As a leader of an advertising agency, he certainly knew how much time and effort was required to produce an ad. Even with a day’s time, a roughly put together advertisement would be difficult to produce, even more so for an advertisement that had to be reshot to fit the new regulations. Before they had started on this project, everyone had already believed that this was an impossible task. This was a project that no advertising company wanted to take on. So no one had actually placed much hope on it being completed. Now that it hadn’t been, it was still completely within reason.

The intern girl who had followed them upstairs said, “Teacher

Zhang has already tried his best and had worked without sleep for 24 hours!” Most people would probably be able to survive without sleep for a whole day and night, but one prerequisite was the absence of physical and mental exertion. Just compare watching movies that interest you for 24 hours straight while taking breaks to work for a bit, versus working intensively for 24 hours straight. These two were totally different notions similar to the difference between heaven and earth.

When the people from the Advertising Department heard that, they drew a deep breath.

“24 hours just to battle against the deadline?”

“Zhang Ye really risked his life for this!”

“Hai, it wasn’t easy for Zhang Ye either.”

“No one could’ve completed this task since the time given was too short.”

“We’re done for. We’ll surely get fined this time.”

“When the media starts to report on this, the reputation of Beijing Television Station will surely be affected. It feels like these new policies were targeted at us.”

“Stop grumbling. Just count ourselves unlucky.”

“If we had another day’s time, there might’ve still been some hope.”

“Don’t say anymore, hai. We’ve already done our best.”

“Yeah, we did all that we could’ve done. If we can’t complete it, then that’s that. It’s life.”

The people from the Advertising Department were ready to disperse.

When the person in charge of submitting the ad for approval saw this, he also sighed and turned to leave with the other leaders.

But right at this point, Zhang Ye came upstairs. Noticing everyone’s behavior, he felt very surprised and said, “Huh, why are there so many people here? What’s the matter? Where’re you guys going?”

The person in charge of the approval process comforted him by saying, “Teacher Zhang, thanks for your effort. When we were faced with such a difficult situation, you still came back to help us.” He had worked with him before, during the electricity conservation public service announcement. Even though they did not know each other very well, they had still spoken a little before.

Sun Han also said, “Thank you.”

It wasn't known when Hu Fei had arrived, but when he did, he walked straight up to Zhang Ye and said, "Little Zhang, you've already done your best."

Zhang Ye was nearly confused by them, and didn't know how to respond. Then he said, "What are you all talking about? When did I say I didn't finish the ad?"

The intern girl was shocked. "Ah?"

Sun Han blinked a few times and said, "Weren't there some problems with the prop?"

"There was." Zhang Ye laughed. "But overnight, I completed another prop which met the requirements. Oh, aren't you already carrying it in that box in your hands? Didn't I already state that since I'd agreed to handle this project, I would make sure that it would be completed and done to its best? So why did you all think that I wouldn't finish it?"

Hu Fei said in surprise, "What?"

Sun Han was overwhelmed with excitement and said, "You, you did it all by yourself?"

"Not only that." Zhang Ye said confidently, "In fact, it is also the version I am most satisfied with. At least I feel that it is hard to find fault with."

The deputy director of the Advertising Department quickly asked, “Where is it?”

Zhang Ye waved the laptop in his hand around.

“Quick, let’s have a look at it!” The leader also had not expected that he would really manage to do it.

Everyone walked to the office where there was a proper projector and display screen equipment.

Suddenly, there were seven or eight people coming over from the opposite side. When everyone took a look at who it was, they were surprised to see Station Head Xu Yuhong, walking over along with two station leaders and staff members from the Station Head’s office.

The station leaders were coming!

“Station Head!” everyone quickly greeted.

Xu Yuhong smiled and asked, “Is the final version of the ad ready?”

The deputy director of the Advertising Department said, “Teacher Zhang Ye said that it’s finished. We were just going to have a look at it. If it’s good enough, we’ll send it for approval and then arrange the broadcast.”

Xu Yuhong nodded. “OK, let’s watch it together then.”

As even the station head had joined them, when the director of the Advertising Department and many other leaders of the other departments learned of it, they also hurried over to join them. The whole station’s middle and upper management team, together with the people from the Advertising Department were all gathered in a large office, seated and waiting for the showing of the PSA.

Zhang Ye glanced at Xu Yuhong and nodded to her.

Xu Yuhong smiled lightly and nodded back at him.

Zhang Ye tested the equipment, then connected the signal feed. As it was necessary to hook up the amplifier as well, he tinkered with the configuration for a few minutes.

While everyone sat there waiting, a station leader asked for permission from Xu Yuhong, and seeing her give nod of approval, he lit a cigarette. A few of the other leaders who were also heavy smokers also secretly lit their cigarettes.

A while later.

With the background music drifting out from the speakers, the PSA began!

“It’s beginning!”

“Everyone, quiet!”

“Put your cell phones on silent.”

Everyone stared at the big screen not blinking, curious to see the final product. Although Zhang Ye had claimed that the ad was completed, they still wouldn’t quite believe it unless they saw it with their own eyes. In just such a short time, in a situation where only Zhang Ye alone was left working on it, what kind of public service announcement could he have possibly made? The staff who were involved in the ad’s production knew that there was not a single line of narration nor any character scenes in it. It only had one unique prop, of which no one could understand purpose of, in the ad. If this was the one and only prop used in the PSA, would it work? No one knew what kind of style Zhang Ye’s ad would have!

At the next moment, the ad was unveiled!

It was introduced by a gloomy sounding piece of music, done according to the original PSA’s background music in his previous world. Sun Han had found some people from the station to help create it by working overtime. As they had spent a lot of effort on it, this effort could also be felt when it was presented in this final copy of the ad.

The first image appeared showing a shot of part of a cigarette.

The second set of images showed the cigarettes being stacked on top of each other but nothing much could be deduced from this.

Sun Han wiped away his sweat and said, “What is this?”

The awesome quartet asked, “What are these images trying to show?”

“I don’t understand it.” The other advertising professionals also showed some expressions of disappointment. There was no narration, no characters, no “smoking is hazardous to the health” statements. There weren’t even any statistics of the millions of deaths each year, so how could this still be called a quit smoking public service announcement? How could there be such a quit smoking announcement!

They began whispering among themselves.

Several of the leaders from the Advertising Department also had some suspicions about it. This was the first time they had doubted the standard of Zhang Ye’s advertisement product, because from the first five seconds of this ad, it showed just how odd it was. It was really too off from the beaten path. Up until here, they could not even see how this was a quit smoking ad. Besides, how long could a public service announcement run for? Their task this time had stated that the ad would be limited to about fifteen seconds, of which five seconds had already been wasted up for this? They were no longer expecting much of the effects of the latter part of the ad!

However, just as everyone was revealing their disappointed

expressions, at the very next second, an image silenced all the gossiping in the audience!

Everyone fell silent!

Because a pair of lungs composed of cigarettes had appeared on the screen and looked overly realistic. Even though they knew the lungs were formed out of cigarettes and was fake, the 3D composition and situational meaning of it left many shaken and stunned. In addition, the densely packed cigarettes formed an intense image that left anyone with a fear of holes too afraid to look!

At this moment, the cigarettes started to burn!

One spot flared up, followed by a second and third point flaming!

On the lungs, the parts where it had been lit started to give off faint wisps of smoke. What chilled everyone to the bone was the introduction of a breathing track laid over the background music!

Ssh!

Huu!

Ssh!

Huu!

A station leader who was smoking suddenly felt shivers go down his spine. The cigarette in his hand fell to the ground!

With every slow breath, the three points aflame on the lungs reacted like how a cigarette would burn brighter with every breath. The cigarettes burned constantly, with the tendency to spread to the other cigarettes. At the beginning, it was only one cigarette burning, then along with the breathing track, the other cigarettes making up the rest of the “lungs” also started to burn, increasing the range of the smolder. As the cigarettes burnt out bit by bit, the formation of the ashes also got wider!

Breathe in...

Burn...

Breathe in...

Burn...

The entire “lung” started to emit smoke!

A few others who were smoking in the office also broke out into cold sweats and quickly threw away the cigarettes in their hands as their faces quickly paled!

F**k!

What the f**k was this ad!

Towards the end, the “lungs” fully burned out, followed by a coughing track before a few lines appeared across the screen: “Please quit smoking. Give life a chance, make a new choice”!

The end.

The [PSA](#) ended.

Chapter 579: I'll Have A Smoke To Calm My Nerves!

When the PSA ended, the entire office was in a state of utter silence!

If one described this situation in detail, it was perhaps not the type of excited silence you'd expect from watching your favorite ball team winning the championships, nor the silence you'd get from being shocked from witnessing something extremely amazing happening before you. More accurately, it should be similar to the experience of you being yourself and doing whatever you were doing for one moment, when suddenly, you receive a medical update about yourself from the hospital that tells you that you only have a few days left to live—this was the atmosphere that was spreading throughout the office at this very moment!

One second...

Two seconds...

Finally, someone made a sound!

The old comrade from the Public Service Announcement Department suddenly cried out without warning, “Aiyo, my god!” and then abruptly clutched his chest as if his lungs suddenly hurt!

“Why is there the smell of cigarettes?”

“Quickly open the windows to air out the room!”

“Stop smoking! The harmful effects of secondhand smoke are greater than smoking itself!”

“Yea, stop smoking! Damn, that really gave me a fright!”

“This ad is just too...it just leaves me totally speechless with no reply!”

“I can’t take it anymore! I feel like my lungs are on fire right now! How is this even a PSA? It won’t be held accountable if any of us get scared to death! And it’s not even scaring us visually! This really terrifies me on a visceral level! When I used to watch horror films, especially those Japanese horror films, I’d never even experienced this kind of feeling before. Not only does it feel fearful, there’s even a feeling of disgust and a chill that spreads throughout my body, as though there’s something crawling in my lungs!”

“That’s right. If you’re a non-smoker, you won’t understand that feeling! I was still wondering! I wondered why Teacher Zhang would ask to make such a prop! So that was how he planned to use it!”

“This...”

“This PSA is too ‘bloody’!”

“There’s no blood nor any images of a real blackened lung, but why is it that even though we know it’s just a model lung, it feels even scarier than a real lung!”

“I can’t take it anymore! I need a break!”

“Having made so many ads before, this is the first time I’ve seen one like this—after watching it once, I do not wish to ever see it again!”

“Does it need to be so aggressive!”

“How exciting!”

“They’ve really upped the ante this time!”

For someone who didn’t usually smoke, it was still fine. But for those who were regular smokers, especially the hardcore ones, they had at this time started to panic. They could feel something disturbing enveloping them and couldn’t shake the feeling no matter what. With every breath, they would inadvertently remember the PSA and those lifelike burning lungs with the nauseating looking ashes embedded within them. That sense of fear was really difficult to describe in words!

Sun Han was also frightened quite badly by it. Only now did he understand the reason why Zhang Ye had given those series of tasks for them to do in the production process!

In just a day!

For a 15-second duration!

A full ad was made without any flaws!

He swore that, even among other foreign quit smoking ads, he had never seen a public service announcement that had been done this way. An ad that could be made in such a way—could it even be considered a creative ad? Technically speaking, it simply did not fulfill the criteria for creative advertising, but Sun Han knew that this was really creative advertising. It wasn't even the normal kind of creative advertising but one that would make others shout, an amazing, ground-breaking new form of creativity!

How extreme!

This PSA was really too damn extreme!

Many of the people had now turned their focus to Zhang Ye, wondering how his mind had developed to such a level. Could it be that the structure of his brain was different from any other normal person's? A PSA that could even be called an exemplary global public service announcement, an ad that no other creative professional had ever produced. And yet, all of these had come from a person who wasn't even considered a creative professional? It was in fact produced by someone who was a broadcast host?

Suddenly, Xu Yuhong slowly stood up and started clapping while

smiling.

When the others saw this, they stood up quickly and started clapping as well. In the blink of an eye, applause echoed through entire office! The other station leaders were still unsure of what to think, but when they saw the station head clapping, they also followed suit. However, the staff from the Advertising Department were truly impressed and were really clapping sincerely for this PSA and for Zhang Ye, a man who had offered his hand out to them when they were in trouble, who had still battled on without conceding even when others had given up, who had produced an ad so great that it left them industry professionals in the dust! He was too awesome!

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Looks like everyone is satisfied with it. That’s good enough.”

The auditor on the approval board was also very excited. “I’ll send it in for approval immediately and report it to the authorities. If this ad doesn’t pass, then I doubt any other ad would get approved!”

Sun Han was very emotional as he went forward and shook Zhang Ye’s hand. “Teacher Zhang! Thank you! Thank you!”

Zhang Ye waved his hand and said, “It’s not my credit alone. The colleagues from the Advertising Department who came to help out yesterday, you and your team, the staff members who helped to compose the background music, it was all due to everyone’s hard work. If it had just been me alone, then I couldn’t have completed it even if I had worked nonstop for three days and night without

rest. So don't thank me."

Sun Han said, "Without you, we couldn't have finished it at all!"

The intern girl whose eyes were already reddening said, "We really did it!"

"That's right!"

"We really did it!"

Many of those in the office were unable to hide their excited state, especially Sun Han and the others from the Public Service Announcement Department. This impossible task was delegated to them and they were responsible for it. They participated in the entire production and understood better than anyone else how difficult this process had been. At midnight, they were still battling to complete the ad, but after realizing that there was a problem with the prop, it could be imagined just how they felt when they suffered this setback. Today, at the very last second, with the help from Zhang Ye, they had miraculously completed the PSA. The feelings they had now were probably only understood by them.

"Thank you!"

"Teacher Zhang, thank you so much!"

"You're really too awesome!"

“Compared to us, you are the one who seems more like an advertising professional!”

Many of the staff from the Advertising Department also came to thank Zhang Ye as the Public Service Announcement Department was considered to be part of it. Zhang Ye's offer to help the PSA Department for free was equivalent to helping the Advertising Department. Having worked a whole day and night without rest, they definitely needed to thank him for all the hard work.

Over at the other side, Xu Yuhong suddenly asked without warning, “Little Zhang, you did this voluntarily?”

When Sun Han heard this and noticed the station head's concern, he immediately answered for him, “Yes, that's right. Teacher Zhang didn't ask for a single red cent. We had initially wanted to pay him for the production fee, but...”

Zhang Ye said indifferently, “Since this is public service, why would I want money for it?”

Xu Yuhong nodded lightly. “Then how about this: We will make a small edit at the end of the advertisement. Let's add a ‘produced by Zhang Ye’ at the bottom of the screen or something similar to that.”

Zhang Ye eyes widened. Eh? A great offer like this exists?

One of the station leaders did not quite agree with this and said, “Station Head, there’s no precedent to handling PSAs that way.”

Another leader also added, “Yes, using a person’s name in a PSA. Is that...acceptable?”

Xu Yuhong explained, “In the conditions of a company sponsorship, they can add their name into the PSA, as long as it doesn’t exceed the recommended duration, so it should be the same for individuals. I understand that this idea came from Little Zhang and he was also the one who contributed the most to its production, so we can consider this ad as sponsored by him. As a member of the public, that shouldn’t be a problem at all.”

With the station head’s approval, no one else dared to say anything.

But Sun Han was very satisfied with this outcome. At least they hadn’t let Teacher Zhang do all this for nothing. It might only be a credit roll for him, but the meaning of it was very significant. Since he knew Zhang Ye’s ambitions laid in the entertainment circle, having additional exposure would guarantee the advancement of his fame and career. Besides, because of Zhang Ye’s involvement in the Peking University incident a few days ago, he had been targeted by many from the media, as well as expert academics, who criticized him for crossing the line this time. With his contribution to this public service announcement, it would help reclaim a little bit of reputation for him. In short, this was surely a good thing for Zhang Ye.

The station leaders left.

There were still quite a lot of people who stayed behind to add the finishing touches to the ad. As a whole, there was nothing that needed changing, but some of the finer details that could be improved were improved. The end credit “Produced by Zhang Ye” was added in as well.

The advertisement was screened for the second time.

Some of the more cowardly smokers chose to leave the office before it started.

“You guys can continue working on it.”

“There should be enough manpower, right?”

“Since we have enough people here, I will go back first. I still have some work to handle.”

“Ahem, this...I, I need to go to the toilet.”

Even if some of them knew it was their job, they did not want to see the PSA a second time. They were afraid that if they did they wouldn't be able to fall asleep at night!

However, Zhang Ye did not seem to have any reaction to this. Up until now, he had resisted the fatigue as he did not want to waste another Strength Potion. With every bottle he drank, he had one

less in his inventory. Even though each bottle had only cost him 100,000 reputation points, these items were easily used up, so he had to treasure each and every one of them. He had to use them in the right situations, and as such, could only use cigarettes to battle his drooping eyelids. He took one out and lit it, and was soon exhaling clouds of smoke from his mouth.

A few people beside him immediately distanced themselves from him.

Sun Han was dumbfounded. “You can still smoke while you’re watching this ad?”

The awesome quartet also expressed their shock at this. “Teacher Zhang, aren’t you scared?”

All the other Advertising Department staff members watched.

Zhang Ye looked at them and said, “Me? Of course I’m scared!”

Hu Fei, who had stayed behind, asked in a speechless manner, “Then why are you still smoking?”

Zhang Ye said confidently, “It’s precisely because I’m so scared that I need to smoke this cigarette to calm my nerves.”

Sun Han: “.....”

Hu Fei: “.....”

The old-young-sick-crippled group: “.....”

Everyone else from the Advertising Department: “.....”

This is indeed an example of the talented being bolder!

Chapter 580: Scaring The Whole Country!

9 AM in the morning.

Zhang Ye's parents' home district.

Zhang Ye got out of his car in a very tired state. He continuously yawned as he tried to stifle it with his hand. He slowly stumbled into the apartment's corridor and proceeded to head upstairs. On the way up, he took his cell phone out to check on the latest news. Since he did not see any interesting headlines, he entered his own name using one hand and made a search. When the search results were displayed, he saw a headline in the news section which matched what he was searching for. It wasn't an eye-catching news headline but was posted on a web portal three hours earlier. It was possible that the number of people who read it didn't number that many either as the news content wasn't too interesting.

—"Zhang Ye Appears at Beijing Television Station"

Some of the pictures posted in the article were taken in the television station's lobby.

The content of the article was nothing more than the usual gossip as it recounted the feud between Zhang Ye and Beijing Television Station. One by one, examples were listed, and at the end of the article, it also expressed doubts and speculated unreliably about Zhang Ye's appearance at the Beijing Television Station's lobby.

Although this news article did not attract much attention, Zhang

Ye still felt quite happy when he saw it. The reason was very simple. He had become more aware now that his popularity was no longer the same as before. Back when he had debuted, even if Zhang Ye had some amazing accomplishments, he couldn't get onto the headlines. Later on, he managed to get onto the headlines more whenever he caused trouble. However, those were still limited to the times when he caused a big enough incident to be mentioned. But now, even when Zhang Ye did not do anything for the past two days and only showed his face at Beijing Television Station, he still caught the media's attention and they reported on this news. Disregarding the fact of whether anyone would read this news or not, the simple fact that they even bothered to report it showed that his popularity had risen by a lot!

If someone could only get onto the news after causing big trouble, then they could only be considered a common celebrity. However, if you could even get onto the news without doing anything, then you would be considered as a successful celebrity, and that was exactly what Zhang Ye was right now!

At home.

His mother was at home today as it was her day off.

"Why didn't you come all of last night?" His mother stared at him.

Zhang Ye said, "Hai, I was helping a friend with something and had to work overtime."

His mother reminded him, “Next time remember to give us a call if you are not coming back. Don’t make us stay up for nothing. We wanted to call you but were afraid you might be busy.”

“I know, Mom, it’s my fault.” Zhang Ye smiled and said, “Don’t say anymore. I have to catch up on sleep. Wake me when it’s 12.”

His mother glanced at him. “What do you want for lunch?”

Zhang Ye sweet-talked her, “I like any food you cook.”

“Go to sleep. Don’t always work overnight in the future,” his mother said.

When he got to his room, Zhang Ye removed only his shoes and pants. He didn’t even take his shirt but immediately dropped onto the bed instead and fell into a deep sleep. Zhang Ye was very obviously worn out.

In the afternoon.

Warm rays of sunlight shone through the window.

Zhang Ye was sound asleep and even smacked his lips in satisfaction as he slept, rolling around in bed comfortably. Then someone suddenly knocked on the bedroom door and he heard his mother’s voice.

“Son!”

“...Mmm.”

“Time for lunch.”

“...Mmm.”

“Wake up quickly.”

“Uh, I’m coming.”

Obviously, Zhang Ye hadn’t had enough rest yet but he still climbed out of bed to eat lunch. When he came out, he immediately switched on the television and tuned in to BTV-1. He definitely wanted to check out the results of the production that he worked so hard on for 24 hours without rest. It could also be considered attending the “premiere” of his PSA.

His mother noticed and asked, “What news are you waiting for?”

Zhang Ye smiled. “A public service announcement. Just wait and see.”

His mother asked, “The one you did?”

“Yeah, this is the ad I am most satisfied with so far, hurhur.” Zhang Ye laughed as he ate and said, “However, others might not like it.”

His mother was a bit speechless. “Then why are you so happy?”

Zhang Ye laughed wickedly. “Well, it’s supposed to make them dislike it after watching. This is a quit smoking public service announcement. If people do not feel scared after watching it, then what is the purpose of having this PSA? Just watch. I can’t say that it will scare everyone, but I can guarantee that at least half of those who watch the PSA will have their hearts shiver!

His mother also looked forward to watching it after hearing her son say that. She picked up the landline and made some calls to a few relatives. “Hello, Little Ye’s Third Aunt...are you at home? Hur hur, Little Ye has released another work. It’s a PSA on BTV-1. I just wanted to tell you...Right, starting soon....OK.”

Whenever Zhang Ye had new achievements or works, as long as they weren’t scolding people or fighting sorts of things, his mother would always inform her friends and family.

On the internet.

Since it was “World No Tobacco Day” today, there was definitely no lack of this topic online. This topic was also the trend of news reports and discussions as many media outlets published

information on the dangers of smoking.

But the netizens were not interested in such things.

“Hai, I am sick of watching all these.”

“It’s the same old meaningless stuff every year.”

“Yeah, every year, they show nothing more than the usual crap. Who doesn’t know smoking is harmful to the health? Those who wanted to quit have already quit. Even if you talk till someone’s head falls off, those hardcore smokers still won’t be able to quit. This has always been my point of view. These public service announcements are not effective at all. Who would quit smoking after watching a PSA? This is bullshit. If my smoking addiction strikes, even if you keep showing these lousy ads for 24 hours, I’ll still want to smoke.”

“The main reason is still because there is lack of quality with all these quit smoking PSAs.

“You’re quite right. The current quit smoking PSAs have already reached a saturation point. Any practical idea had already been used up some years ago. Now, they can only keep on reusing the ideas and maybe just change the way it’s presented. But it’ll eventually becomes useless.”

“Unless there is innovation.”

“It can’t get any more innovative.”

“Who can still innovate? This is the only approach.”

“Besides, if we want creativity, we must look abroad first. The public service announcements from overseas are really so much better than our local ones, but their PSAs are also more or less following the same ideas, so how can you still expect our local advertisement producers to have any new ideas? It’s not like I’m worshiping all things foreign, but it’s the truth. The quality is not the same, so don’t expect too much from the PSAs in this country.”

“The constant broadcast of quit smoking PSAs in these few day is too intense. It’s the same on every channel and it’s already making me numb to them. I don’t feel any pressure to quit at all when I watch such advertisements while smoking.”

“Me too.”

“Haha, I feel the same.”

A bit past noon.

After a news broadcast, the staff lined up the ads to be broadcast. First up was a shampoo advertisement, then a mineral water advertisement, and finally Zhang Ye’s Quit Smoking PSA!

At this moment, quite a lot of viewers sat in front of their televisions, Most of them had just finished watching the news. They were not really bothered by the advertisements playing or too concerned with them.

Some were eating.

Some were cooking.

Some were preparing to change channels.

There were also some who had probably just finished watching the local news on the satellite channels and had just switched channels to BTV-1 when the other channel went to a commercial break.

The satellite channel had nationwide broadcasting signals. Although not every location could receive the signal as the coverage was not 100% yet, it still had most areas covered. So compared to the previous time when the Save Electricity public service announcement was broadcast on the BTV-Arts Channel, this quit smoking public service announcement that was broadcast over the satellite channel had a viewership that was countless times higher. It was similar to the “Brain Gold” advertisement that was broadcast throughout the country!

Suddenly, on screen, this year’s Beijing Television Station quit smoking PSA, unified across all their channels, was broadcast!

Cigarettes!

Densely packed cigarettes!

As the music played, consecutive deep breathing sounds could be heard. On the television, a ghastly looking replica of a pair of human lungs made out of cigarettes could be seen burning along with the rhythm of breathing and cigarette inhalation, while the “lungs” could be seen going through a shocking transformation.

Inhale!

Exhale!

Inhale again!

The sound of breathing from the television became intolerable to the ears!

Towards the end, the only words of the advertisements appeared: “Please quit smoking. Give life a chance, make a new choice”!

At the very end.

In the bottom right corner.

Produced by Zhang Ye.

After the PSA ended, a milk advertisement seamlessly followed.

At a public housing apartment in Beijing.

A young man was looking at Weibo with his head down, discussing with his internet friends how the recent Quit Smoking PSAs were utter rubbish. Suddenly he looked up and called out to his mother, laughing and saying, “Mom, I’m hungry!”

His mother smiled and said, “What do you want to eat?”

Her son said, “Anything will do. I’m so hungry I could eat a horse!”

His father, who was smoking a cigarette, said, “I’m also hungry, I have to work overtime tonight, so I must eat more this afternoon. Do we still have any of the preserved meat left over that Old Zhang brought from his hometown? Let’s have that.”

Beside him, BTV-1’s PSA appeared on the television.

The young man looked over and was shocked into a daze.

The father saw the PSA as well. As the PSA played out, a fascinating number of facial expressions appeared on his face. The

cigarette between his fingers, his hand started trembling and he threw the cigarette onto the floor all of a sudden and stamped on it. He couldn't help letting out a curse, "F**k your grandfather! Who made this ad!"

Their son who was also a smoker took a few breaths and for a moment felt he could not breathe naturally. His rhythm of breathing was all messed up. "Mom, I-I'm suddenly not hungry anymore!"

His mother said, "Ah?"

His father said, "I also...don't want to eat anymore."

In the northeast.

In a hairdressing salon.

"Holy shit, it's those PSAs again!"

"Today is World No Tobacco Day. We can't avoid it."

"I'm tired of seeing all these PSAs. There's nothing new at all."

As there was hardly any business today, a few of the hairdressers were smoking and chattering away with jovial moods. Then, with

every passing second the PSA played, their voices suddenly got softer and softer, and eventually everyone went silent. They were staring at the new LCD television which was installed a few days ago with their eyes and mouths wide open, rooted to their spots.

A skinny man stamped out the cigarette butt and said, “I-I’m going out to get some fresh air.”

“Wait for me. I’ll go together with you!” The moment he stepped out, another, slightly fatter youth was panic-stricken and held his chest tightly while flicking the cigarette butt in his hand onto the road, not daring to take another puff. Looking at his facial expression, it was obvious that he was very shocked. He said in disbelief, “Who the hell is so wicked! Making such an ad! Curse him and his eighteen generations of ancestors! I nearly could not catch my breath!”

The skinny man, now pale-faced, said, “I need to quit smoking!”

The fatty touched the cigarette pack in his pocket and felt that he had lost the desire to smoke for at least the next two hours!

Meanwhile.

Similar scenes throughout the country played out!

Chapter 581: Why Is It Zhang Ye Again!

The PSA was broadcast to millions of homes!

It felt like, at this moment, the whole country had fallen silent!

When Beijing Television's quit smoking PSA was broadcast, everyone in the whole country was seemingly shocked all at once. Not only the citizens, even the countless media persons and professionals, as well as some of the quit smoking organizations, were all left sitting quietly in front of their television screens, staring at the frightening quit smoking PSA that left them totally dumbfounded!

The internet was abuzz with commotion!

Countless links to the PSA flooded the forums, while on Weibo, the topic of "World No Tobacco Day" was suddenly filled with countless of netizens!

"Heavens!"

"Who has seen BTV-1's public service announcement?"

"I saw it! Oh my dear lord! It was too damn scary!"

"What the heck was that! It nearly scared the shit out of me!"

“I’m still shivering from watching it! Even a horror film isn’t as scary as that!”

“How could it have only lasted for 15 seconds! That made me break out into a cold sweat! In fact, it made me downright sick! It feels like my lungs are burning at every moment!”

“Is this what a quit smoking PSA is like?”

“Beijing Television Station, f**k your sister!”

“BTV-1, why are you so cruel! I’m gonna pass out soon because of it! Can we not have something so frightening next time? It’s just an PSA! It looks like you’re not giving a chance to so many of us smokers!”

A Weibo user named Hao Pengyao who saw that the discussions were getting livelier could not wrap his head around what was going on. He had seen many quit smoking PSAs on many of the television channels over the past few days, but there was no particular PSA that stood out for being scary at all. Quit smoking PSAs had been shown for so many years now, so how could there still be any that could scare people?

So Hao Pengyao asked out of curiosity: “What are you all talking about? What PSA?”

Another Weibo user explained to him: “Does the person above not know? Go check out BTV-1 and play back from a minute ago.

After you have watched it, you will understand! Don't blame me for not warning you first! Be careful when. It's best you not smoke while watching it, otherwise, the consequences can't even be imagined!"

Hao Pengyao answered disbelievingly: "I believe I've already watched it. The quit smoking PSAs that were shown in these few days were really quite meaningless. I will still smoke whenever I want to. They don't affect me."

"Hehe, I'm sure you haven't watch it before."

"Right, go ahead and watch it then, my friend."

Hao Pengyao replied: "Alright, let me take a look then."

Then, about two minutes later, Hao Pengyao appeared on Weibo once more. The first thing he said was: "F**k! Who f**king made me go watch that! Who was it? Who was it just now! You better come out! Stand up! I promise I won't beat you up!"

"Pfft!"

"Hahaha!"

"Another one bites the dust!"

"Aiyo, I'm laughing so badly now!"

Hao Pengyao, who had still been very confident before he watched the PSA, was now in tears, “Holy shit! How could that PSA affect me so much! My heart, spleen, and kidneys are already trembling with fear! I suddenly feel like I should quit smoking!”

There were also doubters.

“The PSA doesn’t seem that scary?”

“It’s a little scary, but surely it’s not that frightening?”

“I don’t get what’s so scary about it either.”

Hao Pengyao came on to say: “I don’t suppose you few are smokers?” Only after he had their confirmation did he continue, “The frightening part of this PSA lies in that breathing sound, the psychological pressure, and that sense of despair. It somehow captures our attention and gets into our heads. These are things only a real smoker can experience! This is a type of fear that strikes us and then envelopes us from within. I’m not good at expressing myself, nor am I able to describe it clearly!”

When this group of people started the commotion, many others who didn’t watch Beijing Television or did not notice the PSA earlier could not sit still any longer. All of them went to look for the PSA themselves!

“I won’t believe this shit”

“Is it really that good?”

“Let me go take a look as well!”

“Where is it at? Send me a link! I’m too lazy to play it back on TV!”

“You guys are not viral marketers hired by BTV right? There are already so many quit smoking PSAs around, how likely is it that they could come up with something new? Send me a link. I want to see it too!”

Before long, those who went to watch the PSA were left unable to say anything more!

Since the afternoon, more and more people had searched for the PSA out of curiosity. As a result, large wave after large wave of people all over the country were shocked by what they watched! Was it scary? There was no blood and gore and it only had a very gentle reminder that was written as “Give life a chance, make a new choice”. The pace of the PSA was also not intense. In place of a real organ was a prop replacement. By these factors, there shouldn’t be any reason to be frightened. If all these were presented one by one to you, you wouldn’t even feel a thing when you watched them. However, when all of them were combined with the background music and sound effects, it was surprisingly viewed with a different perspective altogether. Only when everyone saw it did they realize that even a gentle and soothing PSA message presented with a prop which had no blood or gore

could leave everyone feeling such incredulous fear!

“This PSA is too godly!”

“This has to be my favorite public service announcement this year!”

“+1!”

“The PSA’s message is such a classic as well. “Give life a chance, make a new choice”? It’s put so elegantly and beautifully. It’s so much better than those other existing quit smoking PSAs!”

“I like the PSA’s message too!”

At home.

Zhang Ye, in his bedroom lying down, was just about to surf the internet before going to sleep. He was also very curious about what the netizens’ thoughts were regarding the public service announcement.

Yo, seems like the response is rather good?

Even though this fell within his expectations, it still left him in a good mood knowing it.

The praises for this PSA back in his previous world were also excellent and countless people had Liked it. So in this world where the development of public service announcements was not as advanced as his previous world, it went without saying how well received it was. With the slightly lowered standards of this world's advertising industry as a background, Zhang Ye had brought out a top-notch quit smoking PSA from his world to show to them. With a lead of several years compared to the PSAs of this world, it would definitely create a much bigger sensation!

There were endless comments.

In just a short time, there were already more than 10,000 comments!

Zhang Ye read through them with gusto.

“Didn’t Beijing Television Station’s PSA get affected by the new policies just yesterday? I would’ve thought that they couldn’t come up with a new one by today, but who knew that BTV-1 would be so capable? In just a day, they have come up with such a perfect quit smoking PSA? It’s truly worthy of its name as a traditional powerhouse. They are capable of showing their experience when push comes to shove! How formidable.”

“Yea, it was really wonderful! They should’ve created such quit smoking PSAs a long ago. It should just scare smokers to death! I hate them the most, harming themselves and people around them. There’s nothing good about them at all!”

“A Like for Beijing Television Station!”

“BTV-1! Well done!”

“Hahahaha! My dad has been a hardcore smoker for over 30 years, but after watching this PSA, he actually said that he would be quitting smoking! Thank you, Beijing Television Station! Thank you!”

“Since when did we have such an awesome standard for the public service announcements in our country? Even if compared to overseas productions, this PSA’s creativity and design is way ahead of them! It feels like it has surpassed the overseas production by at least a few years. From the audio to the visuals to the oppressing feeling of watching it, every detail was simply perfect. It’s really great! So there’s really an advertising team in our country that has such a world class standard?”

“A person who could come up with such a concept of a PSA must be a crazy! Not only crazy, he is definitely the craziest among the crazies! How could he be so wicked!”

“It’s indeed really wicked!”

“Whenever I pick up my cigarettes now, I don’t even feel like lighting up!”

“I have been mentally affected by it! Who was it! Who was it! I

swear to god that your child will be born without an ass! That was too damaging! You're totally wicked, I tell you!"

At this moment, someone posted a screenshot.

It was an image of the tail end of the quit smoking PSA.

The female Weibo user who posted it said: "Didn't you all notice the words at the end of the PSA? Could I be the only one who noticed it?"

"What words?"

"Ah?"

Many of these people had not discovered it yet, first, because they paid attention to the PSA's content and were focused on it, and second, because the words at the ending were placed at the bottom in a small font. Besides, when the typical viewer watches an ad, their attention does not usually focus onto this textual information. It's the same when a movie screening ends; the majority of the audience just leaves without bothering to watch the end credits.

The female Weibo user said, "Look in the bottom right corner."

At this time, an untold number finally spotted the words!

“What!?”

“Produced by Zhang Ye?”

“Oh my god! It’s a Zhang Ye production!”

“So it was that guy!”

“Damn! I was still wondering who was so wicked! The only person who could come up with such a wicked advertisement would be that wicked wretch, Zhang Ye! Only he would do something like that!”

“Why is Teacher Zhang everywhere!”

“Aiyo, I nearly forgot. I read a news article online this morning and I think it was reporting on a matter that happened yesterday. It mentioned that Zhang Ye had appeared at the lobby of Beijing Television Station! He actually...he actually went to help Beijing Television Station put out the fire! He actually helped BTV-1 produce the PSA!”

“That can’t be? Didn’t Zhang Ye and Beijing Television Station have a feud?”

“What’s not possible? No matter how deep their feud, it was still Beijing Television Station that groomed Teacher Zhang. Teacher Zhang had also helped Beijing Television Station create a legendary story for its local provincial channel by getting very high

viewership ratings. Even if he had been fired at the end, neither party burned any bridges. We all know that Teacher Zhang is a sentimental person who is a Beijing local. Even if the bones are broken, the nerves still join them together!”

“Unbelievable! Teacher Zhang had actually made a move!”

“Yeah, this is really surprising! I didn’t expect that Beijing Television Station would invite Teacher Zhang to help them out at this critical juncture! And this completed PSA of Teacher Zhang’s is really done too beautifully! In my opinion, this is no ordinary public service announcement. It is actually a form of art! Alright, I admit it. I am actually a braindead fan of Teacher Zhang Ye. As long as they’re Teacher Zhang’s works, I’ll think they’re all masterpieces!”

“You’re not the only one who sees it as a masterpiece, even I see it that way! No matter what award this PSA wins, I say that it will be well-deserved! It’s too awesome! Teacher Zhang is still the best!”

“Awesome!”

“Zhang Ye is a god!”

“I’m convinced too! He’s truly the legend that made the Brain Gold advertisement as well. His grasp of the market is well beyond the entirety of the advertising world in our country! To increase sales and raise a brand name, Zhang Ye made a super brainwashing ad. To promote his own program, Zhang Ye made a simple but

passionate and inspiring ad. This time, when public awareness was needed to promote the quitting of smoking, Zhang Ye even captured the essence of the market and applied it keenly into that ‘horror’ of an artistic PSA! This is what a master is! A real master of advertising! It seems that everything was just so simple for him, so casually and handily created by him!”

Chapter 582: The Darling Of The Advertising World!

In his room.

Afternoon, just past 1 PM.

After checking on Weibo for a while more, Zhang Ye covered himself with his blanket in satisfaction and fell asleep. Snoring, he felt safe and stable as he dreamed a wonderful dream. However, for the outside world and the internet, his legend was still spreading at this moment. Public service announcements—a genre that wasn't usually considered eye-catching, a simple quit smoking PSA that wouldn't have captured the attention of people in normal times—had today created quite a stir throughout the country. This was not a scene that was usually witnessed in the history of China. It created heated debates and shock as it wrote itself into the annals of the advertising world!

His mother was in the living room making some calls.

“You saw it?” His mother was grinning from ear to ear.

On the other end was a neighbor who said: “I watched it. Little Ye has really brought glory to your family. When the old man in my house saw this PSA, his usual habit of smoking 3-4 cigs in an hour was reduced to none in the past hour. Little Cao, if my partner manages to quit smoking, then I really will have your son to thank for it.”

His mother laughed. "What are you being so courteous for, Grandma Cui?"

Grandma Cui said: "Let me bring some braised pork with pine nuts over to you tonight."

"No need for that, I still have a lot of food at home," his mother politely rejected.

Grandma Cui did not let her explain and just said: "I bought too much ingredients yesterday, so I insist on bringing some over to you later. When Little Ye was young, he loved eating braised pork. Hur hur, my grandson has just entered university and is majoring in advertising. Who knows? After his graduation, I might still need to trouble your Little Ye to help him find a job. It's really difficult to get a job these days. With Little Ye's reputation in the advertising field now, maybe when he is free, he could teach and advise my grandson a little. Even if a small part of your son's teachings rub off him, I'm sure it will be enough to let him have a chance in this industry."

His mother was enjoying the praises, but said: "Hai, my kid has no talents to speak off. Grandma Cui, if you're coming over, just come. There's no need to bring anything. We've been neighbors for so many years now. There's no need to stand on ceremony. In the future, when Little Yan has graduated from college, just let me know and I will get my son to help him find a job."

Grandma Cui quickly said: "Then I will thank you in advance,

Little Cao. It won't trouble you, right?"

His mother said: "Why would that be troublesome? My son might not have a good relationship with many people, but he still commands some respect in the industry. Don't worry about it, leave it to me."

Soon after, Zhang Ye's first uncle also called.

First uncle: "Big Sis, where's Little Ye?"

"He's sleeping. What's the matter?" his mother asked.

First uncle was a little lost for words: "I need to tell him off! He made such an utterly disgusting PSA! It made me lose my appetite during lunch. I didn't even eat more than a few mouthfuls. Make him find another job quickly, so that he doesn't have to advance any further in the field of public service announcements. Smoking is the only thing that I enjoy, and it was nearly taken away from me by him!"

His mother was already laughing about this: "Hur hur, stop it then. Smoking less is good for you. This PSA of Little Ye's was made exactly to help smokers like you kick the habit."

First uncle replied in annoyance: "Feels more like causing trouble for us."

Online, there were also praises and curses.

“Teacher Zhang, I hate you!”

“I thought that after the mass criticism over the Peking University incident, there would be quite some peace and quiet. But who could have expected that just after a few days, Teacher Zhang has already sprung out again and is back to ‘doing evil’. Last time, he declared war on Japan, but this time, Zhang Ye has pointed the guns at a bunch of pitiable smokers like us! I’m tearing up! Flipping tables! Do you think it’s easy for us!? I am going to boycott Zhang Ye this time! And boycott the quit smoking PSA!”

“Pfft!”

“Boycotting as well!”

“Quickly take down the PSA! @BeijingTelevisionStation!”

“Yeah, I will thank you all if the PSA gets taken down quickly. Compared to this PSA, I prefer the PSA that featured blood and gore with the blackened lungs! This new policy is also too disruptive. Why do they want to take down the PSAs that had blood and gore in them! Why? Are the people who approved this public service announcement blind too? Don’t you all think that this PSA by Zhang Ye is even bloodier and gorier than the previous blackened lungs PSA!?”

“Watching this Zhang Ye PSA on BTV once is enough. I never want to watch it a second time!”

“Zhang Ye has even created something new again in the production of this PSA!”

Although there were scoldings online, these “scoldings” had to be put into quotes since they weren’t really scolding at all. It was closer to banter. You could even say that it was in response to the quality of Zhang Ye’s PSA production. If it were any other normal quit smoking PSA, these smokers would have just watched and forgotten about it. Even if they didn’t like it, they would have just chosen to ignore it after watching. Earning a collective response of protest from a bunch of smokers ensured it was definitely not a normal PSA. It clearly showed that everyone were unable to ignore this ad and just how scary it was. It was so scary that it had planted itself deep into their consciousnesses! If it were other types of advertisements, being scolded might present a problem to the advertisers. But a public service announcement getting scolded in this way highlighted just how much of a breakthrough this PSA was!

It was effective!

This was the ultimate objective of a public service announcement!

During the evening news, quite a number of newspapers across the country reported on Beijing Television Station’s PSA that had

shocked many and set a new precedent for quit smoking public service announcements.

“A New Age for Public Service Announcements?”

“Shock! The Most Frightening ‘Quit Smoking’ Commercial in History!”

“Beijing Television Station Joins Forces with Zhang Ye Once More!”

“An Ambiguous Cooperation Between Ex-Employee and Employer!”

“Just How Many Years Ahead Is Zhang Ye’s Advertisement Production Standard?”

“A Historical Breakthrough in Quit Smoking PSAs!”

“Zhang Ye: The Darling of the Advertising World!”

Because public service announcements were not a mainstream source of news, the number of reports on it were not that many either. However, this limited coverage had also attracted the attention of society at large, especially since it was on the day of the World No Tobacco Day. Some newspapers had given this news a very good place on their publications.

At 8 PM in the evening, an internet news article about plagiarism appeared online suddenly!

A large web portal was the first to report this on the homepage of its news section. In the article, there was an image that was impressively similar looking to BTV-1's public service announcement, but instead of a pair of lungs made out of cigarettes, it was a stomach. It was a stomach which was burning. It wasn't a video PSA but a still image PSA. The news pointed out that this image was put up on a Dutch television station's website for the World No Tobacco Day. Other than the difference of the prop, the core of the PSA had copied China's BTV-1's Quit Smoking PSA!

The netizens were not having any of it.

“That is obvious plagiarism!”

“Those people from the Dutch television station must have seen Zhang Ye's work!”

“I believe it counts as a reference.”

“Reference my ass! This is as good as plagiarizing!”

“Sue them!”

“@BeijingTelevisionStation the foreigners are copying our ideas!”

“This is a first. It’s the first time I’ve seen any foreigners copying our public service announcements. In the past, it has always been our Chinese advertising world learning from their advanced advertising knowledge!”

“Although I’m not too happy about that plagiarism, I have to say that Zhang Ye has really given our countrymen something to be proud of. Even the foreigners are copying us now, attracted by our work. This goes to show that our Chinese advertising standards are no longer behind the world’s standards anymore!”

“However we say it, it is still Zhang Ye who is great.”

“Yeah, there are always people scolding Zhang Ye this and Zhang Ye that, but take a look. It’s still Teacher Zhang who can save the situation even at the critical moment, so it’s still because of Teacher Zhang that our country can rise with such posterity! Although I know that Teacher Zhang has some shortcomings, like his character or his temper, but so what? No one is perfect! A genius is called a genius precisely because he is different from all other people!”

“Forever supporting Teacher Zhang Ye!”

“Right, no matter how others see you or criticize you, in my eyes, you’re always the pride of China!”

At this moment, a Weibo verified professional sociology academic came forward to say something. He posted on Weibo: “A

few days ago, I had criticized Zhang Ye after the Peking University incident as I felt that he had some problems. However, I must admit that after watching this quit smoking PSA, I now have a greater admiration for Zhang Ye. I am no advertising professional, but even so, I can still see just how much value and excellence this PSA brings to the table. I have always looked and judged matters on their own, not on who does it, so with regards to this PSA, I must definitely give Zhang Ye a Like!”

This time, Zhang Ye’s work was no longer attracting mass controversy like his previous ones anymore. Everyone seemed to agree on it and mainly only had positive things to say about it as it was a public service announcement. Besides, this PSA that Zhang Ye had picked from his previous world really did not have many shortfalls and was close to perfect. Just as a netizen had mentioned, even if it were not done for the sake of its quit smoking message, this PSA was still very artistic. It was a very high level piece of art that could be appreciated from many perspectives!

On this night.

Many of the advertising companies or related television station’s advertising departments were working overtime.

Everyone sat in their meetings, as instructed by their leaders, to go through the details of BTV-1’s Quit Smoking PSA. 10 times, 15 times, 20 times. Everyone patiently watched!

“How great is this!”

“This music is totally well-suited for it!”

“The finishing touch should be the breathing track. I really don’t understand how Zhang Ye thinks. If we remove the breathing track from it, then this ad would definitely not have that much of an impact!”

“Right. When I watched it for the first time, I only thought that it was scary, that this ad had been so good because of the pair of lungs made out of cigarettes. However, after watching it more than 10 times, I find that it’s not that simple anymore. From the start, that few seconds of ‘meaningless’ introduction that feel excessive, to the music and the breathing tracks, and to the lighting, it is too uncompromising and is an advertising artform that had every step planned out! This Zhang Ye...is truly formidable! Are you all sure that he was just a broadcasting major?”

“Hai, we’re really incomparable.”

“A Dutch television station even copied Zhang Ye’s PSA. That incident alone is already a wonder. I don’t think there is another case like this in the history of our advertising industry? Those Dutch people are really quick to react!”

“They know a good thing when they see one. Just based on the value of this ad, it was worth it.”

Analyze!

Study!

Analyze again!

Some of these advertising agencies who did not dabble in public service announcements were also holding meetings to discuss and study all the details and core of the PSA, not because they were planning to go into this area of advertisements, but because all ads were the same. Just like how they used to study Zhang Ye's Brain Gold advertisement, it was not so they could follow its style but because they had to know why it was as successful as it was. They needed to understand why it managed to attract people, so that they could absorb and learn from it, to raise their own level in the field to break through the bottleneck of the advertising industry! If they did not improve, they would be eliminated!

The past few advertisements that Zhang Ye produced had no doubt helped to open up a new door for the Chinese advertising industry!

Chapter 583: The Heavenly Queen Comes To Visit!

The next day.

8 AM in the morning.

The sky turned dusky and started to drizzle. This should be the first spring rain of the year. Although it did not rain heavily, the rain still pattered against the glass of the window.

Zhang Ye was still lying in bed under his blanket, not fully asleep but just alternating between consciousness and slumber. Because he had been sleeping a lot since yesterday night, he had recovered his tiptop shape after having had about 20 hours of sleep even though he had stayed up for a day and a night previously.

Ring, ring, ring.

The phone rang.

He opened his eyes and searched for a long time before he found his cell phone in the space between the pillow and the headboard. Looking at the caller ID, it displayed an unfamiliar number.

Zhang Ye picked it up. “Hello, who’s this?”

It was an acquaintance. “Teacher Zhang, I’m Sun Han from

Beijing Television Station.”

Zhang Ye said, “Hello.”

“Have you seen the response to our public service announcement?” Sun Han spoke with a very grateful tone, “Thank you very much. There are so many media outlets discussing our quit smoking PSA now. Since yesterday afternoon, the topic on this PSA has been surging all over the internet and newspapers. Many of the station leaders had not expected us to get through this crisis, but thanks to your great help, not only did we get through it, the ad even helped to increase the station’s brand awareness and popularity by a lot.

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “You have thanked me enough yesterday. It was nothing.”

Sun Han said, “Oh right, the reason that I’m calling you is because ten minutes ago, the station was notified about our quit smoking PSA getting acknowledged by the authorities and has been shortlisted for this year’s best public service announcement award. Getting shortlisted on the same day of its premiere is a first in the industry. Needless to say, this shows just how much expectations the authorities have for this PSA. Congratulations to you.”

Best public service award?

It would definitely be a good thing to win the prize!

“This is a shared credit stemming from everyone’s hard work and participation.” Zhang Ye did not claim credit for himself as his initial intention when taking up this project was just to do it as a favor for his ex-leader, Hu Fei. He never had any other concerns or motivations so this came as an unexpected surprise.

The call ended and he stretched his himself languidly. Everything in the past few days seemed to have gone quite smoothly. The only thing left now was finding a proper job. The fallout from the Peking University incident had almost passed, but even if it had not, it did die down by quite a bit. Having contributed to a public service work which had earned him quite a bit of moral praise, there was nothing else he could do if no one came forward to contact and offer him a job. He could only wait for now.

Filming movies?

Acting in television dramas?

Or doing variety shows?

A long-term TV guest on a show?

The situation was quite bad for him now since the entire entertainment industry knew about his bad temper. Any television station or film group that wanted to use him would have to think twice. That was why Zhang Ye would accept any job right now as long as he felt the offer was suitable. The competition within the entertainment industry was considered very fierce. If one did not get enough exposure, their popularity would decline with each

passing day and soon be forgotten in the public eye. If this non-exposure was only for a short period of time, it wouldn't matter much, but if it happened over a long period of time, it would prove fatal to a celebrity. This was also why the harshest punishment meted out by many entertainment companies to disobedient celebrities in their agencies was putting them in cold storage. It followed the same principle and no matter how great one's fame and popularity, even an A-list celebrity would be banished to oblivion if he or she did not appear for some time.

Zhang Ye naturally understood this, so at the moment he wasn't too demanding either. All along, he never pursued or had any expectations of turning famous overnight. Zhang Ye was always down-to-earth and worked earnestly, no matter how popular or unpopular he was—this had always been the way Zhang Ye behaved.

As of now, the urgency was in finding a suitable employer first. Certainly, the best outcome he was hoping for was still securing something at a television station as it was the most familiar thing he was comfortable with. It was his original profession and line of work. Zhang Ye believed that if he were given an opportunity to fully display his talents by letting him do a variety show, he would surely be able to overcome the hurdle and move into the B-list celebrity rankings. Right now, he was only two rankings away from becoming a B-list celebrity. If he could get past this barrier, then what awaited him would be a whole new level. His circumstances would be very different as there was a clear distinction between being a B-list or C-list celebrity!

If he could become a B-list celebrity?

There would be endless opportunities all over the place!

As the level was not the same, the opportunities were also different!

“Dad?”

“Mom?”

While lying in bed, he shouted out twice to the living room. No one answered. He looked at his watch and guessed that his parents had already gone to work. Zhang Ye continued to lie in his bed, a hand behind his head and thinking about his future career plans.

B-list...

B-list...

He had to get there quickly!

Suddenly, the phone rang again.

An unexpected call came in.

Zhang Ye had a look at the caller ID. Eh? It's the Heavenly Queen?

He thought for a while before accepting the call: “Hello?”

A woman’s voice on the other end said casually: “What took you so long to pick up?”

“Hai, I was still sleeping. What’s the matter, Sister Zhang?” Zhang Ye spoke in a rather unfriendly manner. Whenever Old Zhang took the initiative to call him, it was nothing good.

Sure enough, he heard her say: “Come out for a drink.”

Zhang Ye nearly fainted when he heard that. He chuckled and said: “What are you drinking so early in the morning for?”

She calmly said: “Find a place that is not so crowded and where no one will disturb us.”

“Where do you expect me to find a place to drink at this hour? The bars are closed and the hotels are not open for business yet.” Zhang Ye was a bit speechless: “Did you just throw aside your job and skip work?”

There was suddenly no response on the other end.

“Hello? Sister Zhang?” Zhang Ye said again.

Then, he heard some distant voices over the call. It sounded like there were several men and women. One of the voices sounded

quite familiar and seemed like it belonged to Zhang Yuanqi's manager, Fang Weihong.

“Where is Sister Zhang?”

“I don't know.”

“Liu'er, have you seen Sister Zhang?”

“No, Sister Weihong. Did Sister Zhang go missing again?”

“There will be a crew lunch at noon! This time, the leaders of the film company will be attending as well! Where did Sister Zhang disappear to again this time! She always disappears at such times. How should I explain it to the leaders of the company?! Hurry up and search for her! We must find Sister Zhang! She's the lead today!”

“Alright then!”

“I will ask get more people to look for her as well.”

“Everyone is envious that I'm the Heavenly Queen's manager, but tell me, does it look like I am having an easy life!”

“Sister Weihong, please calm down. Sister Zhang has never been interested in such social events. Besides, this is not the first time it's happened. It's not...easy for Sister Zhang either.”

“So what? She still has to attend it! The film’s investors are going to be there as well! All of you continue searching here. I will go to her house to find her!”

Slowly, the voices got quieter.

A minute later, Zhang Yuanqi starting speaking again: “What did you say earlier?”

Zhang Ye said embarrassed: “Nothing.”

Zhang Ye already understood what was going on.

She went on: “You are at home?”

Zhang Ye said: “I’m not at Jiaomen. I’m at my parents’ home.”

She said: “Only you?”

Zhang Ye replied: “Ah, yes. My parents have gone to work.”

Without explaining, she said “Send me the address, I will buy some wine and meet you at your place.”

Zhang Ye quickly said: “Eh, never mind that, why don’t...”

She said: “That’s it then!”

Du du. The call was cut short by the other party.

Whatever.

Hai, just come, whatever.

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, thinking that since his parents would only get off work around 5 or 6 PM there was no harm in sending his home address to Zhang Yuanqi. He yawned and got off the bed, then went to the living room to take a look. His parents were indeed not around and there was no breakfast on the table. He would have go hungry for now. He went to the bathroom. He turned on the water heater and took a shower. After his shower, he came out while drying his hair and only realized that it was raining when he looked out of the window.

The rain continued to drizzle.

The mist shrouded the surroundings.

It was a very beautiful scenery.

Since Old Zhang would be coming, Zhang Ye started to tidy up the house. He made sure that the house would be in a clean condition so he folded the blankets, put away the clothes, and also tidied up the living room while he was at it.

Chapter 584: The Scenery Is Better Over Here!

A while later.

Ding dong. Ding dong. Ding dong. Ding dong.

The doorbell rang continuously four or five times.

If your own family members forgot to bring their keys and came home, they would usually just press the doorbell once, all casual like. If they were guests or relatives who had come to visit, they would usually press the doorbell twice, so they would appear a little more modest as visitors. Sometimes, some people who were more careless might press it three times. That was still fine and within accepted norms. However, someone who was visiting another person's house for the first time and pressing the doorbell continuously four to five times made it needless to ask who it was. Just from hearing that, it could only be that Heavenly Queen who was always cool and kind in front of the media but had a terrible character in private!

“Coming, coming!” Zhang Ye shouted.

Ding dong. Ding dong. He was still taking his time to get there when the doorbell rang twice more.

Zhang Ye could do nothing about it. He went to the door and pulled it open. Sure enough, the woman standing outside “armed

to the tooth” was indeed Zhang Yuanqi.

“What took you you so long?” She lifted a leg and stepped in.

Zhang Ye closed the door. “You have to at least let me walk to the door.”

She asked, “No one is around?”

“No one. Don’t worry,” Zhang Ye said.

She put the zipped and locked bag in her hands down onto the ground and said, “The alcohol is inside. There’s red wine and beer. Take your pick.”

Since it had come to this, Zhang Ye could only play along. “What will you have?”

“Red wine.” She sat on the sofa in the living room.

Zhang Ye bent over and opened the bag to take out the red wine. He realized that underneath the red wine bottles was some red and white clothing. As they stacked together, he did not know what type of clothes they were. He asked, “Why did you bring so many things? Where do you intend to go? I heard over the phone that your manager was looking for you.”

She lay tiredly on the sofa with her eyes closed, napping for the

moment. “The suburbs in Beijing, at the movie studios. I’m filming a movie during these next few days and will be staying around that area.” She opened her eyes and looked over. “Where’s the wine?”

“I’m opening it right now.” Zhang Ye had a wine bottle opener at home that apparently came as a free gift when his mother had bought a new rice cooker some time back. However, as he was not too familiar with how to use it, it took him a very long time before he got the bottle opened. He found two glasses and poured the wine into each, one for the both of them.

Right when he finished pouring the wine, Zhang Yuanqi immediately picked it up and raised her glass.

Zhang Ye helplessly clinked glasses with her and said, “Don’t drink so much. It’s bad for the stomach to drink so early in the morning.”

Before he could finish saying that, Old Zhang had already finished hers in one gulp and then took a look at his glass.

Zhang Ye couldn’t do anything except accompany her and finish his glass as well.

Old Zhang picked up the bottle and poured half a glass of wine for herself before pouring some for Zhang Ye. “Come.” This red wine did not look cheap at all, but the way they were drinking it was as good as pouring it down the drain.

They drank two glasses in quick succession.

The wrinkles on Zhang Yuanqi's beautiful forehead finally loosened.

Zhang Ye smiled and asked, "How many days have you been holding back your urge to drink?"

"2 months," she said.

Zhang Ye said, "Heh, if you really want to drink, you can come look for me." Although he spoke as though he was annoyed with her, however, if Old Zhang actually came over, Zhang Ye would definitely still be very welcoming to her. In the past, whenever the Heavenly Queen wanted a break from her work, she would always end up going to Zhang Ye's place. First, because when she was at his place, no one else would be able to find her as even Fang Weihong did not know about the close relationship between Zhang Ye and Zhang Yuanqi. Second, in this world, other than Zhang Yuanqi's parents, probably only Zhang Ye knew about her aloof personality. Every time she was here at Zhang Ye's place, Old Zhang never had to put up a false front and could act like her own natural self.

She looked up at and said, "You'd still have to make time to drink with me. In just the past two months, all I've seen on TV is the news of you relentlessly causing trouble everywhere."

When he heard this, Zhang Ye laughed in ridicule. "Listen to what you're saying. What do you mean relentlessly causing

trouble? I was serving the people alright? Did you watch the public service announcement I produced? How is it?”

She said, “It’s whatever.”

Zhang Ye just laughed it off and did not bother her anymore.

At this time, when Zhang Yuanqi had taken off her sunglasses and jacket, Zhang Ye suddenly noticed that her clothes were all wet. Old Zhang was dressed very normally today and had her hair in a ponytail, a look that kept her low profile. She wore a long-sleeved shirt paired with track pants and a pair of white canvas shoes, though they were stained with quite a few muddy spots. Her shirt was wet from the rain at the shoulders and sleeves areas. Walking outside in this getup, even if someone got beaten up and told that this was the famous celebrity, Zhang Yuanqi, they wouldn’t have expected or believed it.

Zhang Ye said, “You didn’t bring an umbrella?”

“What do you think?” she said.

“Didn’t you bring some clothes here? Why don’t you go and get dried. Change so that you don’t catch a cold.” Zhang Ye said hospitably, “If not, you can also take a shower here.”

She agreed and said, “OK.”

Zhang Ye blinked and asked, “You’re really going to shower

here?”

She looked over. “What, do you think I am going to take a fake shower then?”

“Hai, that’s not what I meant.” Zhang Ye was thinking to himself that he was just trying to appear as a hospitable host by saying that. “Then go ahead and wash up. I will turn the water heater on for you, but I have to warn you that my house’s bathroom is a little messy, so make do with it.”

She stood up and said, “Drink by yourself first.”

“It’s alright. I will wait for you here.” Zhang Ye also found a towel for her. “This towel is mine, but my mom has already washed it, so it’s clean.”

She said, “I have my own in the bag.”

“Oh, alright then,” Zhang Ye said.

At last, after Zhang Yuanqi sneezed and sniffed, she finally took her bag with her and went into the bathroom. Peng, the bathroom door closed and then all was silent.

Out in the living room, since Zhang Ye had nothing to do, he started chatting with her across the bathroom door. “You have no filming schedule today?”

From inside the bathroom, a woman's voice sounded, "It's raining."

Zhang Ye acknowledged and asked, "What movie are you busy with these days?"

"Grandmasters."

"Oh, wuxia genre?"

"It's a martial arts type."

"Hey, you even know martial arts?"

"There's a martial arts director."

"What kind of martial arts are we talking about?"

"Eight Trigram Palm, Xingyi Fist, and Taiji Fist."

"Taiji Fist?" Zhang Ye was stunned. "I've heard of it. Isn't it a lost form of martial arts? There are even people in the production team who know it?"

"It's just a movie. Why do you think they need to really know about it?"

“Oh, I see. I was still thinking how anyone living on Earth now could know Taiji Fist.”Zhang Ye mumbled softly, like he was talking to himself.

The woman’s voice sounded, “What did you say?”

Zhang Ye quickly said, “Nothing.”

In the bathroom, the sound of the slippers on the wet floor could be heard shuffling and squelching. Old Zhang had probably already undressed. Sure enough, the sound of the running water could be heard next.

Zhang Ye knew that even if he talked now, it wouldn’t be heard from the inside. So he went back out to the living room and sat down. It seemed that Old Zhang had also showered very quickly and was probably only washing off the rain from her body. After around 10 or 15 minutes, the door to the bathroom opened, and a whiff of hot air and the fragrance of her shampoo wafted out into the living room.

“You’re done showering?”

“Yes.”

“I’ve poured some wine for you.”

“OK.”

Old Zhang had not come out from the bathroom yet.

So Zhang Ye went over and saw Zhang Yuanqi in a white bathrobe, obviously her own since Zhang Ye's house did not have any. Zhang Yuanqi was looking into the mirror and applying something on her face. A bottle of moisturizing water, some face cream, and even skincare and cosmetic products were all fitted into her bag. She was so well equipped that it made Zhang Ye wonder if she was going to stay at his house and intended not to leave.

He asked, “What time will you be leaving?”

Old Zhang did not look at him and just answered, “Noon or sometime in the afternoon.”

“Alright then, my parents usually get off work at 5 or 6PM. Just leave before that.” Zhang Ye reminded and then asked, “Oh Sister Zhang, do you shed much hair?”

Zhang Yuanqi did not bother answering him.

Zhang Ye was already long on familiar terms with Old Zhang. They knew each other quite well and could speak whatever was on their minds. Zhang Ye said, “My mom's hair isn't as long as yours. If it dropped all over the bathroom floor and they see it, my parents will surely think I brought someone home.” In the past,

when he was at the rented apartment in Jiaomen, it was still alright since he stayed by himself. But since this was his parents' place, he felt that he needed to be more careful.

After applying the skincare products, Old Zhang did not blow dry her hair but just walked out with that scent following her. She sat back onto the sofa and picked up her glass to have a drink by herself.

Zhang Ye also sat down and accompanied her in drinking.

“This wine's quite good.”

“It's not bad.”

“Heh, drink slowly. Wait for me.”

“Hurry up.”

“How could I drink any faster? You're the only one around here who drinks so early in the morning.”

The two had nothing serious to talk about, but the atmosphere blended together extremely well.

This had been the kind of relationship between Zhang Ye and the Heavenly Queen all along. If it was said they shared commonalities being celebrities in the entertainment circle, there wasn't actually

much in common between the two of them since their personalities were very different. Old Zhang was not a person who liked to talk much in private and was even considered a little stiff, unlike her bright and cheerful persona in front of the cameras. These factors had created such a situation between the two of them. They didn't have much to talk about. But somehow, these two persons who seemingly came from different worlds and were not expected to cross each other's paths much had a friendship that wasn't shallow.

They had spent a night together at an express motel. Zhang Ye had also helped Old Zhang when she had encountered a problem during the Spring Festival Gala. When Zhang Ye met with his own problems, Old Zhang had helped him to the best of her efforts as well, prompting her fans on Weibo to help pressure the police station to release him. She had also prevented him from being discovered by the other female celebrities in the changing room during the Spring Festival Gala. They both hid and ran away from reporters by escaping through a window and scaling a wall together. The two of them had many secrets that could never be spoken to anyone else, only shared between them. This had also created a very special relationship in which they were friends even though they did not seem like friends. Speaking of, it might also be one of the more bizarre things that happened.

Zhang Ye treated Old Zhang as a friend.

Old Zhang did not put up much defense around him either.

Just like now. He didn't know if the Heavenly Queen had brought extra clothes or not. She just sat there with most of her

legs showing, deep cleavage visible at the neckline of her bathrobe. As her hair was not blowdried, even if she did dry her hair with a towel, it was still wet. Occasionally, droplets of water would slide and fall from her hair onto her bathrobe at the shoulders or directly onto her neck and bosom, slowly gathering before becoming too heavy to cling onto the skin and sliding down from her neck to her collarbone and then finally down her cleavage and disappearing, unknown whether absorbed by the fabric in there or just continuing down to her belly.

The scenery outside was beautiful.

But compared to the person in the house, this scenery in here was much better.

Chapter 585: You Guys Are Touring My House!

Approaching 9 AM.

It was pouring heavily outside.

On the coffee table in the living room, the bottle of red wine was almost empty. The two of them had finished it very quickly and had about enough as well. They were a little tipsy after having so much, but was still alright. Zhang Ye had not intended to drink so much at all. Although he did not say it, he cared quite a lot for Old Zhang and was afraid that she would drink without restraint, so he drank a little more himself to lessen her drinking. He was actually also a little scared that Old Zhang would again become so drunk that she'd vomit all over the place like the first time he met her. That time was enough to keep Zhang Ye busy for the whole night just taking care of Old Zhang.

“Finished drinking?” said Zhang Ye with a smile.

Breathing normally, Zhang Yuanqi said, “Yes.”

Zhang Ye said, “If there's no one to accompany you to drink in the future, feel free to come over. I might have been up to a fair share of things recently, but drinking is still something I can spare time for. As long as you, Sister Zhang says so, who am I to refuse?”

Zhang Ye knew she was busy with work recently, and mind you,

it was not busy in the sense of a normal white-collared worker type of busy. It was a totally different concept altogether. Being at the level of an S-list celebrity, Old Zhang's schedule was basically packed with activities throughout the year. Today, she might be flying off to Shanghai to film a music video, then in the afternoon, she would have to fly to the south again to do some outdoor shoots before flying back to Beijing at night to shoot a scene at the movie studios in the suburbs. A full day might mean anything up to 16 or 17 different activities all lined up one after the other, so the stress level and work intensity was surely imaginable. But of course, there must be a time to relax, a point where she could just drop everything and disappear to release all that pent-up stress, otherwise, she might really die from overwork.

She looked at Zhang Ye and said, "You're really something."

"Of course. I always treat friends well," Zhang Ye said. "Not to mention that you and I have even fought through the enemy lines together, making us revolutionary comrades."

She said, "That joke is lame."

Zhang Ye: "..."

She put down her wine glass and said, "Alright, I'm done drinking."

"Good, don't drink too much." Zhang Ye pointed to his own bedroom and said, "You have such dark circles under your eyes. Did you film late into the night yesterday? Do you want to take a

short nap? I will go in and clean up a little.”

Old Zhang had come to Zhang Ye’s house today probably because she wanted to have a little to drink and also rest up, so she did not turn down his suggestion. “Alright, I will nap for an hour.”

Zhang Ye said, “How is an hour enough? You just need to be up before 4:30 PM since my parents do not eat lunch at home. Rest assured. You can sleep well.”

She asked, “No one visits your house, right?”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “What visitors? Don’t worry, no one will come.”

Just as he finished saying that, a sound that struck terror into Zhang Ye’s heart came from behind him!

Ding dong.

It was the doorbell!

Someone was pressing the doorbell!

Zhang Yuanqi shot a glance at Zhang Ye while he was already breaking out into a cold sweat. He did not know who it was, so he kept quiet and pretended that there was no one home.

Then, his mother's voice rang out from the door, "Little Ye, open up. I just went the market and I don't want to find my keys since I am carrying all these grocery bags."

It was his mother!

Ding dong. The doorbell rang again.

Then his father's voice also rang out, "Little Ye."

Zhang Ye knew this spelled trouble. If they were just visitors, he could still have avoided them by pretending that no one was around, but since his parents had the keys with them, even if he didn't open the door for them, they would still be able to get in. He didn't know what else he could do anymore. Didn't the two of them go to work? How did it end up with them having the day off and going to the market to buy groceries instead? Hai, he was still wondering why his mother and father did not leave any breakfast for him. Turned out it was because they had the day off, so they had gone out to get the groceries for breakfast!

Old Zhang looked at him and asked, "Didn't you say there'd be nobody?"

Zhang Ye said worriedly, "I didn't expect this either."

"Think of a way," she said as she pushed all responsibility onto him.

Dong dong.

They were still knocking on the door.

When Zhang Ye looked at Zhang Yuanqi's outfit, he thought of how he wouldn't be able to explain this no matter how hard he tried. If she were dressed normally, like earlier, it would still be easy to explain, but she was in a bathrobe right now and had obviously just come out of the shower. Even if he had a hundred mouths, he wouldn't be able to clear this up!

"Little Ye? Are you awake yet?" His mother finally asked, and then said, "Forget it, I will open the door myself."

Zhang Ye knew that he couldn't delay opening the door anymore, so he shouted loudly at the door, "Mom, don't! Let me open the door, let me do it instead. I will open it soon, wait a moment." At least that delayed it a little more.

His mother acknowledged and said, "Hurry up then. Change into your clothes."

Zhang Ye turned to Zhang Yuanqi to tell her to go into the bedroom. "Hide in my bedroom for now. Close the door."

Old Zhang said, "My bag."

"I will get it for you. Go in." Zhang Ye speedily went into the bathroom and took all of Old Zhang's cosmetics and threw them

into her bag. He carried the bag out and dumped it in his bedroom, then quickly cleared the red wine bottle and wine glasses from the coffee table. But at this time, he heard the sound of keys clattering outside the door. Unsure if his parents were getting impatient of waiting and were intending to open the door on their own, Zhang Ye panicked and ran to his bedroom to close the door.

But just before the door shut, Old Zhang muttered, "The wet clothes are in the bathroom."

The door closed.

Zhang Ye knew that there was no time to get the clothes anymore, so he ignored that for the moment as his parents would probably not be using the bathroom anytime soon. He would have to think of another way to retrieve the clothes later. Since it was just his parents coming home, he would have to handle them first. When there was a good opportunity, he would go and put away Old Zhang's clothes before suggesting to them that he wanted something difficult to prepare for breakfast and let his parents busy themselves in the kitchen with it. Zhang Ye would then close the kitchen door and smuggle Zhang Yuanqi out of his house.

Whew.

That seemed like a good plan and it shouldn't be a problem to execute.

In this short moment, Zhang Ye had already formulated a plan in his head. After being sure that he had left nothing to chance, his

worries subsided as he regained his calm somewhat. He smiled and walked towards the door to welcome his parents home. He would just adapt his plans as the situation played out. It was no big deal. He was sure he could handle it.

The door swung open.

Then, Zhang Ye saw a scene that left him with his mouth wide open in shock!

His father was carrying two bags of vegetables as he walked into the house and said, “You’re awake?”

Behind him, his mother did not walk in yet but instead stood at the door and said to Zhang Ye, “Don’t sleep anymore. We have guests. They’re all our old neighbors. It has been so long since we had a gathering, so I called everyone over today.” She turned around and said, “Grandma Cui, come in quickly. Little Yan, are you an advertising major in university? It’s a good opportunity to chat with your Brother Zhang Ye.”

Grandma Cui stepped into the house and smiled. “Little Ye.”

Dumbfounded, Zhang Ye said, “Granny Cui.

Little Yan said a little stiffly, “Brother Zhang Ye.”

Zhang Ye continued to be dumbfounded. “Hey.”

Behind, another middle-aged man entered the house. “Little Ye, ha ha, I haven’t seen you around the district in over half a year now. Terrific, how terrific. You’re already a big celebrity now!”

Zhang Ye was still dumbfounded. “...Uncle Hu.”

Outside, another woman arrived. “Little Ye, still remember me? Back when you were in middle school, I always came over to your house here to play mahjong. ”

Zhang Ye kept staying dumbfounded. “...Auntie Yu.”

Then, behind her, a middle-aged man followed. “Ah, I haven’t seen you two in over 2 years now, Brother Zhang, Sister Cao. Your son is growing up and looking handsomer and handsomer now. Hmm, he takes after my Sister Cao!”

Zhang Ye: “...Uncle Wu.”

His mother laughed and said, “That’s true. If he took after our Old Zhang, no one would want him.”

The door of the neighbor opposite opened. “Yo, Old Cao, what’s going on here?”

His mother smiled and greeted her. “Sister Wang, hai, my husband and I went out to buy some groceries and we saw many of

our old neighbors. We were just starting to do some catching up when it suddenly rained, so with the market a mess, we invited everyone up to our house for a chat. Is Brother Wang at home?”

Sister Wang said, “Yeah, he’s here.”

His mother insisted on inviting them as well. “Come over then, come to my place. We’ll have lunch together later. It won’t be awkward since we’re neighbors and know each other so well already.”

Grandma Cui also knew her. “Little Wang, come and join us.”

Sister Wang laughed. “Alrighty then, let me grab my husband.”

At this moment, it was as if many black lines had appeared on Zhang Ye’s forehead as he just stood there, dumbfounded and silly while looking at them!

But just at this moment, another of his neighbors’ doors also swung open and an old man between 60 and 70 years of age walked over while holding a cane. “Little Cao, you’re treating everyone to a meal here?”

His mother laughed. “Grandpa Liu, I was just about to go over and ask you to join us. Yes, we’re preparing lunch for everyone today, so of course you have to join us as well. Come in, quickly, come in. Let’s talk first.”

Grandpa Liu did not reject either as they had been neighbors for many decades now. With such a long running relationship, he definitely did not need to appear to be polite by rejecting the invitation. He said, “Sure. Then I shall respectfully obey. Oh right, my son’s puppy is also at my place.”

His mother said, “Flowers, right? Bring her along as well. I still have some leftover meat from yesterday that I can heat up for Flowers to eat.”

Grandpa Liu: “That’s great then. You’re saving me a lot of work here.”

His father greeted, “Come in quick. Take a seat, take a seat. I’ll go and get more chairs.”

His mother asked, “What tea would you like?”

“Water is fine.”

“Haha, do you have green tea?”

“Yes, yes, we have everything!”

“Then I’ll have a cup of green tea too.”

“I’d like a soda, please!”

The group of old neighbors were all gathered at Zhang Ye's house!

A total of 12 people!

Yup. Oh, add a dog to that number as well!

This tactical formation simply looked too spectacular as the 70 to 80 square meter house was fully filled with people. The volume and chatter of everyone made it sound even busier than the marketplace!

As Zhang Ye witnessed these people slowly packing his house, his chest seemingly burned as he nearly spit out a mouthful of blood that would have spewed 3 feet away, feeling like he would be better off if he just fainted there and then. No wonder his parents had kept knocking on the door even though they had their keys with them. It wasn't just because they had a lot of things on their hands, but were instead actually worried that Zhang Ye might not have been properly dressed or in the bathroom. So in order to not inconvenience their guests with seeing what they should not see, they had knocked on the door to give a warning to Zhang Ye first!

Stay calm!

Zhang Ye, you need to stay calm!

Isn't it just a few more people than you had previously planned for? This shouldn't be a big deal at all. Just follow the plan

accordingly and say that you want to get some breakfast. Call mom and dad into the kitchen and get them to prepare it for you. Then, go out into the living room and invite some of the neighbors into their room to talk before going back out to ask the other neighbors to stand by the window to enjoy the view outside while making sure they don't turn around. Oh, right. There was also that dog that must be controlled. Maybe adding some sleeping pills into its food would let it...let it...

Let it, my ass!

Stay calm, your sister!

Whatever the plan, it was useless!

With so many people and so many pairs of eyes, even if I stuffed Zhang Yuanqi into my pants pocket, I couldn't sneak her out! What the hell are you guys doing here? What special occasion is it today? Why did you all have to come here today of all days? Did all of you organize a sightseeing tour to come to my house! To come as a group to set me up!?

Chapter 586: Pandemonium!

In the living room.

It was very crowded and chaotic.

“Here, have some tea.”

“Little Liu, come and sit over here.”

“There’s not enough space on the sofa. There’s a chair here for you.”

“Here, have some fruits. I just bought them at the market.”

“Find a spot and have a seat. If it’s too crowded, go to my bedroom.”

The guests were divided into three groups: some women were talking in his parents’ bedroom, Grandma Cui and some of the elderly people were sitting on the sofa chattering away, and there were some relatively middle-aged and younger people sitting on chairs and stools. Somehow, they had managed to fit all the guests in the house as everyone settled down.

People were chatting away.

The dog was barking away.

The liveliness of the place didn't even need to be mentioned!

His mother said, "Little Ye, why are you standing there like an idiot? Everyone is concerned about you. Come over quickly and talk with your uncles and aunties."

Zhang Ye wondered how he could be in any mood to chat, as there was an entire living person who was barely wearing anything in his bedroom right now!

Grandma Cui laughed. "There is no need to chat with us. Little Ye is now a busy man who can host, give lectures, and produce commercials. Let him busy himself with work."

Grandpa Liu said, "Heh, Little Ye is really that capable."

"That's right. When I saw Little Ye back then, I knew he was no ordinary person," Auntie Yu praised. "He had the potential ever since he was young and always did things low-key without showing off. One look and I knew he would be a very capable person when he grew up. Just look at how he's doing now. I was right, wasn't I?!"

His mother beamed. "Not really. This kid only got a little lucky. Little Ye, take your Brother Little Yan and the others to your room for a conversation. It's too crowded out here."

Ah?

Why my room!

Zhang Ye hurriedly said, “No, I have not made the bed yet and my bedroom is a mess.”

His mother pursed her lips and said, “What would that matter?”

Zhang Ye was, of course, afraid. If he opened the door right then, it would give everyone a fright!

Little Yan also came over to consult him. “Brother Zhang Ye, your Quit Smoking PSA is really good. How did you come up with this idea?”

Zhang Ye knew Little Yan since childhood, living in the same district and playing together several times before. But after they grew up and went to university, they did not hang out or play together anymore. “Hai, it was just a moment of inspiration.”

After chatting for a while, his mother suddenly stood up. “You all continue talking. I need to use the restroom.”

Zhang Ye was still chatting with Little Yan until his mother walked pass. He suddenly recalled that Zhang Yuanqi’s clothes were still in the bathroom! He immediately called out, “Mom! I need to go first!” He walked over quickly and intercepted her.

His mother stared at him. “You, after me!”

“I really can’t wait any longer!” Zhang Ye pretended that he needed to use the bathroom very urgently, which in fact, was the truth. “Could you make some breakfast first? I just woke up and have not eaten yet.”

His mother pushed him aside. “Let me use the bathroom first!”

“I got here first!” Zhang Ye had already entered the bathroom and shut the door.

His mother stared angrily and scolded him, “You damned kid.”

In the bathroom.

The chaotic chattering noises outside had nothing to do with him anymore.

Zhang Ye took the opportunity to take a breather and clear his mind. Then he looked around and found Old Zhang’s clothes on a small stool under the shower head. He went over to pick up the clothes which were damp from the rain. He intended to go back to his room after retrieving the clothes when something dropped onto the floor. Upon closer inspection, it was Old Zhang’s black panties made of real silk. The material was very thin. The right side of the front was embroidered with dark black flowers and exuded a mature air.

He bent down and picked up the panties quickly. Because they were worn underneath, they did not get wet from the rain. But after dropping it on the floor, one side of them became a bit wet.

At this moment, he realized there would be a problem. How would he bring out so many clothes without being noticed? He couldn't possibly leave them in here as anyone who came to use the bathroom would surely see them. If he brought the clothes out, it would be obvious that they were not his. If parents saw them, they especially would ask. This was why the clothes must stay hidden!

How should he hide them?

F**k! He decided to hide it on himself instead!

Zhang Ye folded Old Zhang's track pants and found a good spot on himself to hide it. He pulled up his clothes and stuffed it in the back between his pants and waist. Then he folded Old Zhang's long-sleeved shirt and stuffed it into the front of his pants, which were secured with an elastic band. There were still two stockings, the sort of ankle-high nude hosiery. Although Zhang Ye's pants did not have any pockets, this was still easy to handle. Zhang Ye took off his slippers and stuffed them into his left slipper and then put it back on. The slipper suddenly became tighter fitting but he had to make do with this for now. Then Zhang Ye stared at the panties for a long time before deciding to use the same technique. He stuffed them into his right slipper before putting it back on.

In the end, only the bra was left.

That lacy black floral bra!

The material was thin, but because of its shape, it was not easy to hide. He held the bra and tried to stuff it on himself. However, because it still protruded out under his clothes, it would easily be discovered by people with just a glance.

Dong dong.

“Are you done yet?” his mother called out.

Zhang Ye immediately replied, “I’m coming. I’m almost done.”

His mother said, “I’ve already heated up the food for you. Hurry up.”

Zhang Ye sucked his stomach in and stuffed the bra under his clothes, the rough, lacy material rubbing against his belly, making him feel slightly ticklish. He opened the door with one hand while the other clutched his stomach, pretending to have the runs and not feeling well. “Huu, I’m done.”

When the door opened, his mother looked at him and asked, “What’s wrong?”

Zhang Ye held onto his clothes tightly and said, “I probably

didn't eat well last night."

"I thought that you didn't eat dinner last night? You were only sleeping. Alright, stand aside." His mother quickly went into the bathroom without noticing anything.

When Zhang Ye dodged this crisis, he immediately dragged his feet, shuffling forward with his left foot which was stepping on the stockings while the other was stepping on the panties, hobbling back to his room.

He was almost there.

But the more he was anxious, the more mistakes he would make!

As the slippers were not tight fitting, and had something stuffed in them, Zhang Ye's heels were not fully on the slippers at this moment. When he was about to reach his bedroom door, he sped up and missed a step, making him lose his balance. His feet slid out from the right slipper and even tumbled across the floor. The compressed lump of Old Zhang's panties rolled out as the slipper tumbled along and landed beside it.

"What happened, Little Ye?"

"Be careful."

As a group, Little Yan, Grandma Cui, and the rest all looked over at once.

Zhang Ye's face turned green as he hastily put his slippers back on and said, "Nothing, nothing."

Little Yan said concerned, "Brother Zhang Ye, why are you sweating so much? Does your stomach not feel well?" Suddenly, he looked down slightly at the floor. "Eh? Brother Zhang Ye, you dropped something. What is it?"

Zhang Ye was terrified. He tugged on the bra underneath his shirt with one hand while the other hand quickly picked up the clump of black panties and calmly held it in his hand. He raised up that hand to wipe off the sweat on his forehead and smiled. "Yes, my stomach doesn't feel good. Maybe I'm just hungry. It's nothing. I'll be fine after I eat something."

Grandma Cui looked at him and reminded, "There is sweat on your sideburns as well."

"Oh, I can wipe it off. It's fine." Zhang Ye held onto that lump of black fabric while wiping off the sweat from his sideburns and neck and then smiled. "All of you please continue chatting. I will go back to my room first."

Holding the black panties in his hand, he grabbed the doorknob to his bedroom and twisted it. After opening the door, he went in quickly as he was afraid that the guests would see the view of the bedroom. He immediately closed the door. Still feeling uneasy, he locked the door from inside. He rubbed his forehead and neck while panting, the lingering scent of the black panties on his face.

He nearly cried and thought to himself, wondering what he had done to deserve this and why he was so unlucky!

In his room.

Old Zhang was lying on the bed burrowed beneath blankets. She was holding Zhang Ye's Legend of Wukong in her hands, which had originally been placed on the windowsill, and was currently reading it.

Zhang Ye was speechless. "What are you doing?"

She replied, "Reading a book."

"I'm over here working myself to death yet you're amazingly laid back." Zhang Ye whispered, "Why are you even all wrapped up in bed? If someone comes in, how can I explain it!"

She said deadpan, "What else can I do? It's impossible to leave since there are so many people around and I also can't help it if they enter the room. Is there any difference between standing or lying down in the room?"

Indeed, there was no difference at all. It would be on the headlines if it were made public that the Heavenly Queen was wearing pajamas in his bedroom! One of them was an S-list celebrity while the other was a C-list celebrity. If they were caught in a scandal, neither of them could handle the consequences. Besides, Zhang Ye already had a girlfriend now.

Zhang Ye unbuttoned the shirt, took off her slippers, took out her clothes one by one and helped put them back into her bag.

But he heard Old Zhang say, “Your house is really crowded today.”

Zhang Ye said gloomily, “Who could’ve guessed that my parents would invite so many people in such a short span?”

Old Zhang added, “And a dog.”

“That’s right. There’s a dog too.” Zhang Ye rolled his eyes and said, “I’ve gotta hand it to them. They can invite enough people to even make up a soccer team with subs.”

She said, “You think of a way,” and continued reading her book.

Zhang Ye said, “There’s no way out, we can only hang around for a while. Let’s wait and see. Alright, I’ll stop talking now. I’m going out for my breakfast.”

She casually remarked, “I also have not eaten breakfast.”

Zhang Ye muttered, “I understand.”

He opened the door, walked out of his room, and quickly closed the door, all done with lightning speed.

Having used the bathroom, his mother was now busying herself in the kitchen. When Zhang Ye went over, breakfast had just been prepared. He suddenly said, "I'll take this then, Mom."

His mother asked, "Where are you taking it?"

"There are too many people out there. I'm going to eat in my room." Zhang Ye came up with an excuse. "Please give me some more."

"Can you finish all that?" His mother flicked another egg and two leavened pancakes from the night before onto the plates and asked, "Do you want pickled vegetables?"

"There's no need." Zhang Ye took it and walked away.

He closed the door very quickly per usual and put down the plates. Then Zhang Ye handed the chopsticks to Old Zhang who was on the bed and said softly, "You use the chopsticks. I'll use my hands to eat."

Old Zhang put down the book and started to eat when then she frowned. "The pancake is salty."

Zhang Ye said, "Please make do. My mom's cooking is just this way. We should be thinking of a way to smuggle you out of here. If anyone sees you, with so many of them and so many mouths, we won't even know how quickly or crazily the rumors will spread. If

something really happens, your fans will surely kill me and your manager will chop me into pieces.” If we were spotted at a hotel together, we might still have a way to explain things and give a reasonable explanation. But in our current situation, there’s totally no way to explain things clearly. Even an idiot would not believe!

Silently eating breakfast.

Old Zhang was probably feeling sleepy again, so she leaned against the headboard and closed her eyes.

Zhang Ye sat by his bedside and listened to the noisy chatter outside his room. At this moment, he felt rather screwed!

Chapter 587: Soaking Wet Bush Lily!

Outside the bedroom.

He opened the door and closed it behind him.

Zhang Ye took the plate out from his room.

“You’ve finished eating, Little Ye?” His mother looked over at him.

“Yeah,” Zhang Ye said.

His mother looked at the plate in his hand. “Woah, you actually finished all that?”

Zhang Ye placed the plate in the kitchen sink and came out, saying, “I was really hungry since I didn’t eat much the whole of yesterday.”

His mother asked, “Your stomach is OK? If it’s no problem, then quickly come here and have a chat with your aunties and uncles. We were just discussing your quit smoking PSA. After your Grandpa Sun here watched it, he did not smoke for the entire day. He has been grumbling about you for a while now, saying that the PSA was so scary and how only someone like you would be able to produce something like that.”

Grandpa Sun who was playing with the dog, laughed loudly and said, “But smoking less is a good thing. Little Ye’s really good. This PSA has a very effective cautionary message, and that puts it at the pinnacle of public service announcements!”

Zhang Ye gave a wave of his hands. “Grandpa Sun, you’re too flattering.”

“Continue your conversation first.” His mother stood up unable to do anything. “I’ll go make Little Ye’s bed so that the young ones may go into his bedroom to talk.”

Zhang Ye started in surprise and quickly stopped her. “Mom, don’t make yourself busy with such things. Just sit down and rest up. It’s more lively with more people around to talk with, and anyways, my room is too small.”

At this moment, his cell phone rang in his pocket.

Zhang Ye took it out and had a look. It was from Hu Fei, so he answered the call as he stood beside his bedroom door: “Hello, Brother Hu?”

Hurriedly said laughed a little and said: “Little Zhang, are you busy?”

Zhang Ye said: “Ah, yes.”

Hu Fei: “Do you have time in the afternoon? Come out for a

meal?”

Zhang Ye answered without even considering: “Today? It’s not possible today.”

“Oh, like that?” Hu Fei said. “Hur hur, actually, I’m not the only one who wants to meet you for a meal. I am also doing this as a favor to the television station’s leaders as they’ve organized a meal today and would like to invite you along.”

But how would Zhang Ye have any mood and thoughts about this at the moment, so he just rejected and said: “Forget it, Brother Hu. I really cannot make it, help me decline them but thank them for the invitation.”

Hu Fei coughed and said: “But the station might be looking for you for a reason.”

“It’s not that I am not giving you face, Brother Hu, but today is really not convenient. Besides, you also know about my relationship with Beijing Television Station. This time, I helped out because it was for you, but if it’s a luncheon with many people sitting around, I’m afraid there isn’t much I could talk to them about, so it’s better I don’t go.” Zhang Ye explained and then hung up after that.

Luncheon?

Even if the sky was about to collapse over there, I couldn’t go

help!

If I went now, then my side of the sky would collapse!

His father looked at him and asked, “Something the matter? Go if there’s something that needs your attention.”

Zhang Ye said, “It’s nothing, nothing. It’s just a luncheon that I can miss without any issues.” He did not put much thought into the reason for this call from Hu Fei since his mind was currently on another matter.

Auntie Yu was smiling widely and said, “Little Ye, you take a seat too.”

Zhang Ye said, “Sure, let me find a chair.”

Grandma Cui stood up and said, “You can sit on the sofa. Go ahead.”

“I can’t do that. Please sit down. I will find a stool or something.” Zhang Ye casually took a nearby stool and sat down at an area near the bedroom door, as though he were “guarding” the room.

Little Yan also moved quickly to give up his seat. “Brother Zhang Ye, this chair is more comfortable. It has a cushion.”

“It’s alright, I can make do with this.” Zhang Ye waved his hands.

Auntie Yu said, feeling a little moved, “Look at our Little Ye, he’s already such an important member of society, yet he puts on no airs and has always been so polite. How nice.”

His mother said, “How could he ever put on airs with everyone here? All of you watched him grow up.”

Beside them, another auntie sighed, “Yes, who would have thought that little kid back then has already grown up to be this tall and even became a big star. He even worked together with the Heavenly Queen of the entertainment circle, Zhang Yuanqi. You see, this shows that everything in this world is very unpredictable and no one can know the future.”

When her daughter who was seated beside heard that, she asked, “Brother Ye, I love Sister Zhang. Have you really seen her before?”

Zhang Ye simply grunted in confirmation.

Auntie Yu said happily, “Little Ye had written two songs for Zhang Yuanqi before. How could he not have seen her?”

The girl asked excitedly, “Then what is your relationship with Sister Zhang like?”

Zhang Ye equivocally said, “Hai, we’ve only cooperated twice and that was about it. We don’t know each other too well nor have we exchanged more than a few words.” He distanced himself.

“Is Sister Zhang’s temper as good in her daily life? Is she also especially friendly to everyone? I have never seen her putting on any airs before!” Little Yan also said with great interest.

Friendly?

Good temperament?

I will gift you all two words now: HUR HUR!

But Zhang Ye still guiltily said, “Yes, she is very even-tempered and a very nice person!” Then, his eyes couldn’t resist sweeping towards the direction of his bedroom door as he wondered if Old Zhang was asleep and whether she could hear what he just said.

Little Yan said in admiration, “Sister Zhang is my goddess. If I could just see her once, even from afar, then I would die a happy man.”

Zhang Ye thought to himself that Little Yan did not actually have to wait for another day. If he just opened the door to Zhang Ye’s bedroom, not only would he be able to see her, he would even be able to see her in resting!

“I heard that Zhang Yuanqi is filming a new movie.”

“Yes, I think it’s a martial arts film.”

“Brother Little Ye, could you get an autograph from Sister Zhang if you get the chance? I really like her so much and I’ve watched every one of her movies!”

Somehow, the topic of discussion had turned to Zhang Yuanqi, possibly because she was quite popular in the singing and acting fields. No matter man or woman, old or young, everyone still liked her. Even the older generation like Grandma Cui and Grandpa Sun who might not be too familiar with other celebrities could say comment on the Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi when she was mentioned, for instance “10 years ago when Zhang Yuanqi swept the charts” and the like.

The discussion was becoming livelier and livelier.

His mother looked at her watch and went to start preparing lunch. Three other aunties also went along to help her out, otherwise, a meal for so many people would really be a headache to prepare.

Di di, a text message arrived.

Zhang Ye held up his phone and saw Zhang Yuanqi’s number on the display. She had earlier switched off her phone as she was avoiding her manager and the meal schedule, but for some reason, she turned it on again.

Old Zhang: “Back into the room, now.”

Zhang Ye replied: “What’s wrong?”

A few seconds later, he received a reply again: “I need to go to the bathroom.”

When he saw these few words, Zhang Ye got so frightened that all his hair stood on end. Why must you go to the bathroom now? Right now, when there were so many people out here, and every one of them would know you for sure. One of them even wanted me to get your signature for her. If you came out right now, then it would definitely save me a lot of trouble since you could directly give her your autograph!

Zhang Ye suddenly said, “Everyone, please carry on talking, I need to go back into my room to make a call.”

“Go busy yourself then, Little Ye.”

“Yes, don’t bother with us.”

“Work is more important.”

Said Grandma Cui, Auntie Yu, and all the others.

Zhang Ye immediately opened his bedroom door and went in, naturally being very careful by only opening it enough to let himself in, since he did not anyone outside to be able to see what

was inside.

Click.

The door closed and was locked.

Zhang Ye saw that Zhang Yuanqi who was on the bed earlier was already on the floor now.

Old Zhang didn't look too good and simply said, "When are they leaving?"

Zhang Ye thought to himself, remembering how he had already warned her to not drink so much red wine in the morning. Just look, just look at this situation now, so he said anxiously, "No matter what, they won't leave before lunch. I don't even know when they will finish lunch, so I really have no idea. Just bear it for now, Sister Zhang, hold it! I will try to make them leave soon after lunch and then urge my parents to take their nap! Then you will be free to go."

Old Zhang said, "I can't wait that long."

Zhang Ye said nervously, "But you still have to wait."

Old Zhang did not bother him. She caught her breath then walked to the door, looking like she wanted to go out immediately.

Zhang Ye grabbed her arm and said, “Are you crazy? In this getup, you will never be able to explain yourself. This would cause a meltdown. Do you really wish to get onto the headlines for this?” If she really went outside now, not only would it not be as simple as getting on the headlines, the media outlets all over the country would probably be sent into a frenzy!

Old Zhang said in a cold manner, “Let go.”

Zhang Ye was almost in tears. “You can’t do this. Just bear with it. It will surely be OK. If you really can’t hold it in...you...why don’t you find a place instead?” He suggested so even though there was no toilet in his room!

Old Zhang looked at him with a dark expression.

Zhang Ye coughed and said, “You can’t blame me for what’s happening here now, don’t you think? It was just a coincidence. Who could have known that my house would suddenly be filled with so many people plus a dog? In fact, I could even say it was your fault. If you didn’t shower, then it might have been easier to explain. If you came up a little later, none of this would even have happened.” He was already looking to push the blame off himself. “Anyways, since it has already happened, we will need to think of a way no matter what. Do you remember last time at the express motel where we had to pick locks and jump over walls to get out of the building to evade the reporters? That was even more serious than this and we got through that together. This time, it’s not as serious, so we will surely get through this as well. Yes, so then, in any case, just do whatever you need to inside this room. Wherever looks good to you, settle there, as long as you don’t go outside and

let everyone see you.”

Old Zhang aimed a glance at him and said, “Is that all?”

“No.” Zhang Ye was also looking around for a long time and eventually he laid his eyes upon the corner of the bay window. He pointed to the bush lily on the bay window ledge and said, “Why not use that flower pot?”

Old Zhang did not say a word.

Zhang Ye did not utter another word.

Silence fell upon the room and remained that way for a long time.

Zhang Yuanqi sat on the bedside like everything was normal. She did not put her legs close together or any of those movements and just sat there. But on that beautiful face of hers that could ruin cities and topple nations, her expression increasingly got worse.

Zhang Ye knew that she was still holding it in. Actually, having had so much red wine and eating the porridge from breakfast, Zhang Ye was also unable to hold it anymore. “I will leave you here for now, Sister Zhang. I also need to go to the toilet right now.” Hearing himself say that, even Zhang Ye felt like beating himself up. So he coughed and cleared his throat without daring to look at Old Zhang, simply hoping that Sister Zhang could bear it, that she would really be able to hold it in! Then, he hastily went out of his

room. When he went out, the delicious fragrance of the food being prepared drifted out of the kitchen as he rushed for the toilet.

“Little Ye.”

“Yes, I’m in the restroom.”

“Lunch is almost ready. Get ready to eat.”

“Alright, I got it.”

When he left the bathroom, Zhang Ye went to the kitchen and said a few things before clenching his teeth. He then slowly opened his bedroom door to check if Old Zhang had already passed out from holding in her pee for too long.

One read “Zhang Yuanqi and Zhang Ye Living Under the Same Roof”!

Another said, “Heavenly Queen Hospitalized in Emergency Over Holding in Urine for Too Long”!

Zhang Ye could not decide which of these two headlines were more likely, but he was sure that even if either one got published, it would startle the universe and make the spirits cry!

In the room.

Everything seemed normal.

He didn't know when Zhang Yuanqi had crawled into bed again, but she was under the blankets with her eyes closed and had a peaceful looking expression on her face!

Eh?

What happened?

Did she really manage to hold it in??

Just as he was feeling surprised by this outcome, Zhang Ye shifted his eyes to the bay window in his bedroom. That flower pot with the bush lily had disappeared! No, it didn't disappear, as Zhang Ye soon realized. The bush lily had been shifted from the bedroom to the ledge just outside the window. The windows were closed and it wasn't raining outside anymore. Even if it was scattered rain, there were only a few droplets. It couldn't reach the ledge, but the lily outside was drenched, with water on more than a dozen of its leaves and still dripping from the tips. When he looked at the soil in the pot, Zhang Ye, who knew he hadn't watered it for the past few days since bush lilies did not require much water to survive, saw that the soil was waterlogged now!

Zhang Ye immediately understood when he saw this!

His poor bush lily would surely die soon!

Chapter 588: Return To The Television Station?

The rain outside had stopped.

The fragrance of the home-cooked dishes flowed throughout the house.

“It’s time for lunch.”

“Oh, it’s been hard on you, Little Cao.”

“Yeah, we’ve really troubled you today.”

“It’s fine. I’m very happy that everyone agreed to come. Quick, take a seat.”

“Oh, there’s so many dishes? I know it’s good just from the smell.”

“Old Zhang, shall we have some to drink?”

“Sure, let’s drink together. I have some here, it’s Yùyè.”

“Yùyè is top-quality wine and really expensive.”

“Little Ye brought it back home. Someone gave it to him.”

This brand, Yùyè, is a world-famous wine with a great aroma.

In the living room, two tables were set up and was somewhat able to fit everyone. Zhang Ye also came out but did not sit around it. Rather, he kept to his usual position near his bedroom. He pulled a chair to the side and sat on the outside. Everyone even praised him thinking that Zhang Ye was being polite.

During lunch, Zhang Ye was kept extremely busy as he constantly gave food to everyone at the table. “Here, Grandma Cui, have some of this. Auntie Yu, try this one here, my mom’s fish-flavored pork slices are the best. Little Yan, you too. Don’t stand on ceremony, we’re all family here, there’s no need to feel shy. Have a taste of this dish.”

Grandma Cui quickly said, “Little Ye, you have some for yourself too.”

“Yeah, don’t keep giving food to us. Have some yourself too,” Auntie Yu said with a smile.

Little Yan felt overwhelmed by the treatment he was getting and hurriedly gave some food to Zhang Ye too. “Thanks, Brother Zhang Ye.”

Zhang Ye gave some more food to him in return. “What’s there to thank me for? Here, there’s still some of this.”

Grandpa Sun nodded and said, “Look at our Little Ye, how sensible he is.”

The whole table had Zhang Ye taking care of them as he busied himself here and there by giving food to everyone. Soon, the 3 closest dishes to him were already empty and in the bowls of everyone. Zhang Ye took this chance to remove the empty plates from the table and pulled the dishes that were still full closer to him and continued to distribute the food to everyone.

It wasn't that he was being hospitable.

This person was just intending for everyone to finish up as soon as possible so they could quickly go back home!

With Zhang Ye working hard, the results were striking. A meal for a dozen people only took slightly more than 30 minutes as the plates were emptied.

“I'm so full, so full.”

“How delicious.”

“I can't eat anymore.”

Everyone put their chopsticks down.

His mother stood up and said, “I will go make some tea.”

Grandpa Sun said graciously, “Don’t trouble yourself, Little Cao. We won’t be drinking anymore. We have already been troubling you the whole morning and it’s time we go off as well. I still have to take a nap when I get home.”

With someone taking the lead, the others followed suit and said their goodbyes.

“Yeah, go and rest now.”

“We will come by to visit again next time.”

“Yes, I have to get going too.”

“Little Ye, come over to my place and visit when you are free.”

Zhang Ye said cheerfully as he stood up to send them off, “That’s for sure, that’s for sure.”

His mother said, “Why don’t you all stay awhile longer. There’s no rush since we’ve just finished lunch. Yu, I planted two pots of flowers awhile ago and was intending to show them to you.”

Auntie laughed and said, “The one in your living room, right? I saw it; it’s really nice. It’s different when you have some greenery in the house. I was still saying that I’d buy a pot some day.”

His mother smiled and said, “Why would you need to buy it? There’s no need. Oh right, there’s a bush lily in my son’s room. He has always been complaining about how these plants attract flying insects all the time. He doesn’t seem like he’s interested in keeping them, so why don’t you take it with you instead!”

Ah?

The bush lily!?

Zhang Ye’s sweat glands nearly exploded. This was the nth time he felt like he was about to faint. All of you, this is just unbelievable!

Auntie Yu said embarrassed, “Is that alright?”

“It’s fine, it’s fine. Little Ye, go and get the bush lily for Auntie Yu,” his mother said to him.

Get it? Why would I get it? Zhang Ye said hastily, “Not the bush lily!”

His mother stared at him, “Why not? Didn’t you say you didn’t like keeping it?”

Zhang Ye explained, “That plant of mine isn’t doing too well and the leaves don’t look good either. If you want to give one to Auntie

Yu, use yours instead. The one that you have been nurturing looks quite good.”

He thought to himself, Auntie Yu, it's not that I don't want to give it to you, I'm just afraid that the smell would be too musky for you!

His mother immediately said, “That's right, take my pot then. That one is well nurtured. Come, I will get it for you.”

Auntie Yu said, “It doesn't need to be good. I'm not really good at gardening. The bush lily will do.”

Zhang Ye quickly said, “No, no, the bush lily is really hard to care for!”

A few minutes later.

The neighbors gradually had left. Grandpa Sun also took his dog away on its leash.

His mother, looking invigorated, said, “Heh, I had such a good time chatting and catching up with the neighbors today.”

“All you know is boasting.” His father said in criticism, “Look at that impetuous look on your face. When our son has shown some results, it is because he is capable. Must you be so cocky?”

His mother did not like listening to this, so she said, “I was the one who raised him, so if my son is capable, can’t I feel happy for him? Can’t I boast a little?”

His father said, “You have to be more low-key.”

His mother apathetically said, “I’ve been low-key for over 50 years.”

“Just wash the dishes. Huu, I’ve had too much too drink. I need to go lie in bed for a while.” His father savored and sipped a mouthful of tea and then strolled back to his room in a laid-back manner.

His mother followed up sarcastically, “You’re low-key, especially when it comes to chores like washing the dishes, you’re low-key as well! I have never seen you helping out with such things before!”

When he heard this, Zhang Ye immediately said, “Mom! Let me!”

His mother immediately smiled. “My son is still the best, hur hur. Don’t worry about it.”

“No, let me do it, Mom. Go take a nap with Dad. You’ve been working tirelessly the whole morning. I will handle the chores today.” Saying so, Zhang Ye was already clearing the dishes off the table.

His mother did not want her son to trouble himself, so she came

to try to clear the dishes instead. “Don’t do anything.”

But Zhang Ye did not listen and said, “Give me a chance to do something for you. Leave it to me!”

“Your main task right now is to find a job. That is more important.” His mother was also rather worried about this as the matter was always on her mind. By right, her son was already a celebrity of such a level, yet he still had to look for a job? Using the word “look” was seriously a joke. Didn’t people on the same level as her son have all sorts of persons trying to snatch their attention, having no end to their movie role offers, or having all sorts of programs and not having the headache of being unemployed? But her son? He did not have a management agency, he did not have an employer. He was either fired or suspended by them and the key was that no one dared to employ him! This was a C-lister who would soon become a B-list celebrity. This special case was also the only one of its kind in the whole of the entertainment circle!

It was truly an oddity!

Zhang Ye nudged his mother back to her room. “Don’t worry. I will ask around in the next few days to see which television stations still require a host or have a new program lined up.”

“Make the best of it.”

“I know.”

“Alright then, I will go and rest.”

His mother went back to her room.

Zhang Ye closed the door carefully and heaved a sigh of relief. He cleared the table and brought the dishes into the kitchen half-heartedly as he waited for his parents to fall asleep. When he thought it was about time, he finally turned to walk out of the kitchen and headed back to his bedroom.

Old Zhang was still asleep in his bed.

“Sister Zhang, wake up,” Zhang Ye said in a low whisper to wake her up.

Zhang Yuanqi, having been roused, did not respond in a friendly manner. “What?”

“Everyone has left and my parents are also asleep,” Zhang Ye said.

Old Zhang acknowledged him, and then slowly rubbed her eyes before sitting up.

Zhang Ye went out into the living room to avoid any suspicions.

About 5 minutes later, the bedroom door opened. Zhang Yuanqi had already changed into a new set of clothes. She took every step

lightly as she walked out, scanning the living room carefully with her eyes.

Zhang Ye put his index finger to his lips and pointed to the main door.

Zhang Yuanqi nodded, then followed him and walked toward the outside.

One step.

Three steps.

Five steps.

Finally, they were there.

Zhang Ye's heart was already in his throat. When he saw they had already reached the front door, he finally heaved a sigh of relief. The front door was blocked by a wall. Even if his parents suddenly came out at this time, he didn't need to be afraid of them seeing anything. And so, Zhang Ye opened the door and looked to Zhang Yuanqi, saying, "You had enough rest?"

Old Zhang replied without much of an expression, "Enough."

Zhang Ye said with lingering fear, "Next time if you're coming again, call me earlier to inform me. I will be able to arrange it

better, otherwise, if something like today happens again, we might get into big trouble.”

“Go back in,” Old Zhang said.

Zhang Ye nodded. “Take care then.”

“OK.” Old Zhang had already put her sunglasses and face mask on. “Prepare more wine at home so you can save me the trouble of getting it next time.”

Zhang Ye said in a speechless manner, “Then you’ll reimburse me?”

Old Zhang looked at him. “Buy a 100,000 RMB worth, and I’ll reimburse you.”

“Woah, so generous?” Zhang Ye said happily.

Only to hear her add on, “But you must write a song for me first.”

Zhang Ye said, “A song of mine only costs 100,000 RMB? Don’t even think about it.”

“I’m leaving,” Zhang Yuanqi said as she adjusted her sunglasses and walked out the door with her bag. She headed down the stairs where she gradually disappeared from view.

Zhang Ye smiled. He had already gotten used to the Heavenly Queen's lukewarm treatment of him. As he was closing the door, he heard Zhang Yuanqi's footsteps suddenly stopping, and the sound of another pair of shoes getting closer, like someone else was coming up the stairs. His heart almost stopped there and then!

Holy shit!

Old Zhang, you better not be recognized!

Only to hear the person saying in a voice that sounded like it belonged to a middle-aged man: "Hello."

Shit!

Did she get recognized?

Zhang Ye's heart pounded hard against his chest!

"Yes?" Old Zhang's voice sounded.

The middle-aged man said, "I would like to ask if Teacher Zhang Ye stays upstairs?"

Old Zhang: "Upstairs."

The middle-aged man: "Alright, thank you."

The footsteps thudded again, with one getting softer and the other getting louder.

Several seconds later, Zhang Ye looked through the security door and saw a man in his forties who might have looked rather familiar but yet had no impression of.

Seeing that the house door was left open, the man was also slightly taken aback. “Teacher Zhang? What’s the matter?”

Zhang Ye said, “I was just about to go downstairs to throw out the trash and had just opened the door. You are?” Out of courtesy, he opened the security door as well. Upon checking his expression, Zhang Ye was pretty sure that he had not recognized Zhang Yuanqi.

The middle-aged man put out his hand and said, “We met last year at Beijing Television Station during a meeting but did not have the chance to speak together. Let me introduce myself again. I am the deputy director of the HR Department of Beijing Television Station. My name is Wang Huayuan. You may also address me as Old Wang.”

Oh?

Beijing Television Station?

Zhang Ye shook his hand and asked, “Director Wang, you’re

looking for me for?”

The middle-aged man spoke directly, “Earlier, I had asked Old Hu to invite you to the luncheon but Old Hu said that you were busy, so when the luncheon was over, I invited myself over here. I hope that I did not bother you?” Since Zhang Ye had worked at the television station before, they could definitely check for his home address easily. Moreover, even the media had gotten their hands on both his house and his rented apartment’s address, so it was no longer a secret too.

Zhang Ye had only just gathered his thoughts a moment ago and recalled Hu Fei’s call in the morning. The station had a luncheon and they had invited him as well? In his mind, he could guess what the matter was, and since this person who was paying him a visit now was from the HR department, it made it even more obvious to him. However, he wasn’t exactly sure either, so he suggested, “How about this, Director Wang, I just had a lot of guests over at my house and they just left a short while ago. My house is not cleaned up yet, and is still a bit of a mess now. Why don’t we go to a coffeehouse and talk?”

The middle-aged man said, “Sure, I’ll wait for you to get changed then.”

Zhang Ye took only the keys from inside the house and directly stepped out. He closed the door and security door of his house, and then said, “It’s not necessary. I’m fine being dressed like this since I’m not an idol anyway.”

The middle-aged man laughed. “That’s not necessarily true. My

niece likes you a lot and is a hardcore fan of yours. When we were having dinner at home once, she even said that you were handsome.”

Zhang Ye said at once, “Oho, then I better get a change of clothes.”

“Haha!”

“Just kidding. Director Wang, this way.”

They went downstairs and chatted as they walked.

Chapter 589: Beijing Television Station's Three Visits To The Thatched Cottage!

Downstairs.

At the entrance to the district, in Meiyun coffeehouse.

“Ah, you...you are Zhang Ye!”

“Hello, how are you?”

“So you really do stay here!”

“That’s right. I’ve been living here for more than twenty years now.”

“Welcome, please come this way. Our place is small and there aren’t any private rooms, so let me bring you to a corner table. It’s quieter over there.”

“OK, thanks a lot.”

“Order whatever you like! It’s on the house!”

“That won’t do. Please charge us accordingly, I appreciate it.”

This was a small business where the shop was not big and did not have many customers, so it seemed rather quiet.

Today, Zhang Ye was dressed casually and did not wear his sunglasses. When he and Wang Huayuan stepped into the coffee house, the owner recognized him immediately. Without getting the staff to come over and serve them, the friendly proprietress personally led them to their seats. The staff at the other end saw them, and except for one who did not recognize Zhang Ye, the other two were staring with their eyes wide open. They hid a distance away, talking about them and even secretly using their cell phones to take photos and posting them onto Weibo immediately. Two customers in the shop were also looking wonderstruck in the direction where Zhang Ye was seated. A young male customer looked like he wanted to go over and get an autograph and take pictures together. He stood up a few times but eventually did not gather enough courage to approach them.

The coffee was served quickly.

The proprietress excitedly exchanged some words with Zhang Ye, telling him that he must visit them often, before walking away and leaving them to discuss their matters.

Wang Huayuan was not surprised at this as he knew that the current popularity of Zhang Ye was already not the same as the time when he was still at Beijing Television Station Arts Channel.

“Director Wang, why are you looking for me?” Zhang Ye was not exactly asking the obvious as he was still unsure what this meeting was about. After all he and Beijing Television Station had their

squabbles before.

Wang Huayuan took a sip of coffee, looked at him, and then said, “It’s like this, the station asked me to come over to discuss with you, we were wondering if you have any intentions of returning to the station.”

Zhang Ye acknowledged and asked, “Why me?”

Wang Huayuan replied rhetorically, “Why not you? We’ve worked together before and are considered old friends. Even if we did not have deep bonds, we are still familiar with each other. I do not know if there are any other television stations who approached or discussed with you before this, but since I did not see any news on the media or related news from the entertainment circle, I suppose that you have yet to sign any contract. If that’s the case, why can’t we look for you? Although our satellite channel’s program ratings are not bad, it still not ranked as the top few among other provinces’ satellite channels. We lack a good program and even a top-rated host. You have fame, ability, and are a professional host and program planner. You even have a group of diehard fans who are more loyal than Hallyu fans. I believe it will be a win-win situation for us if we work together again.”

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, “To be honest, I’ve never thought of going back since the day I left BTV-Arts Channel.”

Wang Huayuan immediately said, “BTV-Arts Channel was a relatively independent provincial channel which is different from us. This time it’s BTV-1 you will be working with.”

“It’s the same,” Zhang Ye said with a mild tone.

Wang Huayuan said, “A satellite channel is different from a provincial channel.” He paused and then said, “I know that something happened back then. The station had a direct responsibility for Wang Shuixin’s wrongdoings in the Arts Channel. After discovering that, the station also swiftly punished him, although it was a little too late and had caused some irredeemable losses, like the case of Old Wei. We also felt grief over it, but if you noticed, the station handled Wang Shuixin’s matter along with the related people who were involved very decisively and severely for them. As for the case of firing you...”

Zhang Ye waved his hand and interrupted him, “I do not blame the station at all. After all, I had caused too much trouble during the live broadcast. I know that even if it were any other television station, they would punish me as well.”

“But we are also very sorry.” Wang Huayuan said sincerely, “It was due to our negligence that led to all that happening. If the station had discovered the problem of Wang Shuixin earlier, then it wouldn’t have been necessary for you to come forward using another way to seek justice for Old Wei. It should be handled by the station instead, so regarding this matter, some of our leaders discussed in private and felt that we haven’t been fair to you. If we were a little more proactive and took action promptly, it wouldn’t have caused all the matters later on and we wouldn’t have lost an outstanding domestic host like you.”

Zhang Ye said, “Let bygones be bygones.”

“It’s already the past, so we also should have a new beginning.” Wang Huayuan said seriously, “I hope that we can cooperate strongly together again. This was also the station leader’s idea.”

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “I’m also not afraid to reveal to you that there has been no television stations contacting me in these few days. You are the first and also the one I least expected.”

Wang Huayuan said, “I know why are the others television station are hesitating. If we were to only talk about hosting experience, ability, popularity, you have everything we all are looking for. Even though you haven’t hosted on a satellite channel which has nationwide coverage, no one will doubt your ability. Those television stations did not come looking for you because they are worried about when your temper will suddenly explode again. They don’t dare take such a risk.”

Zhang Ye asked, “And you do?”

“We also don’t.” Wang Huayuan said, “But since we were colleagues and worked together before, we consider you an old friend. Compared to the other television stations, we know what your temper is like. We are the ones who understand you the most as well. The station is confident that we won’t let you get a chance to flare up.” The last statement was almost a joke. “Besides, people are like this—there are good and bad sides. As they say, nobody’s perfect. Since the station is willing to invite you to work together again, it shows that after considering all the pros and cons, we feel that your strong points surpass your weaknesses. That is why the station made this decision.

Zhang Ye said, “Don’t say it that way; you are putting pressure on me. After I was unbanned and wanted to make a comeback, I considered a list of television stations. But I never thought of going back to my past experiences. Besides, after I left the Arts Channel, many television stations also did not want me. In the end it was an online television station that invited me to join them instead. I heard it was because of one of your station leaders communicated this with his contacts in the entertainment industry?”

When Wang Huayuan heard that, he shook his head vigorously and said, “That can’t be true, Teacher Zhang. You think too highly of our Beijing Television Station. If it were other matters, I would believe, but of this matter, it is absolutely impossible. I give you my word that our station leaders don’t take such underhanded moves or that kind of stuff. The relationship between our station with other provincial television stations is not that harmonious. Competing for higher program ratings by snatching program producers and hosts have had all the television stations in the country nearly coming to blows. So the rest of the television stations wouldn’t have reciprocated just because of something a leader in Beijing Television Station said. The station does not command such respect yet. If any of our station leaders really said those words, then our competitors would have in turn gotten even more interested in you and would have attempted to sign you over to compete with us, don’t you agree?”

Right, that sounds logical.

Zhang Ye did not say anything to this as he had also known about this through rumors in the first place.

“If you use this kind of an excuse to reject us, I can’t accept it.” Wang Huayuan said, “Please believe me, this matter is definitely not the way you think it is.”

After talking for a while.

Wang Huayuan said, “Teacher Zhang, we can discuss it further if you agree to our proposal. As for the salary offer and contract, we would certainly not disappoint you.”

Zhang Ye shook his head. “Let me consider for now.”

Wang Huayuan looked at him and did not speak anymore. He had said all that he wanted to as the discussion came to an end. “Alright then, I will give you my card. Let’s stay in contact.”

Taking it from him, Zhang Ye nodded and said, “Alright.”

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When they came out of the coffeehouse, Wang Huayuan drove off in his car.

Zhang Ye was pondering while he took a stroll around the neighborhood. He was not in a hurry to go home as he felt that the atmosphere after the rain was refreshing. There were the scents of nature everywhere.

Suddenly, Hu Fei called.

Zhang Ye put his cell phone to his ear and said: “Brother Hu.”

“Where are you?”

“Taking a stroll in the neighborhood.”

“That’s good. Let’s meet at the entrance of the neighborhood.”

“Oh? When?”

“I’m already here.”

Zhang Ye hung up and walked towards the outside of the neighborhood. The moment he arrived, he saw Hu Fei get out of a taxi and waved to him.

Hu Fei smiled and said, “Let’s find a quiet place to have a chat.”

Sure. Zhang Ye brought Hu Fei back to the entrance of that coffeehouse.

The proprietress saw them and smiled enthusiastically. “Teacher Zhang is really interesting. I’d only just mentioned to you to come often, but just twenty minutes have passed and you are back

again.”

Zhang Ye smiled and said, “We’ll sit at the same spot.”

“OK.” The proprietress led the way.

Hu Fei sat down and said directly, “Deputy Wang of the HR Department told me that you didn’t look interested in his offer, so he wanted me to do some persuasion based on our relationship. So let’s cut the chase? Let me tell you, the station is really sincere in asking you back. If you still have any concerns or requests, you can tell me.”

Zhang Ye smacked his lips, “I do not have any concerns or requests.”

“Then why didn’t you agree?” Hu Fei asked, “No television stations have contacted you yet, right? Besides, when you go back, it won’t be anywhere unfamiliar since I’ve also transferred to the satellite channel. Xiao Lu, Dafei, and the rest of your old colleagues are there too. We are doing a new program and are waiting for you to join us!”

Zhang Ye was stunned. “Join your team?”

“Yes, I’ve already made a request of the station. If you are coming back, then our old team will continue to work together.” Hu Fei said, “If not, what do you think I’m so busy with? It’s because I need you. Besides, the program we will be doing is going to be a

primetime slot at 9 PM every Friday. If you join any other satellite channels, can they give you such a good slot since you are still a newbie at their place? Besides, let alone the primetime slot, those television stations probably wouldn't dare employ you either, so what is there still to choose from? Come over quickly! Come and help me!"

Zhang Ye said, "Give me some time to consider it."

"Don't think anymore, I am the executive producer, which you shouldn't even be thinking about taking, but I have already reserved the position of executive director for you. All I'm doing is just waiting for you to join us!" Hu Fei said very firmly.

Chapter 590: Dong Shanshan Has Resigned!

Later in the afternoon.

Around 3 PM.

With the jingling of keys opening the door, Zhang Ye pushed it open from the outside and walked into his house. The moment he stepped in, he could hear a singing program currently playing on television and knew his parents were already awake from their nap.

“Little Ye?” His mother stepped out to take a look.

“It’s me.” Zhang Ye bent down to remove his shoes. “Did I wake you?”

His mother said, “I just woke up. Where did you go?”

Zhang Ye took the newspaper from the mailbox and passed it to his mother. “Nowhere important. Someone came to look for me from Beijing Television Station, so I went out for a short meeting.”

“They were looking for you?” His father also looked over and asked.

His mother also guessed what was going on and said, “They’re meaning to ask you to go back?”

Zhang Ye nodded and said, “They want me to go back to help them with a primetime slot on Friday nights. It’s a program handled by my ex-leader, Hu Fei.”

His mother asked, “What did you tell him then?”

“I said I needed some time to consider and will only let him know tomorrow,” Zhang Ye said as he sat down.

His father gave him a look and said, “If you are willing to go back, then go. Don’t be bothered by any other things. It’s the satellite channel? A Friday primetime slot is quite good; it’s one of the best already. Since they came over to find you to discuss this, it can be seen just how sincere they are. I suppose the salary is quite good too?”

Zhang Ye looked a little unexcited and said, “I didn’t talk about that with them, but I don’t suppose it is low paying.”

His father nodded and said, “Alright then.”

His mother was strongly opposed to Zhang Ye going back to help out Beijing Television Station last time, but this time she kept silent for a while before saying, “If you really wish to go back, I won’t stop you. It’s already been so many days now and there hasn’t even been a television station that contacted you. I guess there is no point in waiting any further.”

Zhang Ye shook his head.

“Just what are you thinking?” his mother asked.

Zhang Ye threw up his hands and said, “I’ve already made up my mind. I have no plans of returning to Beijing Television Station yet.”

His mother wondered, “Then why did you go and help them?”

“I helped because I was returning a favor to my ex-leader. I did not take a fee for it either, so that is different from working.” Zhang Ye was also struggling over his decision. He said, “But right now, I am also undecided, because first off, being able to sign with a satellite channel is really tempting. Although many people are calling me a famous host and what not, those in the industry all know that I’m not one yet. I’ve only hosted at a radio station, a provincial channel, and an online television station before. I have never done any work at a satellite channel before. No matter how well known I am, I would only be considered a host who is not too bad and would not yet qualify to be called a famous host yet, so of course I hope to go on and become a host at a satellite channel next. Second, Beijing Television Station has freed up a Friday primetime slot now. That’s really tempting as well. Third, because Hu Fei was the person who brought me into the television industry and Dafei, Xiao Lu, Hou Ge, and Hou Di are also considered good friends, it would definitely be easier working with them, since I’ve grown accustomed to their work habits. Finally, it’s also as you have said, there are no other television stations that have approached me yet.”

His mother said, “Then go.”

“A good horse would never turn round to graze on an old pasture.” Zhang Ye shook his head.

His mother remarked snidely, “It’s still a better choice than having no job. You might not even get such a good chance at all in the future. If you really pass up this opportunity, you could even end up staying home for the next few months?”

Zhang Ye did not say anything.

His father advised, “When they fired you back then, it was difficult to pinpoint who was supposed to be blamed and the matter was already in the past anyway. Well, forget it. I won’t say more. You should decide on your own.”

“I’m going back to my room to lie down for a while,” Zhang Ye said.

His mother said, “I will wake you up when it’s time for dinner.”

“Sure.” Zhang Ye went back into his room, took off his slippers and crawled into bed.

The decision this time was really difficult for Zhang Ye to make in his current situation. It was an unimaginably difficult choice to make that no one else would understand. He knew that under his circumstances right now, Beijing Television Station should have

been his first choice. It was his old employer and this time he would be signing with a program on the satellite channel. It was even a primetime slot and he would be working with his old team. Right now, when no one else wanted him, it would appear to others that this would be Zhang Ye's big break in recent times, and perhaps the only break he'd get. If it were anyone else, they would probably take the offer, since in the entertainment industry, leaving and rejoining a company was very common. No one would find it strange. Besides, when Zhang Ye was helping Beijing Television Station in the urgent public service announcement incident, many of the media outlets had already speculated that Zhang Ye might be joining hands with his old employer once again as everything seemed to have played out according to script. In his meeting in the afternoon, Hu Fei even questioned him on more than one occasion about why he was hesitating, why he would even have to consider when given such a good opportunity had fallen from the heavens for him?

Yes, so why was it like this?

Zhang Ye did not seem to know the answer either. He had done a lot of things and was very different from most people. There were many other incidents that happened to him that also did not seem to have a reason for its occurrence.

He just did not wish to go!

At least for now, he did not wish to go!

He took out his cell phone, checking for someone to call and talk with.

Wu Zeqing? No, Old Wu was working at the moment.

Zhang Yuanqi? Forget it, she probably did not even switch on her cell phone.

Rao Aimin? Come on, if he called her, he would probably be listening to all her derogatory comments about him.

Then, Zhang Ye thought of Dong Shanshan. His old classmate who was also a broadcast host like himself. And so, he made the call to her.

Du...

Du...

“Sorry, the number you have just called is currently busy.”

Only after two rings, the call was cut off.

Zhang Ye was speechless for a long time. How dare she hang up on me? Could it be that she was busy with a new program? He had promised Dong Shanshan in the past that if she was lined up to do a new program, he would help contribute some ideas to her. And so, he called her again, but like earlier, was hung up on again. Zhang Ye keenly realized that this was a little odd. After some hesitation, he made a call to his old workplace at the online

television station. He called the WebTV department straight on its direct line.

It got through.

“Hello, Weiwo Online television station.” A man answered.

Zhang Ye said, “I am Zhang Ye, may I know who I am speaking with?”

When the person heard this, he laughed and said, “Ah? Teacher Zhang? It’s me, Ah Qian!”

“Ah Qian, no wonder I thought it was a familiar voice. Why is it you answering the phone?” Zhang Ye was not exactly close to him but had come into contact quite frequently before when he was working there.

Ah Qian said, “It’s a little busy at the department today, so there’s only a few of us at our desks. Why did you call here?”

Zhang Ye still knew quite a number of people at the online television station, like Director Wang who had a pretty good relationship with him. But Zhang Ye did not call him because his goal was no longer at the online television station. He was instead aiming to join a satellite channel. He was afraid that if he called Wang Xiong, he might attempt to invite him back to the online television station and it would be difficult to reject him. So for this reason, he might as well have just called the department directly

instead. He said, “Hai, it’s nothing much. I just wanted to call to ask how everyone is. I am still at Beijing and can’t go over to Shanghai. Oh yes, where’s Teacher Shanshan? Is she at the office? Is she busy with a new program?”

Ah Qian was a little taken aback and said, “Oh, you didn’t know?”

Zhang Ye was also taken aback by this and said, “Know about what?”

Ah Qian sighed and said, “Teacher Shanshan has already resigned.”

Zhang Ye said in surprise, “When was this? That can’t be. I saw her posting on Weibo just some time ago to ask her fans to support her new program!”

Ah Qian said, “It happened just yesterday. Teacher Shanshan and the staff of our program planning team had come up with a few proposals for the new segment but they were all rejected by the management. They felt that it wouldn’t work. A solution was then proposed by the leader instead for her to continue doing her original program for a second season as the program itself had pretty acceptable results before. The station didn’t want to take this risk. However, Shanshan wanted to take up something new for her development with a new program and a consensus could not be reached. Teacher Shanshan and the leader eventually fell out over this and she decided to resign.”

Zhang Ye said, “Then where is she now?”

“I don’t know, but I heard that she went back to her own home,” Ah Qian said.

Zhang Ye frowned, “Then does she not plan on working as a host anymore?”

Ah Qian said, “It might be that she hasn’t found another place to work at yet. After all, a host at our online television station is not as accepted by the traditional media as it isn’t as mainstream. So it also reflects as not too popular or stable for a host yet. This is how it is, but of course, you’re an exception.”

Zhang Ye said, “I understand. Thank you, Ah Qian.”

“It’s nothing,” said Ah Qian.

After hanging up, Zhang Ye finally understood why Dong Shanshan had hung up on him twice. He also knew that she was caught in a very unfavorable situation at the moment.

After pondering about this for a few minutes.

Zhang Ye sent a message over to her: “Answer the phone! (I’m not looking for a loan!)”

A moment later, Dong Shanshan returned his call and the first

thing she said was: “You should have said so earlier. I thought you wanted to borrow money from me, so I did not dare answer your call.”

Zhang Ye was a little speechless at this but said: “Why are you so stingy?”

Dong Shanshan said girlishly: “Did you only just know that?”

“Don’t try to change the topic. What are you doing now?” Zhang Ye asked immediately.

“Me? I am busy with my new program. Didn’t you see my Weibo?”

“What program?”

“I’m still planning it. It hasn’t been confirmed yet.”

“How’s it going then?”

“Pretty good.”

“Oh, where are you now?”

“At the site having a meeting, that’s why I did not answer your call.”

“Oh. Which site?”

“Weiwo television station of course, where else? Alright, if there’s nothing, I have to hang up. I heard that you might be going back to your old employer? It must be a satellite channel this time, right? Let me congratulate you in advance then. When I go to Beijing next time, the first thing you must do is treat me to a Beijing restaurant, hur hur. That’s it then, I have to go now.”

After only talking for half a minute, the phone call ended.

Zhang Ye put down his phone and did not feel too good. This old classmate of his really never spoke a word of truth. He had always known this and was used to it, usually just smiling at what she said, but today when he heard Dong Shanshan’s lies, Zhang Ye could no longer smile at them.

Busy with a new program?

Even having a meeting at the online television station?

If Zhang Ye had not given a call to Weiwo Television Station, he would really have been fooled by Dong Shanshan. He understood that she did not say the truth so that he wouldn’t have to be worried for her. Even though Dong Shanshan was a woman, and a very sexy and feminine woman at that, she was also a very strongly independent person. She had mentioned that she still did not wish to get married early—something that could possibly be one of the few truths she had spoken before. So naturally, her focus and goals

in life would definitely be on her work. Leaving her job this time would surely have messed up her plans. The fact that she did not tell this to anyone was understandable to Zhang Ye as he also thought the same as her. This was the reason why Zhang Ye did not expose her.

Chapter 591: A Singing Program?

In the evening.

His mother called for him from the living room.

“Son.”

“Yes?”

“Time for dinner.”

“OK, I’m coming.”

Zhang Ye came out of his room feeling more refreshed than before. His face did not show any signs of struggle or hesitation, like he had already made up his mind.

His father was already eating when he asked him, “Did you manage to sleep?”

“I did sleep for a while.” Zhang Ye also started to eat.

His mother looked at his expression and said, “Have you decided?”

Zhang Ye gobbled up his food and said, “Yes, I have. I’ll make a

trip to Beijing Television Station tomorrow.”

His mother said, “Do you intend to go back?”

Zhang Ye calmly said, “No, I will go and discuss something.”

The next day.

Early morning.

As it had rained last night, the temperature was cooler by four or five degrees today. Before Zhang Ye left the house, his mother reminded him to put on additional layers. He drove to Beijing Television Station, having arranged a meeting with Hu Fei. However, when he reached the television station, he was welcomed not only by Hu Fei but also a few others who he knew very well.

Xiao Lu screamed from a distance away, “Teacher Zhang!”

Zhang Ye waved and greeted, “Xiao Lu, long time no see. You’ve become prettier again.”

The first person to come forward was Dafei. Without saying anything, he gave Zhang Ye a bear hug and then said, “I really missed you a lot, Teacher Zhang!”

Zhang Ye laughed. “Me too.”

Hou Ge also came. He pulled Dafei away before giving Zhang Ye a bear hug as well.

When Xiao Lu saw this, she also hugged Zhang Ye happily and said, “Come back quickly, Teacher Zhang. We don’t have any motivation to do programs without you.”

Hu Fei asked, “Have you decided yet?”

Zhang Ye nodded and replied, “Yes I have. Let’s go in and talk.”

“I hope it will be a positive answer,” Hu Fei said.

Zhang Ye followed them and entered the new office of the new program team at the satellite channel. Upon entering, he said, “I’m sorry, Brother Hu. I may have to disappoint you.”

When everyone heard that, they could only muster an “ah.” Suddenly, all their happiness and hopes disappeared without a trace.

Xiao Lu said anxiously, “You’re not coming back?”

Dafei asked, “Why?”

Hou Ge said, “Please reconsider again. Don’t rush to answer.”

Hu Fei did not say anything and waited for Zhang Ye to explain.

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “I’d already decided yesterday, no, to be honest, I had already decided on this matter a very long time ago. After I left Beijing Television Station, I did not plan on coming back again, at least not now when the time is not yet ripe. Everyone, don’t try to persuade me anymore. You all know how stubborn I can be. Since I’ve already made up my mind, it will not change. I have my own way of persisting.”

Hu Fei looked at him deeply and said, “When you agreed to come back to help with the public service announcement, I knew that you still had deep feelings for Beijing Television Station. But your decision now leaves me confused. Since you do not have any better place to go to for now, with such a good contract offer, why are you still refusing to come back?”

Zhang Ye organized his thoughts and said, “I do have feelings for this place but it is not like how Brother Hu put it. If I must describe it, I think that these feelings are from my memories and the blood running through me. From childhood, I’ve grown up watching Beijing Television and other local Beijing stations. Those cartoons, soccer matches on BTV-Sports, BTV’s Spring Festival Gala, BTV-Entertainment news and programs on Beijing’s street and food culture. Those emotions are all engraved into my memories and are very difficult to describe with words. I love Beijing Television Station and that is not something anyone can change, because I’m from Beijing and it’s that simple.”

Hu Fei said, “Then you ought to come back.”

Xiao Lu said, “That’s right, that’s right.”

Zhang Ye said from the bottom of his heart, “I am confident to say and guarantee that some day from now, I will surely give my best and most excellent television program to Beijing Television Station, my hometown television station. But for now, I can’t come back. It’s not the right time either.”

Hu Fei sighed lightly, “It’s useless to say anything more then?”

“Yes. I’ve already made up my mind,” Zhang Ye said.

Hu Fei smiled bitterly and said, “Alright, then I also will not say any more. I know some people in the industry. After this, I will call up some old friends and ask them to help link you up with the other television stations.”

Zhang Ye said, “No need, Brother Hu. If they’d wanted to contact me, they would have already done so, it’s not something that can be forced. I will just wait at home and take whatever comes.”

Xiao Lu turned around and walked over to the other side of the room and slumped into a chair, wiping away her tears.

Zhang Ye was shocked and said, “Woah, what are you doing and

why are you crying?”

Xiao Lu ignored him.

Hu Fei sighed, “The station has added to our burden during this period of time. We have such a good broadcasting time slot, but the new program is still not ready, so everyone is very stressed. We were hoping that if you came back to join us, you would be put in charge of program planning and become the executive director. Forget it, there will be a solution somehow.”

Zhang Ye asked, “What kind of program did the station request?”

Hu Fei smiled helplessly, “A singing program.”

Hu Fei was promoted, together along with his team in Beijing Television, and even secured the critical spot of Friday’s primetime slot. Because of that, there were many voices of doubt at the station. Everyone held their breaths and tried to produce a good result, but the outcome did not meet their expectations, the reason being simply because there were too many singing programs on the market. They found out that, in the short span of half a month after they had decided to do a singing program, six or seven other satellite channels had also launched their singing programs at the same primetime slots from Friday to Sunday.

One or two were still acceptable.

But five or six? Seven or eight?

Moreover, this situation was not a recent occurrence as there were already signs of such a trend beginning since a year ago.

No matter how high a saturation level the market could accept, it still couldn't have so many similar programs together at once. Even the most hardcore singing show lover would be bored to death!

Hu Fei explained to Zhang Ye and said, "A singing program is easy to do, the template is simple to follow and even if the program ratings are not considered high, the worst it would do is still acceptable. It makes for a very safe choice. That's why many television stations love to do these kinds of programs. But as it coincidentally turned out this time, all those television stations had the same ideas, leading to so many similar programs flooding the market. We were one step too late and didn't seize the opportunity. If we just broadcast like this, our program ratings would surely be very poor. That's why I had been enduring the pressure from the station and did not start on the recording of the program even though the equipment and stage settings were ready."

Zhang Ye took out a tissue and handed it to Xiao Lu.

Xiao Lu took it and wiped away her tears.

"Hur hur, don't cry anymore." Zhang Ye patted her shoulder and said, "Earlier, as everyone kept on asking me about my reason, I could not finish what I had to say." Since he had come to the

station today, he was of course not intending to only reject their offer in person, because if that were the case, he would not have needed to come in person. A call would have sufficed since a face-to-face conversation would have made it even more awkward. Since Zhang Ye chose to come to the television station, he naturally had his own plans. He said, “I only said that I wouldn’t be coming back, but I never said that I wouldn’t help everyone plan a new program, right?”

Hu Fei looked at him.

Xiao Lu also stopped crying and turned her head with teary eyes.

“Teacher Zhang, what’s the meaning of all this?”

Hou Ge also added, “If you are not coming back to work, how are you going to help us do a program?”

Zhang Ye said, “Since there are professional program production companies that sell their programs to television stations, I can do the same. Hur hur, but I won’t be selling a program. Instead, I will help everyone plan a program and be fully responsible for the initial stage. If it is acceptable and everyone goes along with my program plan, I can guarantee that the program ratings will not be poor. I also do not need any payment in return, except for my most basic copyright fees.”

Actually, the reason why Beijing Television Station was so desperate to sign Zhang Ye was not because of his hosting ability. That was a secondary priority. The more important factor was

because of his program production skills. The station wanted Zhang Ye to come back to help them make a signature program that could compete with the other satellite channels! If the program was bad, even if one had strong hosting abilities, it would be useless. But if the program was well produced, no matter who the host was, as long as he or she was not too bad at it, the host might even become popular as a result of the primetime program. This was why it also showed the quality and the indispensable side of Zhang Ye. It was not for his hosting ability but for his production strength.

“Ah?”

“How can that be?”

“Is this...is this a good idea?”

Everyone was hard pressed for ideas on how to make this singing program into a good one. And with the current program it was replacing slated to end soon, they were getting anxious. Although they were nervous, they were still rational. If Teacher Zhang Ye really signed with television station and came back, they would surely accept it as his program production skills were top-notch in the industry. If he did not make an effort, then the others would definitely not agree to it. But now that Zhang Ye had rejected the contract with the station, even if he wanted to help out as a friend by giving a free program structure and plan, Hu Fei would absolutely not accept it. Zhang Ye was a friend indeed, so he could not be ungrateful either.

“This will not do.” Hu Fei rejected directly and said, “I appreciate

your kindness, but...”

“Brother Hu, please let me finish.” Zhang Ye coughed and said, “I do not have any demands for the monetary side of things except for the copyright fees. As for the other aspects, I have a request that might be very unacceptable to the station, and that would be my one and only request for helping the station plan a program.”

“Oh?” Hu Fei blinked. “Let’s hear it.”

Zhang Ye pondered for a while and said, “I would like to appoint my choice of host for this primetime program. The station must sign her and let her be the host. That is my one and only condition.”

Hu Fei asked, “Who is it?”

Zhang Ye said, “You all may not know her, but her name is Dong Shanshan.”

“Dong Shanshan?” Hu Fei repeated after him.

Xiao Lu exclaimed, “I know her! Back when you were hosting the talk show, you mentioned her several times. She was your old classmate and was also a host at the online television station!”

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “That’s right, it’s her.”

Hou Ge exclaimed, “I also know Dong Shanshan! She is very beautiful and goes down the path of sexiness. But isn’t she not exactly well-known in the hosting industry? About that...”

In the small community on the internet, the number of Dong Shanshan’s fans was not too bad at all and she had many diehard fans as well. But on a large platform like the provincial satellite channels, Dong Shanshan was obviously a nobody and most people would not be able to recognize her.

Hu Fei said, “No wonder you say the station will find it very hard to accept. A satellite channel that broadcasts nationwide on a Friday primetime slot letting an inexperienced and average rookie host such a heavily invested, top-rated program—I believe that there are no satellite television station that would have such courage!” Saying that, Hu Fei also delightfully remarked, “Unless the station is mad.”

Zhang Ye said, “That’s right.”

Almost immediately, Hu Fei’s tone changed and he said, “But I believe for your program plans, the station is willing to be mad for once!”

Zhang Ye said, “What do you mean?”

“I do not have any problems on my side, but I need to seek approval from the upper management. I can’t make that decision alone.” Hu Fei turned to leave just like that as he said, “Wait for my news.”

Zhang Ye nodded and said, “Alright!”

Chapter 592: Do You Remember

After waiting for half an hour.

“Teacher Zhang, what exactly is this program about?”

“I’ll share it in a while.”

“Aiyah, please just tell us first.”

“Hehe, I have to wait until the station accepts my request.”

“You already have a program?”

“Of course, it’s all in my brain.”

From outside the office, many people started streaming in.

Hu Fei returned with seven or eight men and women. There were station leaders, the bosses of the relevant departments and some program approval board staff members, and others. It seemed that the station highly valued this new program. After all, this was a primetime slot program.

One of the bosses walking ahead of the rest said immediately after coming into the office, “Teacher Little Zhang, we’ve already heard from Old Hu. Actually, we still hope that you can join us back at Beijing Television Station, but if you don’t wish to come

back, we will of course find it regretful. Old Hu said you have a very good proposal for the new program?”

“Yes.” Zhang Ye smiled.

A person behind said, “But for the appointment of a designated host, there has never such a precedent. Moreover, the host is a little-known rookie. Why not change your condition instead? If this program really does as well as expected and can outperform all the other singing programs, then the station will give you a bonus on top of your copyright and production fees, it will certainly be a satisfactory offer.”

Everyone sat down to discuss.

Zhang Ye shook his head and said, “That won’t do. I’ve already said I only have this one small request.”

That boss said, “That was not a small request. Besides, you should also know that the station does not have any worries about our own hosts as all of them are very outstanding. Once the new program is out, we can use our most familiar and outstanding hosts for it. Purposely headhunting for a rookie to join us...there really has been no such precedent? Why don’t you tell everyone about the program proposal and we’ll decide if the program will make it or not, then we can discuss that issue later.”

“Right, let’s hear about what the program is like.”

“That’s right, Teacher Zhang, tell us first.”

The other two people also said the same.

However, Zhang Ye flatly refused and said, “No, that won’t do.”

Just as the situation was in a stalemate, another four people suddenly entered the office. Among them walking in the middle was an old granny who was also the station head of Beijing Television Station, Xu Yuhong.

“Station Head?”

“Why are you here?”

“Station Head Xu!”

“Station Head!”

Everyone stood up.

Xu Yuhong calmly said, “I heard about the matter. I’m also very interested in Little Zhang’s suggestion, so I came over to take a look. What have you all discussed so far?”

That boss explained it once over.

Zhang Ye had quite a good impression of this old granny. On the day when he did the advertisement, he kept calling her Aunty and even ordered her around to do this and that. Even so, that old granny did not even get angry, showing that she had a very good temper.

When Xu Yuhong heard everything, she looked at Zhang Ye and said, “There has really not been a precedent of not using our own station’s hosts before. But, Little Zhang, I can promise you. Tell us first about the concept of the program. If it is feasible and not similar to the templated concepts of the singing programs of the other stations, and our professionals judge it as a marketable segment, then we might still be agreeable to your condition of hiring the rookie.”

That was as good as an agreement.

When Zhang Ye heard that, he said, “Station Head is indeed large-hearted.”

Xu Yuhong laughed and said, “Don’t praise me yet. Let’s hear about your plans. Since singing talent show programs are already being overdone, how can you be so sure that your program will work?”

Zhang Ye said, “I have to correct myself. I didn’t say that it would be a talent show.”

“Eh?” Several of the station’s staff were dumbfounded.

Hu Fei also never thought of that and said, “Not a talent show? Then how can it be called a singing program?”

One of the bosses said, “Then where is your selling point?”

The singing programs of this world had only created a stir in these past few years. These programs were more or less the same, with hardly any more creativity and had already developed into a bottleneck. As a person living in this world, they would be naturally restricted with their ideas. But Zhang Ye was different from the rest. In his previous world, although some of its variety show programs were not comparable to this world, but for singing programs, they were many years ahead in development than this world.

Zhang Ye looked at them and said, “The name of this program is: Do You Remember. We will allow all citizens to sing karaoke songs, with no entry barriers, with the aim to create a national coalition of karaoke singers. The rules are simple and there’s only one condition: Who can sing the lyrics correctly. This is not a competition of vocals nor stage performances, it is competing on who has the best memory. As long as you can sing the song correctly with the designated lyrics, you will win—this is the core of the program and its selling point.”

After he finished speaking, everyone fell silent.

They were not shocked but instead felt like they were struck by lightning!

Lyrics?

Remembering lyrics?

How could this be called a f**king television program!?

Xiao Lu was shocked and said, “Surely you can’t be serious, Teacher Zhang?”

The boss said, “Little Zhang, you better not be joking.”

Hu Fei also had doubts and asked, “Remembering lyrics shouldn’t be considered a selling point, right? I can’t see anything in that which would attract an audience to such a program.”

One of the program approval board staff members who looked like he had his brain shaken by huge waves even thought to himself: “Remembering lyrics, your sister! How idiotic!”

Hou Ge laughed and said, “Teacher Zhang must be doing his crosstalk and teasing us.”

Zhang Ye said helplessly, “I’m not joking, I’m being serious here.”

Hou Ge: “...”

“Let Little Zhang finish talking,” Xu Yuhong said.

Zhang Ye laughed and said, “Actually, as long as this program is not done up, just my explanation alone will not make everyone fully understand it. I can only use a general overview to explain simply in words about why I want to design such a program. If you just listen to it, a competition-styled program that emphasizes remembering lyrics might sound terrible, alright, maybe even atrocious, but this atrociousness might just be from your personal point of view that is based on your mindset. However, if you think about it in a different way, you’d know that such a program might not have the competitiveness and tension of a reality television singing program, with not as many handsome men and pretty women and even without powerful vocals. When we compare it in this way, it would be edged out on more than a dozen avenues by those other singing programs, yet Do You Remember has something too that would beat them by a dozen avenues, and that is the fact that it is simple. In fact, it is so simple that anyone can join in!”

Hu Fei was deep in thought.

The rest were also thinking hard.

Zhang Ye said, “What you all think of as lame, simple, low class are in fact not the flaws of this program. Instead, they are the most competitive factors and advantages of Do You Remember. The other singing programs all either have handsome guys or pretty ladies who can hit high pitches with their singing voices or have good dancing skills. The audience can’t participate in them because they don’t have the qualifications to do so, but is there

anyone who can't remember lyrics? Even a three year old can memorize some songs. Anyone can join, participate, or even sing along with the lyrics in front of their televisions. Is there anything more marvelous than having all the citizens participate in an event?"

Hu Fei finally understood and said, "This really could be another way to do it!"

Dafei said, "Will...that work?"

Zhang Ye said, "All the other singing competitions are comparing who is better looking, who can sing the best, or who has a good backstory. I call that as walking the 'path of talent'. But in this new program of mine, I want it to walk on the path of the common people. Just as I said earlier, anyone can participate in it and even register to participate in the live competition. There are no entry barriers, no complicated procedures. As long as you want to participate, anyone can have a high chance of being shown on the live broadcast on television, even if you are tone-deaf!"

Xiao Lu was shocked, "What? People who are tone-deaf can also join?"

"Of course they can. The program is about remembering lyrics. That is all that will be competed on. Even if you sing very badly, you can still participate and win." Zhang Ye said, "Let me add something right here. I intend for some tone-deaf people to participate so that they can create a topic and have a common touch with the citizens. The audience watching at home on their televisions might laugh at or scold those tone-deaf people, thinking

‘how they could even get on TV? I’m better than him!’ This is also a selling point that would encourage audience participation and improve program ratings. All of you are industry professionals, so I don’t think I need to get into the details on how to manage it.”

Xu Yuhong said, “Are those the only selling points?”

“Of course not.” Zhang Ye looked around, then walked towards a whiteboard and picked up a marker and started to write on the board. He explained, “This program needs two hosts, a man and woman who will be responsible for the humour and help regulate the atmosphere and involve the audience in the show. The hosts do not be too experienced nor need to constantly make witty remarks. On the contrary, the more affable they are, the better it will be due to the style of this program. We will also need a lead singer as that is also one of the key factors of this program, so how do we choose the lead singer? Let me go through it all one by one...”

From the stage to the lighting.

From the lead singer to the audience selection.

And even the critical scenes to be shown on the screen were described in detail.

Finally, he said, “The template is like such because it is the most basic structure to the program. As you all had mentioned earlier, because this program is not a talent show, there might be a less receptive mood for it. So to make up for this, at every month’s end, we will implement a countrywide ‘mic-dominator’ contest,

dividing the cities into north, south, east, west, and central regions and pitting them against each other. We will spread this battle fervor across the country, which will later lead to a city versus city tournament. Since the audience will naturally support their own cities, this will up the atmosphere and competitiveness naturally as it happens. In the end, there will be a final showdown where only one city would be declared the winner. As for how to select, and how to plan the PK competition, let me explain further in detail...”

They discussed for another twenty minutes.

Those people from the television station were totally stunned and could not say anything at all. They thought of bringing up some misgivings, but when Zhang Ye was explaining, they realized that he had already thought of all the problems of the entire process. Their doubts were answered by Zhang Ye even before they could bring it up. Even the concerns of how the audience would feel when the concept lost its novelty were addressed by Zhang Ye who had already thought out the necessary adjustments from the hosting style to adding new rounds to the program to maintain its program ratings.

When other program planners made a proposal, their initial ideas would just be an idea or a concept, which would then be discussed further upon. It would slowly be edited bit by bit, making changes here and there before the final proposal would be set. Then when the program was broadcast on television, the audience reaction and program ratings would be considered and changes would be made as necessary. A strategy made today could be changed again the following week, but as for Zhang Ye? He had submitted a proposal which extended six or seven years into the future. He even thought of every single detail and the physiological

changes of the audience. It was really flawless!

Chapter 593: Launch Of A New Program!

In the morning.

10 AM.

Zhang Ye's throat was dry from all the talking. He asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you have a drink?"

"Yes, of course." Xiao Lu immediately ran to get a bottle of mineral water. "Here, Teacher Zhang."

"Thanks." Zhang Ye took it and chugged half the bottle immediately. When he saw the others in a state of pondering, he said, "That is the general concept of it. If I did not forget anything, that should be all of it, so if there's any questions, you may bring them up now and I will address them."

The manager of Hu Fei's program asked a critical question that would be put across to all new programs, "What is your estimation of the viewership ratings?"

Zhang Ye laughed, "Which type of viewership rating?"

There were many types of ratings, like the 50 cities viewership ratings, the local viewership ratings, as well as nationwide viewership ratings.

Local viewership ratings only measured the total viewership of a single city. For example, when Zhang Ye was hosting Lecture Room at BTV-Arts Channel, the ratings of 7% or 8% were all local viewership ratings and only reported on the statistics within Beijing city itself. As BTV-Arts Channel only broadcasted in the region of Beijing, that was the reason why such ratings were used, and because it was a locally broadcasted channel dedicated to an audience who belonged to the same area, the viewership ratings for a local channel would definitely be high.

For the 50 cities viewership rating, it basically meant the top 50 cities' viewership rating, not including the rural areas. This was the most commonly used statistic.

The most objective statistic would be the nationwide viewership ratings as this had the largest sample size and so would give a smaller percentage rating. But if a program could hit 1% viewership ratings nationwide, then it would still be considered a very popular program since 1% would mean that one out of a hundred persons in the country were watching the program. With the total population of China, one could only imagine the total viewership numbers!

The manager said, "The nationwide viewership ratings."

One of the others also looked at Zhang Ye, waiting for his response to the question.

Zhang Ye thought about it for a moment, and then answered, "I can't give you an estimation for the first episode as it depends on the promotions and other factors and that would leave too much to

chance. If we're talking about the average ratings after enough episodes, then my estimate for Do You Remember would be at least 0.6% for the nationwide viewership ratings to 1% tops."

An employee immediately said, "That's impossible!"

Xiao Lu's jaw had dropped. She said, "It would be that high?"

Hou Ge said in surprise, "Reality television singing programs these days at other television stations have at most ratings of 0.5%. If it's low, it can even be around 0.3%. This is because these programs' broadcasts have cannibalized each others' viewership ratings as there isn't any particularly outstanding one. If Do You Remember can really hit 1% viewership ratings nationally, then it would be too awesome!"

Zhang Ye categorically stated, "It would only be more and not less than what I said, but of course, that is based on my point of view. Since it is just an estimation, everyone has their own opinions on this."

Do You Remember was a very popular program some years back in Zhang Ye's previous world. It was not the type of program that experienced overnight success but one that slowly climbed up to become a popular one. At that time, Zhang Ye was just like them and could not understand how a program that used remembering lyrics as its selling point and felt so inadequate could have a viewership rating that wasn't too bad. Only after he had watched a few episodes of it did he finally understand that every program that was successful would have its own reasons. Yes, even though this evergreen program had suffered a viewership ratings drop in

its later years, at the beginning, Do You Remember had still done brilliantly, although its viewership ratings weren't exactly that outstanding or mind-blowing. But it could still be considered successful. In the nationwide viewership ratings for the same time slots, it was a common occurrence to be placed first or second. This was an extremely worthy and valuable program.

Why did he choose it?

Because Zhang Ye had his own considerations as well.

First, Do You Remember had very good viewership ratings.

Second, this program was of no use to Zhang Ye. Not only did the style of the program not fit Zhang Ye's development path, even if the others felt that its viewership ratings were good, Zhang Ye was still not too interested in it. What Zhang Ye needed was not just success, but to be the best in the industry. And so, these were the reasons why this program did not matter much to him since he had no intentions of hosting it. If he wanted to host a similar program, there were much more and much better programs for him to choose from. But if he just left this program unused, it would really be a waste. The originality and style of this program was still very worthwhile, especially at a time when reality television singing programs were at a developmental bottleneck.

He had already explained all that he could. Zhang Ye was only waiting for their reply now

The manager, along with Hu Fei and a few of the program

planners, began discussing, at times whispering, at times nodding and shaking their heads. They were discussing intensely about the whole proposal.

A while later.

Zhang Ye could not wait any longer and said, “The program rundown is as what I have explained. I have already given the proposal to you all, with in-depth details up to a few years ahead in the program’s lifespan. If all of you think that it is OK, use it. But like I’ve said, I only have a small request and that is for Dong Shanshan to be the designated female host. I don’t care who the male host is.”

The manager fell silent.

Another station leader made no sound.

Zhang Ye continued to say, “If you think that it would not be good or the viewership ratings might not hit everyone’s estimates, then just take it like I hadn’t said anything. I’ll be leaving then?” He stood up and prepared to leave.

When the satellite channel’s manager heard this, he quickly stopped him. “Hey, hey, hey, Little Zhang, don’t go yet. Aren’t we all discussing right now? It’s not that we think the program is not good!”

“Don’t go, don’t go. Take a seat first. We did not say we did not

want it,” another deputy director said.

The manager looked at Xu Yuhong and said, “Station Head, what’s your opinion?”

Xu Yuhong waved him off and said, “I won’t interfere with your department’s matters. Make the decision on your own.” She did not say much since the beginning and was more of an observer.

The manager understood and then looked over to Hu Fei. “Old Hu?”

Hu Fei revealed a wide smile and said, “I feel that it is a very good proposal and different from the rest of the programs out there recently, so it should definitely stand out from the rest. For us, I do not think that there will be any better programs. We can save a lot of money this way since we no longer have to invite any big name celebrities as guests. With this out of the budget, we can use the money in other ways to raise the overall standard of the program.” The reality television singing programs these days were all about inviting big names or S-list singers which sometimes could command appearance fees of up to tens of millions. Compared to all the other required costs, this was the main bulk of it!

But this requirement was not needed for Do You Remember! All that money would be saved!

It was good since there wasn’t really much of a budget for their program!

The manager nodded and laughed. “I feel the same as you. This program is really fitting for our satellite channel’s Friday primetime slot. I have finally seen for myself just how good Teacher Little Zhang’s program planning abilities are. Whether it is Lecture Room or Zhang Ye’s Talk Show, your reputation is fully justified. So many of the program planners and staff in our television station had been meeting for many days and still could not come up with something, but just a short while with you has already provided us with such a perfect program proposal. You’ve really helped us out when we needed it the most.”

Behind him, one of the program planners was also utterly convinced and said, “Teacher Zhang, why don’t you come back? If this program is hosted by you as well, then it would be perfect!”

The manager immediately said, “Yes, Little Zhang, come back and join us.”

Zhang Ye said, “Let’s talk again in the future when we get a chance.”

The manager said regretfully, “Alright then, we won’t ask any further. Let’s just settle this program first. Teacher Little Zhang, we are going to go ahead and take this Do You Remember. As for the price...Are you OK with 3 million RMB?”

Zhang Ye shrugged and said, “I’ve already said that I have no requests for the price.”

The manager hesitated a little and then turned to a staff member

behind him and said, “Tell Old Wang from the HR Department to contact Teacher Dong Shanshan. He must definitely get her to join us! We will pay for her contract to be voided as well!”

Zhang Ye interrupted and said, “There’s no need to pay the compensation since Teacher Shanshan is currently without a job. She is not contracted to any television station currently as she left her last job two days ago.”

The manager said, “Then that’s even more convenient.”

Zhang Ye sincerely said, “Thank you very much.”

The manager raised a hand and just said, “Don’t say that. If there’s any thanking to be done here, it should be us thanking you.”

A good program was much more valuable than a good host. With his proposed program, Zhang Ye had already completely impressed all of Beijing Television Station!

At some point in time, Xu Yuhong had disappeared and left the meeting.

With the station head gone, the atmosphere had also become much more relaxed.

The manager and Hu Fei continued raising quite a few more questions and program details. Since Zhang Ye had already

accepted the role of the program planner for this, he would surely have to do his part. But he probably only had to do this today, for once the program begins production, Zhang Ye would no longer need to do much more. All of the issues should be handled by Hu Fei's team from there and because Zhang Ye had no plans of returning to Beijing Television Station to work, he could only do the program planning without joining in the actual production work.

Soon after, the manager left with his team.

Hu Fei then started delegating the tasks. The new program team no longer only consisted of Xiao Lu and the others; it had expanded to include quite a number of other employees as well. He said, "Starting from today, the program for Do You Remember is officially launched. Xiao Lu, go and mock up a promotion proposal. Dafei, the stage layout will need to undergo some changes. A lot it will need to be modified to follow Teacher Little Zhang's design for the stage, so please go and coordinate this with the recording studios..."

Chapter 594: Dong Shanshan And Her Family Are Shocked!

At this moment.

In a county that was neither big nor small.

It was just past 11 AM when Dong Shanshan, who was now back at her family home, was still lying in bed in her rather cramped room. On the wall were some old and dog-eared posters which looked pretty aged with a yellowish tint. The layout of the room was also from the time when Dong Shanshan was still in middle school. It was clear that this was where she was born and stayed at but also a place she hadn't come back to often in many years.

Dong dong.

The bedroom door was being knocked on very lightly.

Dong Shanshan raised her head and said, "The door's not locked."

Mother Dong opened the door and looked in, asking, "Why are you still not up yet?"

"I've been working too hard on my shows recently, so I'm a little tired." Dong Shanshan smiled and stretched herself in bed, moving her feet like a spoiled child. She said to her mother, "Mom, help

me massage my legs please?”

Mother Dong sat down on her small bed and started lightly massaging her daughter.

“How comfortable, my mom is the best in the world,” Dong Shanshan said with a big smile.

Mother Dong looked at her and said, “Tell me honestly, did you come back this time because something happened at work?”

“No, work is going very smoothly and the leader also takes very good care of me. I came back because I was worried about you and Dad, and wanted to come home to visit the both of you. I will be going back in some days when I start working on my new program. Right now, I have a break since my old show has already finished its broadcast. Don’t worry about me, I’m fine,” Dong Shanshan explained.

Mother Dong shook her head and said, “I gave birth to you and raised you. Wouldn’t I know if you were really fine? Everytime I ask, you always say that everything is good and that you are safe. The more you say it like that, the more worried your dad and I become, because we don’t know which of your words are the truth and how you are really doing. Compared to hearing that, we prefer to listen to you tell us what is really going on. So tell Mom now, did you meet with some trouble this time?”

Father Dong also came into the room from the outside. “If you are really having some problems, you can always come home.

Don't go away anymore. Just because you majored in broadcast doesn't mean that you must be a host. Of all your classmates, how many really ended up becoming hosts? This industry is too murky with its unspoken rules. Our family are just ordinary people. We can't compare to those who can pull strings with their relatives."

Dong Shanshan said, "But I want to develop my career as a host. This has always been my ambition and my thoughts have never wavered. Besides, I am not doing too bad either now. My career has just taken off. Even though an online television station is still not as influential or has as many audiences as a traditional television station and can even be considered several levels lower as a platform, but one can't accomplish great things with just one single effort, can they? We have to do it step by step. I have just made some results for myself and you want me to give up now? Hur hur, that's not going to happen."

Father Dong said, "Then why did you come back this time?"

Mother Dong also said in worry, "Shanshan, can you just be honest with us for once?"

After a brief silence, Dong Shanshan stroked her ponytail and said, "Alright, I'll tell you both. I had a quarrel with the online television station and submitted my resignation this time. I've also sent out quite a number of résumés to the television stations in the country who were looking to recruit television hosts. But the larger television stations and satellite channels totally ignored a minor thing like me, like my résumé was simply thrown into the ocean. They all think that my qualifications are too little and that I am not popular enough. The smaller local television stations I

submitted my résumés to did consider me for a position, but after communicating for a while, it all came to nothing. As they are all small local television stations that do not attract much viewership, they did not and also could not plan for a variety program, so they definitely did not require a host like me. This is why I came back. The rental for the apartment in Shanghai was too expensive at several thousand a month. I could no longer afford to stay there. So, I decided to come home to work things out.” After explaining the situation, Dong Shanshan laughed a little. “Well, that is the truth that you both insisted on hearing.”

Father Dong said angrily, “Why did they not want you? Didn’t you do quite well when you were still working at the local channel back then?”

“They didn’t think they had a suitable show for me.” Dong Shanshan shrugged and continued, “Although I’ve already said that I was very willing to try out any new shows even if it wasn’t a variety-based one. It could be a cooking program; I would still be willing to give it a shot. But then, they still maintained their stance and told me that they had their own considerations as well and did not want to take the risk.”

Mother Dong said scornfully, “Employing you would be a risk? It’s their loss that they didn’t get to employ you!”

Dong Shanshan laughed gently and said, “Well, that is...what I think too.”

“How can you still laugh like that now.” Mother Dong who was already feeling very anxious for her daughter, asked her, “Then

what will you do now? Are you going to continue sending out your résumé?”

Dong Shanshan nodded and said, “I’ve sent them out to whichever places have put up hiring notices for hosts. I’ve even tried for other online television stations as well. Right now, all I can hope for is to get a good program that I can work on since it hasn’t been easy to get to the popularity that I have now. I can’t just let it go to waste like this. I must get a long-term contract as a host, otherwise when this popularity declines, I will have to start all over again in the future. That is just how cruel the entertainment industry can get.”

Father Dong immediately said, “It’s OK, your mom and I will take care of you, so just stay at home.”

“Thanks Dad, but I have no problem taking care of myself. At most, I would take up more commercial hosting to feed myself even if the pay is unstable.” Dong Shanshan rolled across the bed to her mother’s lap and said, “But that won’t be my long-term plan, right now...” She yawned and continued, “I just hope to find a good enough hosting job.”

Mother Dong stood up.

“Where are you going?” Dong Shanshan’s head slid off her mother’s lap back onto the bed.

Mother Dong said, “I will go and burn some incense to pray for you.”

Dong Shanshan smiled and said, “Sure, then I am going to depend on Mom for this.”

Father Dong was almost at a loss for words. He remarked, “Such blind superstitions!”

Mother Dong turned a deaf ear to it and just walked out to the altar and lit the incense, and then started chanting almost inaudibly with a muttering of words.

Father Dong said to his daughter, “You should have stopped her. All she knows is to burn incense every time until the house is full of the smell of sandalwood.”

“That’s all that my mother likes to do, so just let her be. If you don’t allow her to burn the incense, she would definitely take it up with you,” said Dong Shanshan when her cell phone suddenly rang.

The phone was ringing and vibrating!

She had a look at the caller ID. It was an unknown number calling.

Dong Shanshan flipped over and sat up against the headboard wondering who could be calling. She accepted the call and said: “Hello, who is this?”

On the other end was the voice of a young man who sounded like he was in his twenties, but of course he could be thirty or so as well. “Hello, may I know if this is Teacher Dong Shanshan’s number?”

Looking for me?

There was a response to my application?

Dong Shanshan immediately said: “Yes, that’s me. Who is this?”

Father Dong was also listening closely beside her.

The youth said cheerfully: “I am from the HR Department of Beijing Television Station. You can call me Liu.”

When she heard his introduction, Dong Shanshan was slightly taken aback. Beijing Television Station? She did not remember sending in her résumé to them.

Then the young man continued: “It’s like this, Teacher Shanshan. Beforehand, I would like to ask if you are currently contracted to any television station?”

Dong Shanshan said honestly: “No, I’ve already left my previous job.”

The young man said: “Then your management agency...”

Dong Shanshan said: “I don’t have one either.”

The young man said: “Alright, that makes things much simpler then.”

Dong Shanshan was still clueless as to what was going on, so she asked: “Tell me about it.”

“Sure, as long as there’s no contract involved, I will just speak directly. Our Beijing Television Station’s satellite channel, also known as BTV-1, would like to invite you to join us!” said the young man, whose words surprised her!

Beijing Television Station?

And it was even the satellite channel??

How could this be possible!?

Dong Shanshan hesitated for a bit, wondering if the other party was making a scam phone call to her. “Mr. Liu, if I remember correctly, I don’t think I submitted my résumé to your station?”

“Résumé?” The young man said: “I don’t know about that, Teacher Shanshan. We did not contact you due to any résumé, and as the overall situation is a little complex, I’m not too sure either. All I know is that the program team from the satellite channel got

us to contact and inform you regarding their intent to work together with you. As for what kind of program and its details, perhaps you can discuss it directly with the program team's manager or the related personnel. I don't have all the information with me since I am just handling the contract."

Dong Shanshan asked in disbelief: "Beijing Television?"

The young man said: "Yes."

Dong Shanshan asked again: "Could you tell me in general what kind of program we are talking about?"

The youth: "It's a large-scale variety singing program."

Dong Shanshan: "What time slot?"

"Friday..." The young man said: "...Friday's primetime slot at around 9 PM."

Friday?

Satellite channel?

Large-scale variety program?

And it's even at a primetime slot?

How could something so good be true!

Dong Shanshan was a little befuddled by this and was beginning to feel that this really was a scam phone call. She made up her mind that as long as the person started asking for money or to make a credit transfer to them, she would hang up immediately!

“Then what do you need me to do?” Dong Shanshan asked.

The young man answered: “You...you don’t need to do anything. I would like to understand if you have any requests before I proceed to let you know about the details.”

“I have no requests whatsoever!” Dong Shanshan said.

The young man laughed and said: “Alrighty then, it should be easy to discuss. The general situation right now is that we have a new program segment that urgently needs to take over a current program slot, so the recording schedule is also quite urgent because of that. The team has already started prepping today and will start with the production tomorrow. So if you are fine with it, it’s best we have a face-to-face meeting today to settle the contractual agreements. If it’s convenient, could you make a trip to the television station today?”

“To Beijing Television Station?”

“Yes.”

When she heard this, Dong Shanshan was pretty sure that this was not a scam phone call.

Dong Shanshan immediately replied: “I am out of Beijing at the moment, but if I set out immediately, I should be able to get to Beijing by the afternoon.”

The young man said: “That would be great. Since we’re on this issue, let me give you the details about the contract. We are preparing a 1+1 contract for you, with an annual salary of 200,000 RMB excluding bonuses, welfare, and other standard payments. This contract will offer whatever is expected, yes, so you can make your decision on the way here. If there are any parts of this offer you’re not satisfied with or have any special requests, we can talk about them when we meet later. As long as it is related to the contract, I am in charge of it and we can negotiate. As for any program-related requests that you might have, the program team will go through the details with you later as well.”

Free to negotiate?

Everything can be discussed?

Aren’t they being too polite!?

Dong Shanshan finally asked, “How many hosts will there be?”

“Two, a man and a woman.”

“The other person is?”

“It has not been confirmed yet. At the launch of this program, only two things has been confirmed. One, the program’s name will be called Do You Remember, and the other is the choice of the female host!”

The program details were still being worked on!

Yet the designated female host is me??

Chapter 595: The Host Who Never Needed A Script

After the call ended.

The room was in complete silence!

Although Father Dong who was beside her could not clearly hear every word that was said, he could still grasp some of the details he heard from the faint voice on the phone. He was also stunned at that moment.

After Mother Dong had finished burning incense in the living room, she returned to the room and asked, “Eh, what happened?”

Father Dong grabbed onto his spouse and said, “Shanshan has found a job!”

“Ah? So fast?” Mother Dong said in surprise. “What kind of job?”

Dong Shanshan was a bit stunned as she subconsciously blurted out, “Beijing Television invited me to be the female host of a large-scale variety show that will air every Friday at the primetime slot of 9 PM.”

Mother Dong was pleasantly surprised and asked, “Really?”

Dong Shanshan said, “It sounded real, not fake.”

“Aiyo, that’s great, that’s so great!” Mother Dong was so excited she didn’t know what else to say. “That is a one of the country’s more reputable satellite channel stations, the highest-rated television station in the north and it’s even a Friday primetime slot? Shanshan, looks like there are still some people with foresight. Who says there are no television stations who want you!” Mother Dong paused for a moment and then claimed credit by saying, “Old man, see that? That’s why I said we must always burn incense and pray to the gods! And you still say that I’m superstitious!”

Father Dong said, “...What has all this got to do with burning incense!”

Dong Shanshan sat down, stood up, and sat down again. She could not calm her mind down and said, “But it can’t be, why would they look for me? They could have looked for anyone else, it shouldn’t even be my turn yet, is this sis’ reputation that great? I could even alert a big station like Beijing Television?” She was still quite aware of the weight she could pull. So she was becoming even more perplexed at all that was going on. She then said, “They had only just confirmed the name of the program and the female host has already been designated as me? From the way they offered me the job, it seemed like it had to be none other than me?”

Mother Dong smiled and said, “That shows just how much they admire you!”

“It’s too ridiculous,” Dong Shanshan said. She had already begun packing her luggage. “But...I must still go no matter how

ridiculous it sounds. If I miss this opportunity, I will jump off a building!”

Mother Dong went to help with the packing and said, “I’ll help you pack.”

Dong Shanshan said, “Dad, Mom, I will go to Beijing to discuss with them. If it is a fake offer, I will come back again. The distance between Inner Mongolia to Beijing is not that far anyway!”

Father Dong kindly smiled and said, “Go on, just do what you need to do and don’t worry about the matters at home.”

In a short while, Dong Shanshan was done packing her luggage. Actually, most of her stuff was still inside since she hadn’t taken them out when she had returned home.

“I’m leaving!” Dong Shanshan left quickly as she was the type of person who got things done very quickly.

“Be careful on the way.”

“I’ll call back if the job is confirmed.”

.....

Later in the afternoon.

At Beijing Television Station.

At noon, Zhang Ye scrounged a meal from the station before leaving. Hu Fei and his team started to get busy as they were racing against time to speed up the preparations for the program. No one from the program team lazed around.

“Do we have any candidates for the male host?”

“What about Teacher Li?”

“I thought Little Li went abroad for training?”

“How about Teacher Yu?”

“Teacher Yu still has a program so he’s not available. Besides, Old Yu’s getting up there in years and won’t suit this program.”

Hu Fei, Xiao Lu, and a few people were discussing, when suddenly, someone came in from outside. It was Little Liu from the station’s HR Department. Beside him stood a long-legged beauty.

When Hou Ge saw her, his eyes shone brightly and he said, “This is?”

Hou Di and Dafei also stopped what they were doing and looked over together.

In fact, all of the male colleagues in the office area appeared to suddenly focus their attention onto the figure of this long-legged beauty...or her legs.

This was Teacher Zhang Ye's old classmate?

She was even prettier in person than on television!

Especially that pair of long legs. How could they be so long! Did you connect another joint on it by yourself!? Is this the legendary "nine-heads-tall figure"?

That HR Department young man gestured to his side with a smile and said, "Let me introduce her to everyone. This is Teacher Dong Shanshan. Her contract has already been signed and the joining formalities are being processed at the moment. From today onwards, Teacher Dong Shanshan will be a staff member of Beijing Television. Brother Hu, I brought her over already and I will hand her over to you now."

Hu Fei led the applause.

Dafei, Xiao Lu, and the rest also applauded in unison!

"Welcome, our new colleague!"

"Teacher Shanshan, we were all waiting for you."

“We warmly welcome you!”

The atmosphere of Hu Fei’s new program team was excellent. This was the kind of style that he built up in any of his teams. He didn’t allow or condone any of his program team colleagues to have friction or conflicts between them. Hu Fei set a good example for others. He was always dedicated to all of his subordinates. At the same time, he also requested that they should build a good relationship between themselves. No matter how famous or highly experienced you were, you could not put on airs or be lazy. He felt that only a relatively harmonious team could be the best soil to grow a good program upon.

Zhang Ye also started out in this sort of culture in Hu Fei’s team. This was also imbued deep in him. Although Zhang Ye had worked at many places and offended many leaders and units, even to the point of not seeing each other anymore, after he left Beijing Arts Channel, he still maintained a close relationship with Hu Fei and his team that just a call was enough for him to come back and help out.

Dong Shanshan was not at all affected by all the eyes staring at her now. Judging from her demeanor and aura, she was totally unlike a rookie who had only debuted for a year. She greeted, “Hello everyone, it’s my first day today, so please take care of me.”

Hou Ge immediately said, “Sure, sure!”

As expected from brothers, Hou Di also said in unison with his brother, “Sure, sure.”

The HR Department young man laughed heartily. “Brother Hu, the task that was passed to me has already been completed with all the necessary work. When the program starts broadcasting, I’ll be waiting to join in your celebratory feast.”

Hu Fei patted his shoulder like a close friend and said, “Alright, thanks, Liu’er.”

“You’re welcome. I’ll leave now as I still have some matters to attend to.” The young man turned around and walked away.

Hu Fei looked at Dong Shanshan and finally put out his hand for a handshake and said, “Welcome, I’m Hu Fei, the executive producer and executive director of Do You Remember.”

Dong Shanshan smiled and shook his hand, saying, “Hello, Executive.”

Hu Fei smiled and said, “Don’t address me like that. Just calling me Brother Hu or Old Hu will do. Come, let me introduce the team to you. This is Xiao Lu, this is Dafei...”

She was getting to know the team members in quick succession.

Finally, Hu Fei said, “Teacher Shanshan, we will be officially starting the production of the program tomorrow, but I have not planned your hosting script nor is there a draft yet as the program concept had only been fixed this morning. For the matter of the

hosting script...let's talk about it later. I need to find someone to write it on an ad-hoc basis for now."

Dong Shanshan immediately got into gear and was ready to start working. She asked, "Will it be ready on time if it gets written at the last minute? Why don't you give me the program outline and requirements for the hosts and I will try to write it instead."

Hu Fei acknowledged and said, "Alright, then we'll trouble you to put in some hard work first until I manage to borrow a screenwriter from the other program teams to write up hosting script for you. We will discuss again with you and the unconfirmed male host once this is settled."

Dong Shanshan blinked and said, "Borrow someone? Did our program team's screenwriter resign?"

Xiao Lu who was at the other side smiled and said, "It's not like that. It's just that we never had a professional screenwriter for the hosting script in our program team since the Arts Channel."

How could that be?

No script?

How could a program be done without having a script then?

Realizing Dong Shanshan was unable to comprehend the situation, Xiao Lu laughed, "Because we have never needed one

before as we once had a host who didn't have a need for any script!"

Chapter 596: The Appointed Host!

Dong Shanshan was a little taken aback. “No need for a script? Were the scripts prepared ahead before recording the program then?”

Hou Ge laughed and said, “They weren’t prepared ahead of time, but he never, ever needed a script when he did a program recording. Even if it’s a live broadcast, he just goes up and does his hosting without any script. There are 12 urban legends in the internal departments within Beijing Television Station that are being spread around and this is one of them. Why these are called urban legends is because even if we tell anyone outside the station about it, no one would believe them. Only our own internal staff knows that these are, in fact, truths and not urban legends.”

Hu Fei patted him on the back and said, “Don’t be talking about those useless things anymore. Discuss the program concept and hosting details with Shanshan. Everyone else is starting to get busy, so don’t just stand around!”

“Yes.”

“OK.”

“As you command!”

Everyone dispersed as the party was dismissed.

Hou Ge and Dong Shanshan walked to a workstation in the corner where he took out a stack of documents and place them one by one onto the table, and started explaining the program to Dong Shanshan.

As a professional host who had graduated from the most prestigious broadcasting college in the country, Dong Shanshan naturally had her own judgement of programs. While she was on the way to Beijing, Dong Shanshan had considered many things. She repeatedly considered the possible reasons Beijing Television had for signing her, a half-rookie with not much of a name carved out in the industry, as a host for such an important program segment. All her considerations only pointed to one thing, that the program needed someone like her who could be a “vase” to attract the viewers. Dong Shanshan’s mission was probably just to stand on stage and occasionally make some remarks or say a few words and then let the show continue on its own. For this program, the hosts were simply there to be eye-candy and not much else. Dong Shanshan thought this was the only possibility, but she still came and signed the contract after just listening to the offer without a second thought. This was because, even if she were going to be a host who could be disregarded and ignored on stage, this was still the “Northern Big Brother” Beijing Television’s variety program in a primetime slot. Even if she only had a bit part to play every week, she was willing to do it as this platform was too good!

But when Hou Ge had finished explaining the whole concept of the program and the role of the host, Dong Shanshan discovered that what she had initially concluded couldn’t be further from the truth!

Vase?

Not much screen time?

A bit part host?

Bullshit! The responsibilities of the host in this program turned out to be much more important than she had imagined! Although the program's main focus was still on the contestants, city PK, or the leading singer, the host was also a key part of the whole setup and couldn't be ignored. The host was extremely important and would have a lot of screen time since they would be needed to string together the entire show by appearing on screen and leading and setting the atmosphere of the live audience!

It wasn't a group of them!

It wasn't a partnership of a main host with four or five co-hosts!

It was just two hosts, a man and a woman, and that female host was Dong Shanshan. As she would be the only female host as well, there was basically no one else to share the screen with her at all!

Hou Ge looked at her and said, "Teacher Shanshan, that's generally how it is."

Dong Shanshan came back to her senses and said, "Ah? OK."

"It wasn't clear? That's fine. If you did not understand any of

that, just ask,” Hou Ge explained patiently. When it came to how he treated a pretty woman, he was always quite meticulous.

Dong Shanshan laughed and said, “It’s not that, I understood it all. But I’m wondering about how very heavy the responsibility of the host is. That makes me feel very pressured. Since the station and the program team value me so much, have put such an important task on me, and given such a good program and time slot to me, I will definitely do it well.”

Hou Ge said kindly, “Don’t worry about that. Just relax and do your job.”

Dong Shanshan said, “But how do I relax? Honestly speaking, this is my first time hosting such a large-scale variety program and it’s even one on a satellite channel at a primetime slot. I don’t know what the program teams sees in me to have invited me to join you all and given me such preferential treatment. So I’m afraid I won’t be able to do well and end up getting withdrawn from the role.” She spoke about how pressured she was feeling and what not, but somehow it felt more like she was trying to lead the conversation to something else.

When Hou Ge heard this, he smiled and said, “Listen to me, Teacher Shanshan. Don’t worry and rest assured. There’s no need to fret about anything else. Let me tell you something. The program Do You Remember could fire me or fire anyone else on the team, but they would never fire you for sure.”

What?

Fire you and I would still be here?

Did I hear wrong?

Dong Shanshan was taken aback and could only say, “Huh?”

Hou Ge said, “Anyhow, just relax.”

“What did you mean by that?” Dong Shanshan looked at him.

Hou Ge mumbled a few words, knowing he had said too much in the presence of the pretty woman in front of him, and recovered his composure. He coughed and said, “I don’t mean anything, it’s nothing. I was just randomly saying a few things, so in any case, just don’t feel too pressured and you’ll be alright.”

Dong Shanshan said, “Hou Ge, since this is what everyone calls you, I will address you like this as well.”

“Sure, you can call me whatever you like,” Hou Ge said with a smile.

Dong Shanshan, weaving some lies into truths, said, “You look especially like a cousin of mine. That’s why I feel comfortable being around you. I’ve always been quite sociable, so I won’t take you as an outsider.”

Hou Ge said happily, “You mustn’t take me as an outsider. Don’t stand on ceremony with me. If there’s anything you need, just come to Hou Ge. Hou Ge will definitely answer to your calls without any hesitation!”

Dong Shanshan’s eyes had been filled with perplexity since this morning. She could not figure it out while she was on the way here, but her female intuition told her that a meat pie dropping out of the sky into her lap like this was definitely not without a reason, so she asked, “Alright then, the thing I need to know is: why is it that anyone else can be fired, but not me? And there’s something else I can’t understand all this while here. Why did the station look for me to assume the important role of the female host for such a large-scale production?”

Hou Ge glanced left and right, before saying, “About this...”

Dong Shanshan said, “Don’t forget you promised that you wouldn’t hesitate to help me out.”

Hou Ge laughed bitterly and then whispered, “It’s not that I don’t wish to say it, but that I am not allowed to say it.”

“Is it Zhang Ye?” Dong Shanshan was very clever and just brought up the name directly.

Hou Ge hesitated. “Erm, I did not say that.”

Dong Shanshan observed his expression and said, “It must be

him then. Didn't you all just say that there was a host who did not need to use any scripts? That was Zhang Ye, wasn't it? He and I were old classmates and also colleagues who have worked together before. About his ability to go off script and even doing that for a live broadcast, it was something that I witnessed with my own eyes as well. Zhang Ye is the only person I know so far who is crazy enough to dare to do a live broadcast without a script. Other than him, there couldn't be anyone else who was brave enough to attempt that. So that would mean that our program team was previously the team for the Arts Channel's Lecture Room program, right?"

Hou Ge knew that he could no longer keep this under wraps, so he confessed, "Correct."

Dong Shanshan asked, "Did Zhang Ye recommend me to the station?"

"What Teacher Little Zhang did was definitely not a recommendation." When he said this, Hou Ge also had a strange smile on his face. "Let me tell you this, but don't say that I was the one who said it."

Dong Shanshan nodded. "Naturally."

Hou Ge said, "Originally, the station had intended to ask Teacher Little Zhang to come back by offering him a long-term contract so that he could help plan a few programs for the station and to help bring up the viewership ratings as well. But as you should also know, Little Zhang used to have disagreements with the station on certain matters before and wasn't exactly on good terms either

until recently. But even so, Little Zhang still did not have any intent of returning to the station, at least he claimed not for the time being. By rights, up until this point, there should no longer be anything to explain, but Teacher Little Zhang suddenly offered to do a program proposal for the satellite channel by selling it to the station. He did not request any monetary recompense and was fine with any offer, but he did make a request, and that was also his one and only condition for the station. It was...”

Hou Ge did not finish.

Dong Shanshan had already put his words together. She took a light breath and continued, “...was to let me be the female host for this program!”

“That’s right.” Hou Ge smiled and said, “As you can see, the station has agreed to this in the end. It was something that had not happened before as well. First, this was because the station’s bosses and the relevant teams had judged that Do You Remember was a variety singing program that could stand out from all the other singing programs and make a name for itself. This program was something they had to get from Teacher Zhang no matter what, so that it wouldn’t be sold to another television station either. Second, since everyone knew of Teacher Zhang’s hosting reputation, the station leaders also trusted that Teacher Zhang’s classmate which he had strongly pushed to be appointed would definitely not be a wrong choice. So rather than saying that this was a recommendation, it might be better to say that you were the designated host by the station and program team. This was effected by the station leader, and so anyone else can be fired, but not you!”

Dong Shanshan, “...”

From the other side, someone called out to Hou Ge, “Old Hou, we need your help over here.”

“OK, I’ll go over right now,” Hou Ge responded to them and then turned to Dong Shanshan again and said, “I’ve already shared with you all that I can. Our team and Teacher Zhang enjoy a very good relationship. Since you’re Teacher Zhang’s classmate, you are naturally our friend and a part of us as well. As all of us used to watch Teacher Zhang’s talk show very frequently, we’ve also heard of him teasing you before. Haha. So we aren’t that unfamiliar with you. In the future, let’s get to know each other well and communicate more often.”

Hou Ge walked off.

Dong Shanshan was still digesting what he had told her.

Plainly speaking, this program only existed after having an appointed host. If Dong Shanshan was not the female host, then this program would also cease to exist! At this time, all the doubts and mysteries in Dong Shanshan’s mind finally disappeared. She finally understood why a large-scale production like this primetime program on the satellite channel would approach her in the first place. This was all due to her old classmate helping her sneakily behind her back and not telling her anything about it!

Chapter 597: An Old Classmate's Appreciation!

At night.

It was already dark.

At his parents' house, Zhang Ye reclined on the sofa with his legs crossed and lit a cigarette with one hand while holding a porcelain tea cup in the other. With every puff, he had a few sips of tea and was feeling laid back and relaxed. There were no signs at all that he was an unemployed person who was unable to find a job after so many days.

Next to him, her mother rolled her eyes. "I've never ever seen anyone with such a big heart."

Zhang Ye took exception. "There's no urgency regarding the job. I will wait another few more days."

"I'm talking about Beijing Television's new program." His mother said, "If you've even planned out all the details for them and taken every step into consideration, why didn't you just do it by yourself?"

Zhang Ye snickered and said, "That program did not suit me."

The amount of variety programs in his head were too many that

even if he were to randomly pick one, he would get a program that would do quite well in the ratings. But as his energy was limited, together with the other objectives and personal requirements, he would definitely not want to do all of them. If there was one that he would choose, of course he wouldn't choose one that would just do quite well. Given the choice, he would only choose the best of the best, an irreplaceable program that would leave all the other television stations in the dust with its success!

His father was less critical of his son's employment issue and instead pointed out to him, "Smoke less."

"Understood." Zhang Ye sat up straight and extinguished the cigarette butt.

His mother suddenly pointed at the television and said, "Son, is that the program that you planned? Oh, you had only just submitted your proposal this afternoon and it's already starting to get promoted by the evening?"

Zhang Ye looked over as well and said, "They're really quite efficient, but it's really not too many days away till they air when the other program ends. Brother Hu and the others must be getting worried too."

.....

At Beijing Television.

The logo with large font depicting Do You Remember flashed impressively on screen before a public call for everyone in the country to register as contestants or lead singers. It was done in the very standard publicity technique and style. This publicity campaign was all done in-house by Beijing Television with no input from Zhang Ye at all. As he wasn't a part of the television station anymore, he was only in charge of the program format while everything else had nothing to do with him. He did not wish to concern himself with too much of these issues and couldn't do it even if he wanted to. As they say, don't meddle in affairs that aren't part of your position.

—This was the promotion the television aired.

On the internet, Beijing Television Station's BTV-1 website was also promoting the upcoming segment slated to replace the current program in the primetime slot. The promotion was much more detailed and gave a lot of details. At the end, there was even a tentative list of staff on the program team. For the positions that had not been filled yet, they were just left blank.

Do You Remember

Executive Producer: Hu Fei

Executive Director: Hu Fei

Program Planner: Zhang Ye

Assistant Director: Hou Liang

Host (Female): Dong Shanshan

Host (Male): T.B.C.

.....

On Weibo, discussions about the topic began.

“Is Big Bird, Big Bird ending already?”

“Ai, that program’s quality started to become really bad towards the end. It wasn’t too bad at the beginning.”

“Beijing Television’s standards have been dropping of late. There’s nothing creative about their programs anymore. I heard that the program next in line is even going to be a singing program? Haven’t such programs already been overdone already? Are they not sick of it yet!? Ever since Teacher Zhang Ye left BTV-Arts Channel, I hardly watch Beijing Television Station’s channels anymore since the programs are all somewhat similar to each other and have nothing special to look forward to. How I miss those days when Teacher Zhang Ye was still at the Arts Channel. Lecture Room opened up a new style of programming format and those episodes in which Zhang Ye talked about the Three Kingdoms set a new local viewership ratings record for education style type programs which are unlikely to be surpassed anytime soon!”

“There are rumors that Zhang Ye will be returning to Beijing Television Station?”

“Is that true?”

“I’ve heard so too, but I don’t know how true those rumors are.”

“The rumors were already refuted today at noon. Didn’t you all read the Weibo of an official from Beijing Television Station? Didn’t that person post something about something being regretful and a pity? That must have been referring to Teacher Zhang Ye.”

“Ah? Zhang Ye’s not going back?”

“Yeah, Beijing Television had invited him to rejoin them, but Zhang Ye did not accept the offer.”

“Then doesn’t that mean Teacher Zhang will still be unemployed?”

When it started, only a small number of people, about a dozen, were discussing this topic, but at one point, a lot of people suddenly joined in to talk about it as well.

“Quick, take a look!”

“Zhang Ye has a new program! Do You Remember!”

“Ah? I just saw the promotions for this program on Beijing Television too, but didn’t Zhang Ye decline the offer to join Beijing Television Station?”

“He’s not the host, but he created this new program for Beijing Television. Here’s the link, just go and take a look at the program team listing! Please don’t ask if this could be a coincidence where it’s just someone with the same name. This was his old team and old employer, and besides he is the program planner, so this Zhang Ye can’t possibly be anyone else!”

“It’s really true!”

“Teacher Zhang has done it again. Even though he’s not going to be the host, nor taking part as the director or producer of the show, I am still very hyped about it!”

“What is this program really about?”

“Remembering the lyrics? What’s so interesting about that?”

“Yeah, I don’t understand it either. Is that really something Zhang Ye would do? It doesn’t feel like it, it just doesn’t feel like him at all. A program that sounds so terrible, how could it have a good viewership rating?”

“Did Zhang Ye get water into his brains? There’s are so many singing programs in the market now. At least 5 or 6 of them can be easily seen whenever you switch on the television. The audience is

long sick and tired of this. I'm sure everyone will be tired soon by all of these. At this time, what we need is a innovative new program, but still, you can't just innovate senselessly. Remember the lyrics? How can there be any watchability in something like remembering the lyrics? Do you think the audience is crazy to want to watch you remembering lyrics? Beijing Television is also getting dumber and dumber. If Zhang Ye wants to do something as stupid as this, then did you all have to follow along and do it as well? Why would you guys even allow such a pointless program to take the primetime slot? I'm speechless!!”

“And who is that person called Dong Shanshan? A newbie? I don't think there's any host by that name at Beijing Television Station, right?”

“I haven't heard of her before either. They're even so daring in using people.”

“I know who she is. She's Zhang Ye's old classmate and also the host of Online Talents.”

“Just knowing that it's about remembering lyrics already sounds uninteresting to me.”

“Uh, no comment.”

“It might really be possible that this new program team has someone else by the name of Zhang Ye.”

“That’s right, this shouldn’t be the standard that Zhang Ye would come up with. Whether it was Lecture Room or Zhang Ye’s Talk Show, they were all all unprecedented examples of television programs in the industry. But what is this about remembering lyrics? Competing on how good someone’s memory is? Why don’t you make them compete on remembering punctuation or character strokes instead. This program sounds so odd and terrible! Just the name of the program alone gives people a sense of powerlessness and makes them feel sleepy!”

“Zhang Ye, what happened to you?”

“Did he lose his touch already?”

“Looks like Beijing Television has made a very wrong move this time!”

“Do You Remember? If this program can get any viewership at all, I will twist my head off!”

“Hahahaha, this program is such a joke! How can anyone even take memorizing lyrics and make it into a show?”

The netizens were also having their doubts.

Fellow peers were also ridiculing such a program.

People from the media were criticizing.

All kinds of interesting opinions were raised!

This was Zhang Ye. No only was he a controversial person whenever he spoke or did something, even the programs he did were full of controversy!

It was the same reaction as when Zhang Ye had presented this idea for the program to Beijing Television Station's staff. All of the netizens could not understand and barely any of them had any expectations for this program. Moreover, they did not even understand what this program would be about and what the selling point was. However, Zhang Ye knew exactly what this program would be about, just like how Beijing Television had also understood after Zhang Ye explained it to them. As such, all of these voices of doubt that were spreading around online did not disrupt their confidence in the program. Instead, after reading all those comments online, it even stirred the fighting spirit of Hu Fei's team as they all looked forward to giving everyone a surprise on the day the program premiered!

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It was already pretty late.

His parents were asleep.

Zhang Ye went back into his bedroom and laid down on his bed. He switched off the lights and got ready to sleep, when suddenly, his cell phone rang. It was from Dong Shanshan.

Zhang Ye smiled as he answered the call: “Hello, old classmate. Did you call me so late at night because you missed me?”

On the other end, a feminine voice laughed: “Since my job issue has been solved, of course I must give you a call to give my thanks. A satellite channel’s primetime slot, how generous!”

“Ah? What job?” Zhang Ye played dumb.

“What do you think?” Dong Shanshan said.

Zhang Ye said: “What are you talking about?”

Dong Shanshan: “Alright, don’t pretend anymore, I know everything already.” Saying that, she laughed and continued: “You’re even keeping it from me because you were afraid that my pride would not be able to handle it? When you called me yesterday, did you already know about my departure from Weiwo Online television station? You even tried to keep it a secret by making the Beijing Television Station’s staff not mention a word about this to me? Let me tell you, my ego is not as big as you made it out to be. In fact, it’s rather small. If I had known that you had such connections, I would’ve already gone to your house to stop you at your front door and make you pull some strings for me.”

Zhang Ye knew that Dong Shanshan was just spouting nonsense to him. Having been classmates for so many years already, how didn’t he know that Dong Shanshan had a huge ego? Otherwise, would Zhang Ye have to go through all that trouble just to hide it

from her? Would Dong Shanshan have needed to make all those excuses over the phone, saying that she was still working and not mentioning anything about her resignation? But Zhang Ye still smiled and said: “Hai, then you should have just said so earlier. Alright, alright, it was I who helped you. Tell me then, how are you going to thank your Big Brother Zhang?”

Dong Shanshan said: “You’re really not holding back, are you? You’ve even become Big Brother Zhang now?”

“Yes, of course,” Zhang Ye said.

“Shouldn’t it be natural to help out an old classmate of yours? You’re even putting on airs now, hur hur,” Dong Shanshan said belittling his deed. “Tell me then, how can I thank you?”

Zhang Ye said in rare, serious tone to her: “Just host the program well and I will guarantee this will bring you places.”

Dong Shanshan said: “Don’t worry, we’re both from Media College and besides, did you forget that I did better than you in school?”

Zhang Ye said: That’s true, that’s true, School Belle Dong was so famous in school back then. Actually, with your capabilities, it’s more than enough for you to join a satellite channel station. I was just being a busybody by offering to help. Actually I didn’t do this for you. I did a program proposal for Beijing Television because first, I wanted to help Brother Hu and the others. Second, I haven’t been doing too well recently, so it was good that I had this chance

to earn some spare money. Third, I intended to use Do You Remember to further my potential for program planning so that those television stations which can't make up their minds about me yet would quickly decide and contact me to join them. Since I am jobless now, I really need to find another employer as soon as possible. I am not one to turn round to graze on an old pasture like Beijing Television Station, so Do You Remember was also a step that I had to take before I could make my next move. It was to help increase my chances of attracting a better television station and offer, but somehow the timing was just right and you had just left your previous job as well, so I just helped to recommend you to them since it was just a by-the-by thing."

Dong Shanshan said: "Was it just a recommendation?"

Zhang Ye pretended: "Yeah, what else would it be?"

Dong Shanshan laughed: "That couldn't have been just a recommendation. I heard that...you specified me? That you said if they did not agree to using me as the host, you would not even sell the program proposal to them, which would mean that this was a host-bound program?"

When Zhang Ye heard this, he cursed and said: "Heh, those bunch of people. I had already reminded them over and over before I left to not say a word of this, but they still let the cat out of the bag? Who told you about it, Shanshan? Who was the one who had such loose lips? I am so hurt by this! What's trust even worth these days? The most basic trust between two human beings!"

Dong Shanshan was amused by this and said: "Of course I won't

tell you who told me about it. But I already know all that I need to know now, so Classmate Zhang, I owe you one.”

“Come on, don’t be so polite with me.” Zhang Ye said: “I find it hard to get used to you if you speak in this way. Besides, didn’t I promise you before that when you had a new program, I would definitely help you with it? Now that I’ve fulfilled my promise, do we still need to be so courteous with each other?”

Dong Shanshan said: “That’s true.”

Zhang Ye changed the subject and asked: “What do you think of the program?”

“If I simply just hear about it, it isn’t much. But when I found out about all the details of each segment of the program, I believe that the viewership ratings shouldn’t be bad at all. On top of that, there’s no other program that’s more suitable for me than this. I had left the online television station precisely because I did not want my progress to stall. I knew I needed to seek something that would allow me to progress and transform myself, so this new role in a satellite channel station and even hosting a program in the primetime slot is good enough for at least 2 years of my development.” Dong Shanshan sounded very satisfied and continued: “I must say that this old classmate of mine is really very thoughtful by thinking out every aspect for me. You’re a true friend.”

“But of course. When we’re out in the working world, we can surely depend on our classmates.” Zhang Ye asked again: “Are you fitting in well with the program team? Brother Hu, Brother Hou,

and the others are all my old friends and good people. I'm pretty sure you'd like this sort of a work environment."

Dong Shanshan acknowledged: "Everyone's quite nice and the environment is good too."

Zhang Ye warned: "Yes, but there's also a lot of single guys, so watch out for yourself." He predicted that there would be quite a number of people who would want to go after Dong Shanshan, as it would be the same anywhere else.

"That's a valid point. I came here in a rush today and only wore a very plain skirt that probably reached down to my knees. Even so, my legs were viciously attacked by wave after wave of stares from the new colleagues."

"F**k, could you exaggerate more?"

"It's not overstated."

"Those bunch of people are really too direct then."

"I've always wondered. Doesn't your old classmate, I, have good looks too? So why is it that every time you men see me, the first thing you look at are my legs? I'm very curious about it, but where do you usually look first when you see me?"

"Me? I'm different from them."

“You look at my face first? Or the way I’m dressed? My hair?”

“I notice your eyes first!”

“Woah, that’s so pure of you!”

“Yeah, of course. If your eyes did not notice me, then I look at your legs!”

Dong Shanshan: “...”

Chapter 598: The Upgraded Effects Of The Lucky Halo!

In the warmth of spring, flowers were blooming.

Another brand new day had begun.

On this morning, Zhang Ye was awoken by a phone call. When he answered the call, there was no response from the other end even after he said hello for many times. Then, it got disconnected, probably due to a bad signal. On the second call, it eventually connected.

“Is this Zhang Ye?”

“Yes, may I know who is this?”

“I’m from Qinghai Television Station’s Channel 5.”

“Oh, hello.”

“I heard that you’re still out of a contract for a hosting job, so we would like to see if you’d be interested in working together with us.”

“I’m sorry, maybe next time.”

“Please do reconsider. Although we are just a local television station and our coverage is only within Qinghai, we can work together on a program first. If you get a better offer next time, you can still go at any time since we are fine if you do not want to sign an annual contract. We can have a program-based contract instead.”

“Never mind, thank you.”

After hanging up, Zhang Ye went to wash up.

Actually, it was not that he had no job offers in the past few days. There were some people who had found out his contact information and called him directly, while others got Zhang Ye's friends to contact him for them. These were mostly commercial performance related work, for example, ribbon cutting at a company's opening ceremony, being the host at company dinners or some company leader's wedding, etc. Zhang Ye never took up these offers as they were often meaningless to him since it would not raise his popularity. There were some more invitations from smaller scale television stations such as local channels, city channels which could only cover up to a province area and were unable to broadcast to the entire country. With Zhang Ye's current popularity, even if he accepted their offers, it wouldn't mean anything to him. He couldn't possibly keep living in the past.

And so he rejected them and did not accept their offers. Zhang Ye was only waiting for the effects from the broadcast of Do You Remember, to let those satellite channels or Central TV re-evaluate and judge his ability in program production. His target right now was only at those television channels with a nationwide broadcast

coverage. As for the rest, he would not even consider them.

But since Do You Remember had only just started its production, there would still be a period of time before it could be broadcast. Zhang Ye did not wish to sit idly at home for these remaining days while waiting for things to happen, so he took the initiative to contact some platforms or asked his friends to inquire about any television station gala night events, celebrity guest appearances on variety shows, or film crews to see if there was any position he could take. If there were any suitable job offers, he would accept them for the time being since such opportunities were never considered too much. But from the looks of it, there was no such luck for the time being.

It'd already been a few days now, so he could only stay at home for now.

After heating up his breakfast, Zhang Ye just took a few mouthfuls of it before losing his appetite. Because his job progress was not smooth, he could no longer bear the waiting anymore.

He decided he was not going to wait around any longer!

He had to think of another way!

It's not like this bro only had this path to take, he also had other unorthodox methods he could depend on.

He put down his chopsticks and went over to sit on the sofa. With

his legs crossed, he activated the game ring on his left pinky, opened up the virtual game screen and went straight into the merchant shop. The first thing he looked for was the upgraded version of the Lucky Halo. Ever since Zhang Ye had received this item from the lottery draw, he had not used it at all as the usage of the item was too expensive, even for him. The old version of the Lucky Halo only cost 10,000 reputation points per second, which he was still able to accept. After it got upgraded, though the effects of the Lucky Halo increased manyfold it came at the cost of greater consumption of reputation points. Enabling the effect of the upgraded Lucky Halo would cost him 100,000 reputation points per second now. Even at the rate that Zhang Ye was earning his reputation points with his current popularity level, it was still too much for him to handle.

As for Difficulty Adjustment Die, it was also an option, but since he was only trying to find a temporary job, there was no need to use it. Zhang Ye only had one Difficulty Adjustment Die left now. If he used it here, there would be none left. Although this item only cost a hundred thousand reputation points to get from the lottery draw, its value was naturally much higher because of its unique ability. This was Zhang Ye's trump card. If he was not at his wits' end, he would never resort to using it.

Considering it all, the most suitable item to use right now was still the Lucky Halo. He couldn't worry too much anymore, so he would just use it this once. At such a time, he could no longer afford to be so stingy. As he has not been getting any media exposure for many days, if it continued on like this, his popularity would also start to decline and his fans' passion would be reduced. That would be the most fatal outcome!

Purchase!

Activating the Lucky Halo!

Zhang Ye activated the Lucky Halo a little unwillingly and it came into effect almost immediately. A white halo hovered over his forehead and emitted a bright glow that rippled out towards the walls and windows, as though Zhang Ye was at the center of the universe spreading a warm pulse outwards. The radiating glow was also very rhythmic as it rippled outwards constantly at every second.

The activated Lucky Halo looked very beautiful!

His reputation points also decreased at the speed of running water.

-100,000!

-100,000!

-100,000!

His reputation points decreased by 100,000 with every second which Zhang Ye shudder with fear when he saw this. He could only clench his teeth and bear with it as he couldn't possibly deactivate the Lucky Halo after only a few seconds. Based on his past experiences, the Lucky Halo would require some time to accumulate its effects. For example, the first time when Zhang Ye

was at the Golden Microphone Awards, the Lucky Bread was activated for five minutes. If it had only stayed activated for a few seconds, then just the trophy would have been broken, and when the effects of the Lucky Bread ended, Zhang Ye's and Zhāng Yě's names would not have been mistakenly swapped by the award presenters!

He had to bear the pain of seeing his reputation points dropping so quickly!

At the very least, he had to keep the Lucky Halo activated for the next three to five minutes!

-100,000!

-100,000!

At the same time.

In Shanghai, in a villa.

“Brother Shui, how is your new movie going?”

“We wrapped up the filming yesterday.”

“It must have been hard on you for this period of time.”

“That’s right. I have injuries all over my body and my arm is still in pain now. Come, brothers, we have not gathered together for more than two months already. The purpose that I asked everyone over today is so that we all could have some fun.”

“Are you suggesting that we’re going to...take a sniff?”

“Yeah, I have it all prepared.”

“Heh, Brother Shui is truly loyal to friends.”

“It’s my treat today, come on, come on!”

A short while later, the sound of police sirens wailing echoed as two police cars surrounded the villa!

On the other side.

At Zhang Ye’s parents’ place.

60 seconds!

120 seconds!

150 seconds!

300 seconds!

Zhang Ye deactivated the upgraded Lucky Halo and the countdown timer immediately stopped. Looking at his almost vanished reputation points, Zhang Ye was close to tears. In just five minutes, it had already cost him 30 million reputation points. It had almost wiped out all the accumulated reputation points he had earned from the Peking University and public service announcement incidents since upgrading the game ring system and using the upgraded lottery draw.

It was too expensive!

This was too f**king expensive!

However, just what kind of effects would there be? If there was a great surprise waiting for him, then it would be worth it no matter how many reputation points were spent. After all, wasn't the reputation points he earned and accumulated meant to be used in precisely such situations? As long as they could help to increase his popularity, it wouldn't matter to him how many reputation points were spent!

Chapter 599: Invitation From The Crew Of Grandmasters!

At home.

He kept waiting and waiting for the Lucky Halo's effect to happen. But from the morning until afternoon, then evening, after god knows how many hours had passed, he still did not experience any changes at all!

Phone call? There weren't any!

News? He didn't get reported about either!

The doorbell? It stayed quiet!

Everything was just as it was before!

There wasn't even a message on his phone telling him he had won a prize to offset his cell phone bill!

With 30 million reputation points spent, of course Zhang Ye would have some expectations. But after waiting left and right for something to happen, he could no longer just sit around waiting anymore. So many reputation points had already been used up, so how could it be that he did not even see a hint of its effects? What's happened? Could it have been a scam? Zhang Ye, who had been waiting in front of the television, felt that the news on television

might be too limited and so decided to return to his room to check the internet instead. He wanted to see if there were any news related to himself as he wasn't convinced that the Lucky Halo did not have any effect at all. It must have caused something to happen, somewhere, just that he wasn't aware of it yet.

There were no updates on Weibo.

There was also nothing on the forums.

Any news of him was still related to Do You Remember since the past few days Zhang Ye had not had much of a presence in public except for his new program. As Zhang Ye was not the only person in this crowded entertainment circle, the media couldn't possibly only revolve around him alone. There were many others who were much more popular and well-known, as well as more newsworthy than him. News about whoever was having an affair, involved in a scandal, switching agencies, committing suicide, and what not, there was no lack of news going on around the entertainment circle. Every day, there were all kinds of celebrities getting involved in all kinds of incidents. Zhang Ye was just a small part of these very common incidents of the entertainment circle. Like right now, the biggest news today was about a celebrity who was caught in a drug crackdown operation.

“Shocking! ‘Brother Shui’ caught in a drug crackdown!”

“Chang Chishui was arrested in his house!”

“The eighth case of the year. Is drug use becoming fashionable

among celebrities?”

“Grandmasters wraps up filming, Brother Shui gets arrested. Grandmasters’ film crew gets dealt a heavy blow!”

Zhang Ye wasn’t exactly interested in such news, but was slightly taken aback when he caught mention of Grandmasters. So he clicked on the link. Old Zhang had mentioned to him that she had taken part in its filming. Production was wrapping up, the post-production stages already taking place. The film crew had also announced at its celebratory feast that a premiere would happen soon, with a date seemingly set as well.

The news stated very clearly that this was not a rumor. The police had also verified that the arrest had been made. Even the urine test results had been exposed by the media, and coincidentally, Chang Chishui who had previously won a best supporting actor award for his role as a junkie was now arrested for drug abuse. He had been doing quite well in the film industry and was cast as an important supporting role in the film Grandmasters, so it could be said that he was irreplaceable. If the media reports were true, then according to the SARFT’s Decree #43, if the Grandmasters film did not delete the scenes in which Brother Shui appeared, then it would surely be faced with the danger of being unable to get released in theaters.

The netizens also reacted chaotically.

“Impossible! How could Brother Shui be abusing drugs too?”

“Are there any good people left in the entertainment circle?”

“Hai, what a pity, another star has fallen!”

“I don’t care what happens to Brother Shui, I’m more worried about Grandmasters. I’ve been waiting for this movie for a year already, for my Sister Zhang and Dalong. It shouldn’t affect the premiere right?”

“It’s done for unless they delete all the scenes that Brother Shui appears in.”

“He’s the third male lead? How could they delete anything then!”

“If they delete his scenes, then this movie would become unwatchable and the whole story would become incomplete!”

“How exasperating! Damn this Chang Chishui, causing so much trouble for everyone!”

“I heard that the Grandmasters film crew is already studying the possibility of that. Sister Zhang had flown to the south yesterday after finishing all her scenes to attend several television program recordings to do promotions for the movie. But I understand that she was recalled this afternoon to the set. The director is really anxious and furious about the whole incident! Hai, to have this kind of an incident happening, who wouldn’t be frantic with worry? It was already so close to the premiere, but somehow, it might not even make it to the big screen now!”

“What can be done?”

“I was really looking forward to watching Grandmasters!”

“This movie had an investment of 50 million RMB, right? If it really gets pulled, then it would be such a pity with all that money going down the drain. I don’t think the actors would be able to bear such a loss too!”

After reading a little, Zhang Ye already understood what was going on. He got off the internet as he really couldn’t be worried about others now. He was only thinking about where the effect of the Lucky Halo had gone too now. With so many of his reputation points spent, there surely had to be an answer!

His parents were still not home from work yet, so Zhang Ye paced around the house with his hands behind his back.

Where was the luck?

Where did my job go?

Suddenly, his cellphone rang.

When Zhang Ye saw the caller ID, he was a little surprised, because the person calling was none other than Zhang Yuanqi. Zhang Ye wondered why she would call him now in the midst of all

that was going on, instead of focusing on her own problem.

Oh well, just answer it.

Zhang Ye thought that Old Zhang was looking for him to drink with her again, and since he didn't have anything to take his mind off his worries, he was ready to have a drink as well. He answered the call: "Hello, Sister Zhang, are you refusing to take part in some social event again? I've already read the news. No worries, just come and we'll have a drink together, but it's not convenient at my place today, so why don't you suggest another location instead?"

However, Zhang Yuanqi stiffly rebuked him: "Why are you always thinking about drinking?"

"Ah?" Zhang Ye almost fainted, remembering how it was her who forced him to drink with her the previous time!

The next moment, she said: "There's a temporary job that just came up. Do you want to take it?"

Zhang Ye wondered what it was about, so he asked: "What job?"

She simply said: "The film crew for Grandmasters has decided to cut all of Chang Chishui's scenes from the movie after some discussions. They need to reshoot all those scenes and need a replacement actor. Do you think you can do it?"

When he heard this, Zhang Ye nearly died from happiness: "I

can! Of course I can! What role is it? Is it an important character in the movie? It's not a bit part, right?"

She coldly replied: "If it's not an important character, they'd have just deleted the scenes and that would be it. Would they still need to find someone to be a replacement? This character places fourth overall in terms of importance and screen time in the whole movie. It is the third male lead, and also the antagonist in the movie!"

"Third male lead? Antagonist?"

"Do you want to take the role or not?"

"Yes! I will take the role!"

"Alright then, I will recommend you to the director. Come over tomorrow for an audition."

"Sure then, thanks so much, Sister Zhang. You're really something!"

"The crew has called a few other professional actors to try out for the role, so you might not even get the job. I can only recommend you. I don't care about the outcome."

"Alright."

“I’m hanging up now. My manager will send you the details about the timing and location.”

After hanging up, Zhang Ye laughed loudly. He quickly went online to check out the overall situation and information for Grandmasters. As expected, this was a big production; production had started in the middle of last year, with the filming taking up a good six months of the schedule. The amount invested into this movie was 50 million RMB and seemingly needed an additional 20 million RMB in additional funding later on, coming up to a total of 70 million RMB. As for how much it really cost to make this movie, no one really knew the exact figures as every industry insider would know that these numbers were generally exaggerated. However, it was still safe to say that it was a big production, since the director was also quite well-known, having helmed two movies that had box office earnings of at least a few hundred million RMB before. Together with the Heavenly Queen Zhang Yuanqi and popular movie star, “Dalong,” “Brother Shui,” and many others, it helped to garner even more attention to the movie prior to its release. It could be called as one of the few big productions in recent times.

Large investment.

Big name director.

An impeccably assembled cast.

Even if the movie did not turn out to be as good as expected, or even if it turned out terrible, under the commercial business decisions and appeal to the market, the box office earnings would

definitely not do worse than 100 million RMB. With Zhang Yuanqi holding the fort, it was as good as guaranteeing a good box office earning!

For such a big production, actors would definitely fight for their right to get cast. Zhang Ye, being an outsider to the film industry, had actually gotten a chance to fight for this right to be the third male lead? He had a chance now to formally step into the film industry? For Zhang Ye, this carried a great significance! Yes, although it was just an audition tomorrow in which his chances to secure the role were still not guaranteed, he had to grab this opportunity at all costs!

This was just too rare of an opportunity!

It looked like his decision not to accept those small commercial performances were correct. Just look at this, look at it! Didn't he finally get a great surprise by waiting patiently?

Eh? Surprise?

Wait, could it be?

Zhang Ye was suddenly stunned as he seemed to remember something. He went online to check the news and purposely clicked on the link to a news report about Brother Shui's arrest. He found out the exact time that Brother Shui had been arrested at home.

In the morning at 8:25 AM?

Wasn't that the same time as when he had activated the Lucky Halo?!

Zhang Ye suddenly understood what was going on. It was the damned Lucky Halo's effect that had gotten this chance for him. He was still wondering why the old version of the Lucky Halo's effect had been so obvious, while there was seemingly no effect from this upgraded version.

When he made a comparison.

It was truly worth every reputation point spent!

In the past, whether it had been the Lucky Bread or the old version of the Lucky Halo, the effects had all been quite useful and helped Zhang Ye through many situations before. For example, like how the wrong name was announced for the Silver Microphone Awards, the time when "Woman Flower" was played in error at Lee Anson's concert which helped to further smack his face, and also all the times when he activated the Lucky Halo during his lottery draws to get the items that he really needed, and many others. But now that Zhang Ye's reputation had become much greater, he was also on a different level from before. If he continued using those items for their minor effects of good luck, then it would surely not be enough to satisfy Zhang Ye's requirements now. Play a song in error to smack someone's face? That was nothing. Gaining a better chance at the lottery draw? Because it did fail him a few times before, Zhang Ye was especially looking forward to using this upgraded version of the Lucky Halo.

Looking at the effects of using it today, he was totally not disappointed!

It might be expensive to use!

But its effects are vastly different from the old version!

Zhang Ye was only a host, and at times also considered a poet or a mathematician, so even though he had done some acting before in The Great Pugilistic World, that was only considered the most trivial of trivial roles. It wouldn't be too far to even consider him just an extra in the crowd. Strictly speaking, it could not be considered his movie debut as his name didn't even appear on the main cast list. Logically, a big production like this should not possibly have even let him try for the audition as there were surely many more candidates out there who were better qualified for the role. Yet a cast member had gotten into some trouble thus giving Zhang Ye a chance to audition for the role. This already explained the effect the upgraded version of the Lucky Halo had and how it was well suited to his current work environment level!

Unfortunately, though, the reputation points it consumed were really too high. Otherwise, Zhang Ye would have used it a few more times to enable him to get a role in a big production every now and then or even become a lead actor for a movie that could have a box office earning of hundreds of millions of RMB. A film was considered a top distributed mass media in the entertainment industry, so if that happened, wouldn't Zhang Ye's popularity shoot through the roof??

Chapter 600: Acting Audition?

The next morning.

At the largest movie production studio in the suburbs of Beijing.

Previously, Zhang Ye, who had also played a bit part in the movie *The Great Pugilistic World* on the recommendation of Zhang Yuanqi, had been here when he was still not well-known. Today, he was driving here again with much more familiarity. Zhang Ye's reputation was no longer the same as before. He was here for an audition for a major supporting role this time. His task today was to land the acting role so that he could start paving a way for himself in the film industry and to ease the embarrassment of not having a job recently while also attempting to use it to push his advance into the B-list celebrity rankings.

He reached his destination.

“Teacher Zhang.”

“Yes?”

“You’ve arrived? Please follow with me.”

“OK.”

After he got out from his car, a film crew staff member met him

and led Zhang Ye inside. After many twists and turns, they finally came to a filming location inside the studio. The soundstage was decorated in a modern setting and it seemed like there was an explosion scene planned as the props for it were all ready and kept at the side, so it was not likely they would be doing that shoot elsewhere. This scene could only be shot at the movie studios. The place appeared to be bustling with activity. There were many extras who were being briefed by the film crew staff who looked very nervous, probably because they would have to confirm the replacement actor by today and start the reshooting of the scenes again immediately after that.

In the workshop on set.

Someone was already being auditioned.

When Zhang Ye walked in, he saw the director, Wang Chengpeng, and the assistant director together with some of the film crew staff at the innermost part of the set. A male actor was having his audition as Zhang Yuanqi, Dalong, and the rest of the main cast stood around watching the proceedings.

That staff member whispered, “Teacher Zhang, please wait for a while.”

“Alright.” Zhang Ye nodded.

Zhang Yuanqi looked over, then smiled and said, “Little Zhang?”

Zhang Ye quickly walked over and greeted, “Sister Zhang.”

“Long time no see.” Zhang Yuanqi candidly reached out her hand.

Zhang Ye held her pretentious hand and thought to himself, What do you mean by long time no see? Didn’t you just come to my place two days ago? And you still haven’t paid me for the bush lily either!

Zhang Yuanqi smiled and asked, “How have you been recently?”

Zhang Ye also smiled back and replied, “Not too bad. I’ve been resting at home.”

The two of them chatted for awhile and seemed very polite with each other. If anyone saw this, they would surely think that they didn’t have too close a relationship. Since many people already knew that Zhang Ye had written some songs for Zhang Yuanqi before, it wasn’t surprising to them that they knew each other. However, in reality, Zhang Ye’s and Zhang Yuanqi’s relationship was the type that surely no one could have expected. Zhang Ye was in fact not used to seeing a kind and gentle smile on Old Zhang, as she was the type who would act one way in public and another in private.

From the other side, the second male lead also came over and greeted, “Zhang Ye.”

Zhang Ye looked at him, then shook his hands and said, “Hello.”

The second male lead smiled and said, “I’ve heard so much about you.”

“I’m the one who has heard more about you,” Zhang Ye replied politely.

Zhang Ye had read up on the cast list and knew that he was Tian Xuetao. He was very young, probably only older than Zhang Ye by a few years. He only had a sudden burst of fame in the past two years and had probably debuted for many years already, usually acting in bit or supporting roles in the past. He just started getting better roles in these two years and was considered a late-bloomer in the film industry. He was very handsome, the pretty boy kind of attractiveness, with a slim physique and had the standard celebrity looks.

As for popularity, Tian Xuetao was likely on par with Zhang Ye but would lose out a bit on the overall popularity rankings since Zhang Ye was more versatile, able to host, produce advertisements, and teach. However, if they were compared in terms of popularity in the film industry, Tian Xuetao was obviously much more popular than Zhang Ye. Zhang Ye wasn’t even considered a rookie in the film industry whereas Tian Xuetao, having lurked around for so many years in the industry, would already have a certain box office appeal. Although his acting skills were not fantastic, his fan base was quite loyal and strong, otherwise, he wouldn’t even be acting as the second male lead in such a big production.

Tian Xuetao asked curiously, “You also came for the audition?”

“That’s right.” Zhang Ye smiled and said, “I came to try to see if I could cross over into the film industry since I have been lounging around at home without any work anyway.”

Beside him, a staff member walked over and handed Zhang Ye a script. “Teacher Zhang, please take a look at this first.”

“Alright.” Zhang Ye took it and read.

Beside them, Zhang Yuanqi had already walked off. Dalong had a glance at Zhang Ye from where he was standing. He did not come over but simply continued observing the actor’s audition in the center of the area. As the first male lead, although Dalong was not on the same level with Zhang Yuanqi, and even though not yet considered a heavenly king, he was the real deal as an A-list celebrity. He was an established actor who had already been famous for many years in the film industry and was from the same agency as Zhang Yuanqi. He was about the same age as her, but because he debuted much later, Dalong was considered junior to Old Zhang. Whether in terms of seniority, popularity, or experience, whenever Dalong saw Zhang Yuanqi in person, he would still have to greet her politely.

The director said, “Little Yu, can you try to look more ruthless?”

The actor auditioning immediately nodded, changed his expression, and repeated the same lines that he said earlier, “Don’t try to bullshit me! In this era, who still dares to claim they are

grandmasters? Your master can't claim such, so you...are even less deserving to claim so!"

The director nodded and said, "Alright, that's enough."

That actor reverted back to his own expression and asked, "Director Wang?"

Director Wang Chengpeng shook his head and said, "Little Yu, this role is not too suitable for you since you don't look ruthless enough to bring out the spirit of the antagonist."

The assistant director added, "Little Yu is more suited playing the roles of protagonists with a good image and will do very in any of those roles he plays." He said this with the intent to politely reject the actor for the role.

That actor said with a smile, "It's alright, I understand."

Wang Chengpeng said, "You go back first. I still have another movie this year with a role that I have already reserved for you. It's a good role too, so let's keep in contact."

"Sure, thank you Director Wang for taking care for me." That actor turned around, greeted Dalong, and then cheerfully greeted Zhang Yuanqi as well. He did not leave, but instead remained behind to observe the next one up.

Wang Chengpeng shouted for the next person, "Little Qu."

A man who was standing in the corner went up and asked, “It’s my turn, Director Wang?”

“It’s your turn.” Wang Chengpeng said, “Let’s have you throw some punches first.”

The martial arts director of the film crew went forward a few steps and demonstrated some moves.

Director Wang Chengpeng said, “Just do the same as what you were shown and we’ll see how it turns out.”

That actor did accordingly and immediately imitated what he saw from the martial arts director’s movements. He threw a punch, did a roundhouse kick, and spun around to give a palm strike. The movements were not difficult but he still managed to do it quite choppily.

He continued trying out for a few more scenes.

Ten minutes later, the director called for a break. “Little Qu, take a rest first.” He did not give any indication of whether it was good enough or not, but from the looks of it, he was not too satisfied, but no one knew exactly either. Wang Chengpeng had a big mustache with a goatee, and was reserved, a man of few words. Whether because of the ongoing production crisis or his character was like that, Wang Chengpeng’s expression did not look good and his eyes were filled with a sense of urgency.

The director asked, “Are there anymore auditionees?”

The assistant director said, “There’s one more person. It’s Zhang Ye.”

The director looked around and asked, “Has Teacher Zhang arrived?”

“I’m here, Director Wang.” Upon seeing that it was his turn, Zhang Ye went forward immediately.

All of the working staff at the set turned to look at Zhang Ye at that instant.

Earlier, Wang Chengpeng called the first auditionee Little Yu, and the second one Little Qu, both of which were quite casual ways to address them. Even when he addressed the male lead actor, he called him as Dalong directly and was not too formal about it. Logically speaking, there was little difference in the popularity of Zhang Ye with the two auditionees, and all of them could not compare to Dalong as an A-list celebrity. Even if the director called Zhang Ye Little Zhang, it would still be acceptable and appropriate, yet he addressed him as “Teacher Zhang.”

A staff member of the film crew who was not familiar with Zhang Ye was stunned by this and turned his head to ask the person beside him, “Who is he? Why is the director being so polite to him?”

That man asked back, “You don’t know him?”

“I do know him. He’s a host, right? But why did the director address him as teacher? Even for the type of S-list celebrity like Sister Zhang, Director Wang does not address her as teacher?” The person was very concerned and said, “Does he even call for such a respectful tone?”

That person smiled and said, “The circumstances are different as his identity is rather special.”

“Special? How special can it be?” He did not understand what was going on at all.

“It is because he’s also a professor at Peking University.”

There was a explanation to this.

Zhang Ye was not the same as the others celebrities. With Wang Chengpeng’s status and experience, it wouldn’t matter how he addressed those celebrities who acted in movies or shows, but Zhang Ye was different. Not only was he a host, he was also a famous literary scholar, world-renowned mathematician, as well as an associate professor in Peking University’s Math Department. Even though he was suspended now, he was not stripped of his position, and an associate professor was still an associate professor. With the title of professor in a top educational institute in the country, it was not wrong for the director and assistant director who did not know him well to address him as Teacher Zhang in

such circumstances. Anyone who knew the details would not find it strange either.

But the other celebrities?

Of course they would not be addressed this way.

The assistant director asked, “Have you read through the script yet?”

Zhang Ye nodded and said, “I’ve read it. I’d simply just scanned through it a bit.”

The assistant director said, “Then let’s try out some lines and get you into the feel of the character’s role...”

“Let’s try out the acting skills first,” Wang Chengpeng interrupted.

The assistant director acknowledged and then said to Zhang Ye, “Let’s try out your acting skills first.”

As for the rest of the actors, they were already very familiar with them as everyone had already worked in the film industry for such a long time. Some of these actors had worked with them before, and for those who they did not work with before, the film crew had mostly watched their movies or performances before too. Whether they had any acting skills or not, everyone knew from the bottom of their hearts. Only when it came to rookies would they

have an audition for acting skills, while for most celebrities who were already well-known, they would be asked to act out the character's role directly.

For Zhang Ye, they only knew about his achievements in other industries, but as for his work in the film industry? His acting chops? Since no one knew what Zhang Ye's standard was, when it came to the auditions, he would naturally be treated like a rookie. They had to see whether his acting skills were passable, and if he couldn't even clear this hurdle, then there was no need to go on for the rest of the audition as the movie wouldn't be using him anyway. This was why it was so rare for celebrities to cross over from other industries. There were some things which were not determined by popularity and fame alone as there were still thresholds to meet to be able to get into the different industries. If someone wanted to succeed in this industry, then they had to abide by the standards of the industry.